

JANUARY No.28

NATIONAL

COMICS

10^c

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

SM
1

GEE!
UNCLE SAM,
G2 IS A
TERRIFIC
HIT!

NATIONAL COMICS

PAGE

Al Gabriele

COMICS



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HEY KIDS!

DECEMBER
NO. 38

SMASH COMICS 10¢

FLIP THE COVER
AND SEE
WHAT HAPPENS
TO MIDNIGHT!



LOOK

64^{of} PAGES

THRILLING, EXCITING ADVENTURE

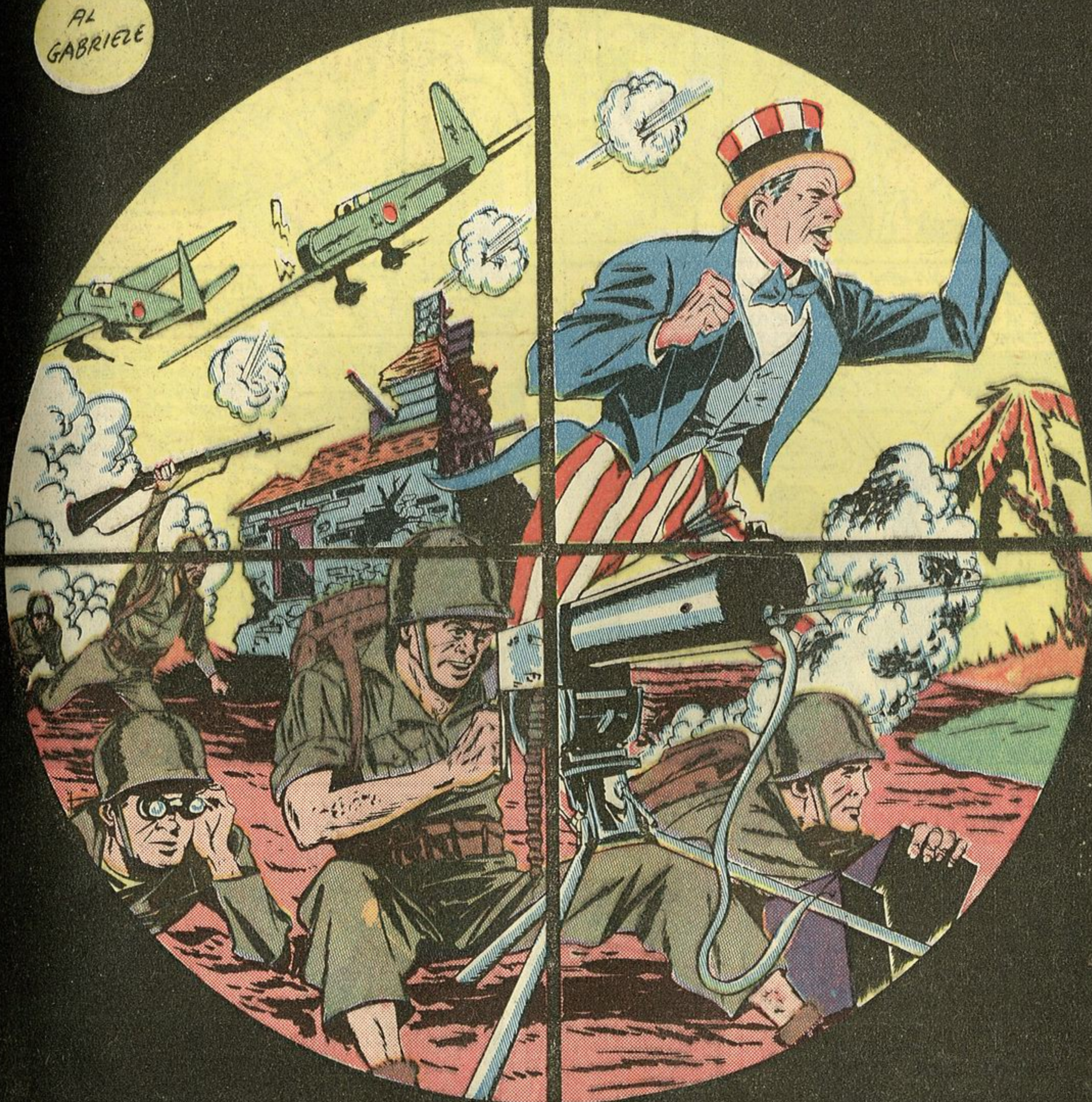
RUSH TO YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND, WITHOUT FAIL!



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UNCLE SAM

BY
AL
GABRIELE



LUGATI... ONLY A SMALL, UNNOTICED ISLAND HIDDEN IN THE VASTNESS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC. BUT LUGATI WAS DESTINED TO BECOME AN IMPORTANT PART OF AMERICAN HISTORY... A MIGHTY SYMBOL TO THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE NATION.

HELLO, READERS--IF YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO MOVE ON DON'T LET ME DETAIN YOU--BUT IF YOU HAVE A FEW MOMENTS--LET'S MAKE THEM COUNT!

YOU SEE--I'M FATHER TIME, I USUALLY DON'T TAKE TIME TO TELL THESE STORIES--BUT THIS ONE CALLS FOR MY SPECIAL ATTENTION AND YOURS!

EVER HEAR OF UNCLE SAM AND HIS LITTLE SIDE KICK, BUDDY? HANG IT IF THOSE TWO AREN'T THE BEST FIGHTIN' PAIR A GENT EVER LAID EYES ON. YOU TAKE THIS LUGATI STORY--

"IT BEGAN WHEN THOUSANDS OF THE LITTLE YELLOW SOLDIERS SWARMED OVER A HAND FULL OF BRAVE AMERICANS ON THE ISLE OF LUGATI"...

LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT US, BOYS!

YEAH--A HUNDRED TO ONE AND THEY STILL HAD TO FIGHT IT OUT!

"...AND THE BRAVE AMERICANS WERE CAPTURED AND HERDED INTO A PRISON CAMP...THEIR FATES REMAINING A MYSTERY."

WE WON'T BE LONG BOYS--THEY'LL COME AFTER US--MAC-ARTHUR PROMISED HE WOULD COME BACK!

WHILE ACROSS THE SEA--IN EVERYTOWN, U.S.A. WE FIND---

YES--I'VE FOUND THE ISLE OF LUGATI, NOW WHAT?

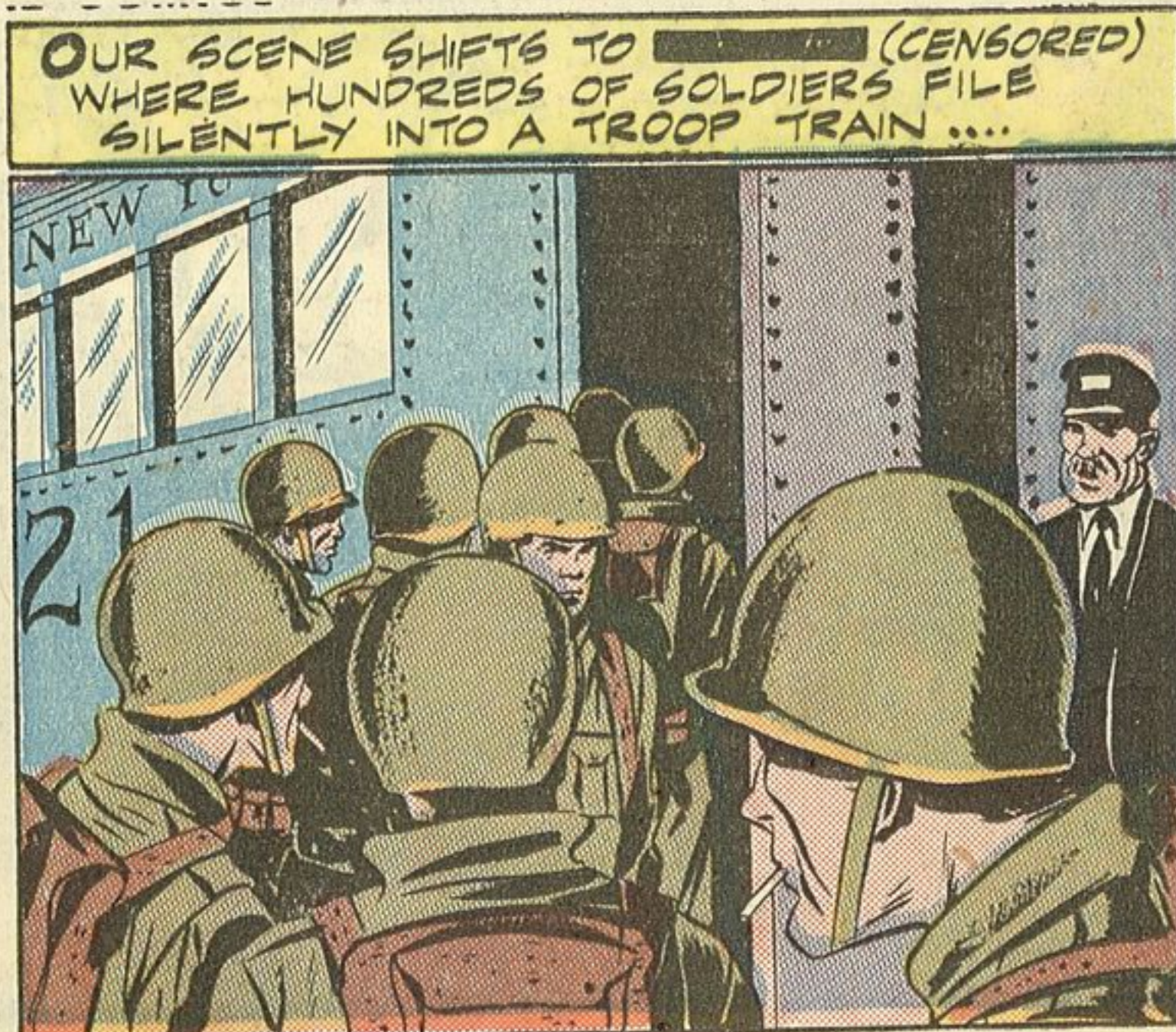
GET A GOOD LOOK AT IT ON THE MAP--BECAUSE.

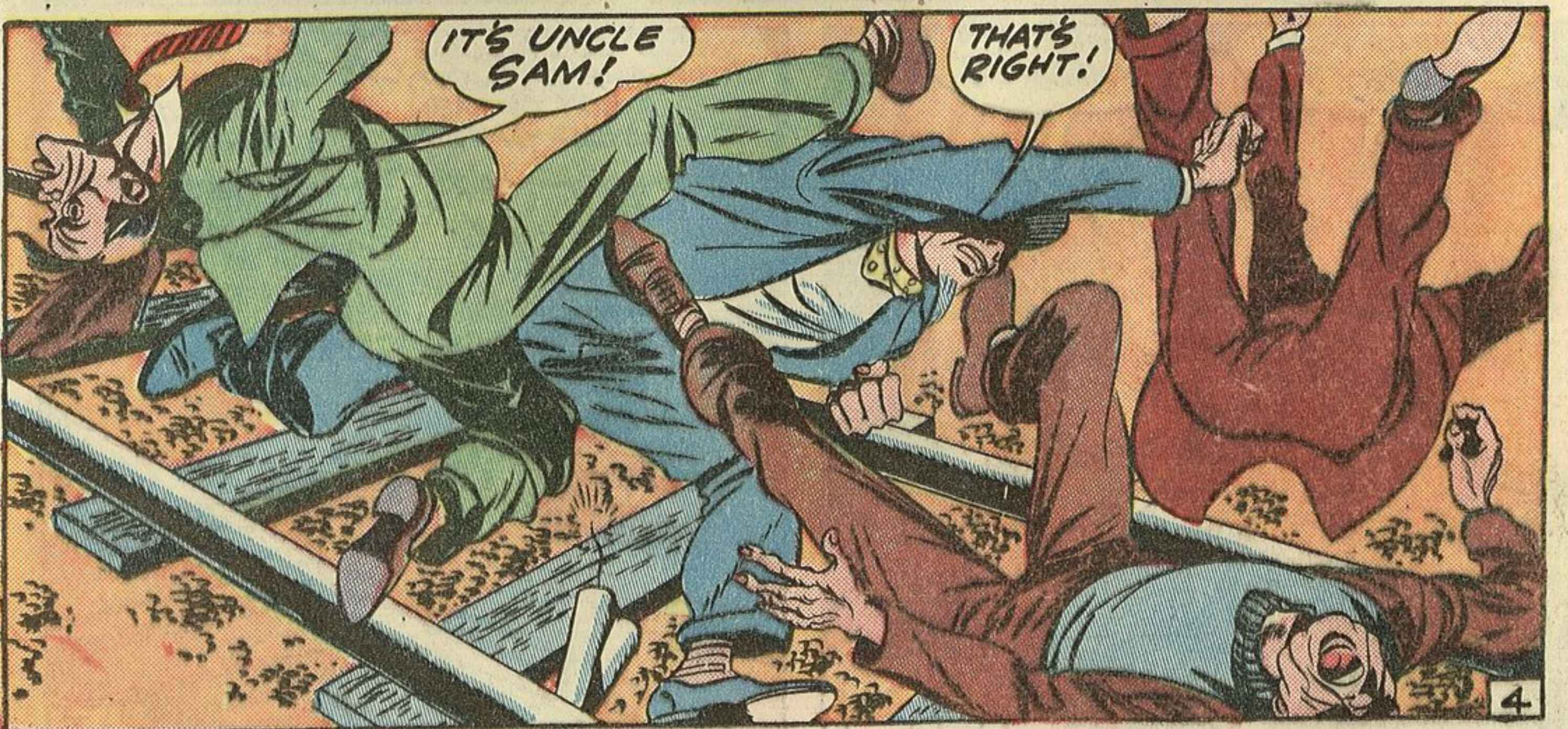
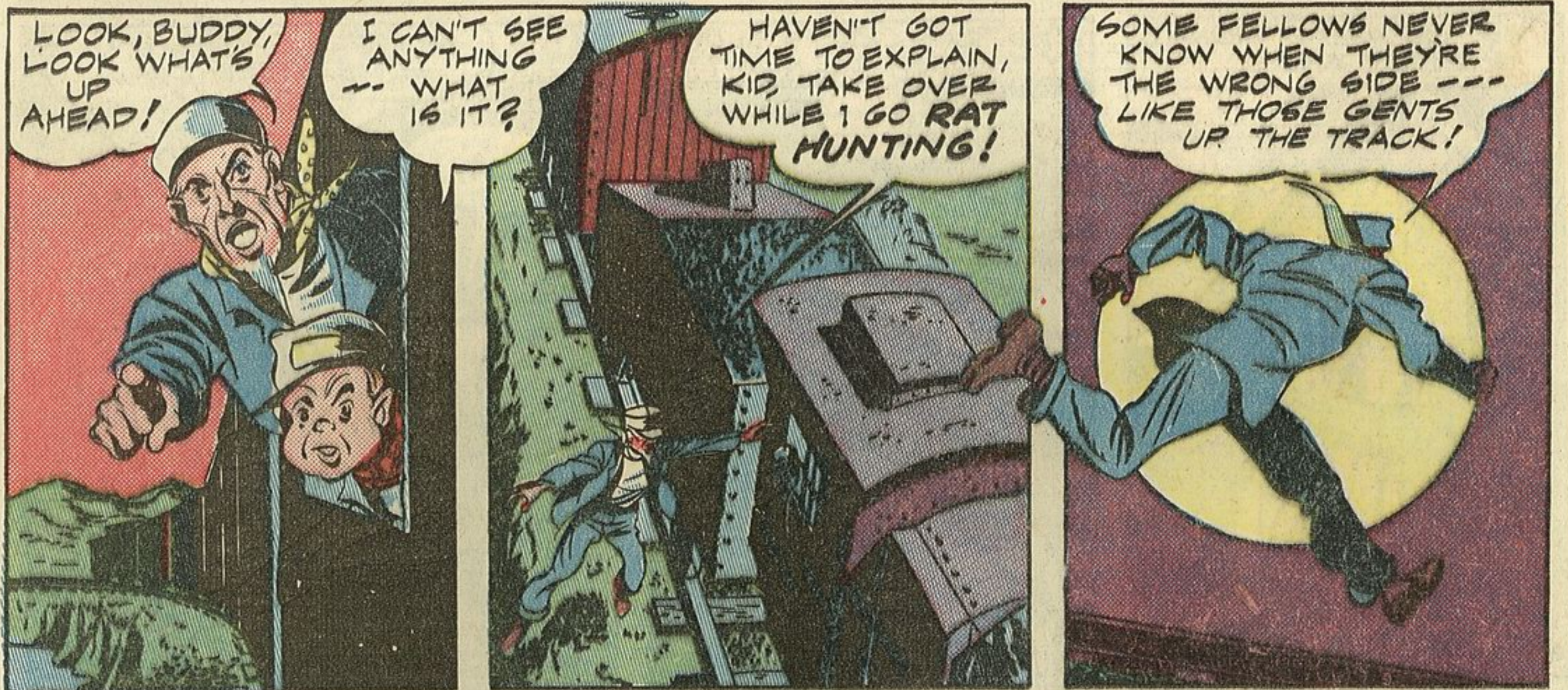
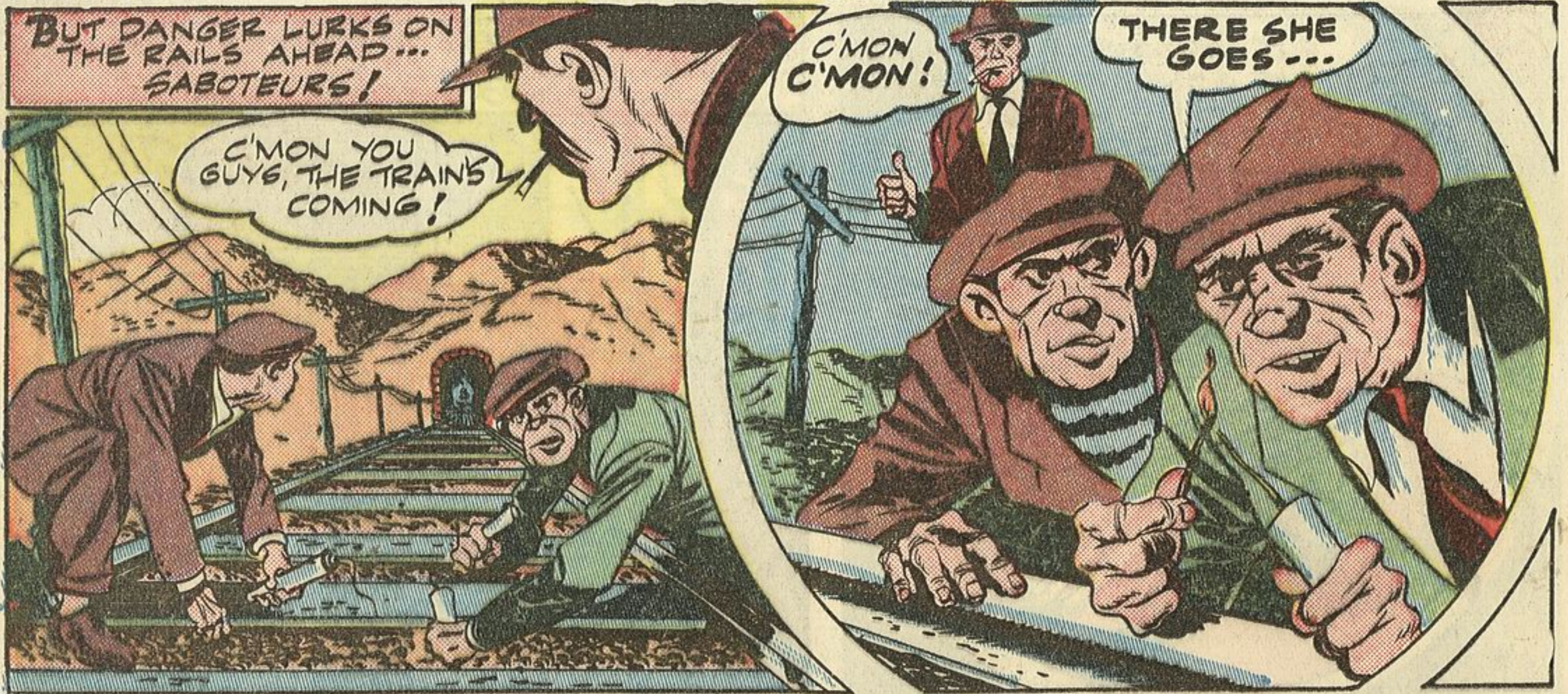
WE'RE GOING OVER THERE SOON!

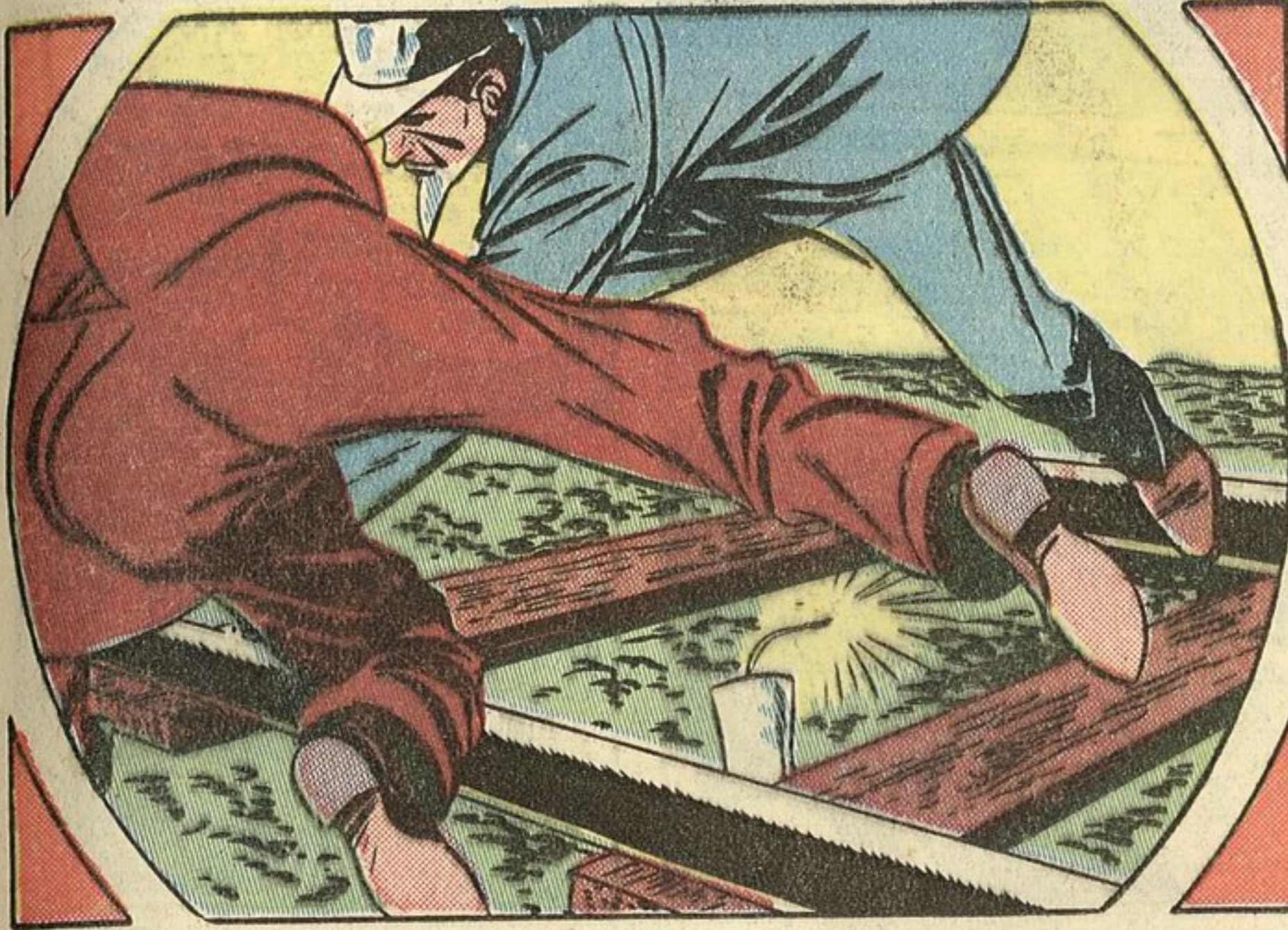
WE'RE GOING TO LUGATI? HMM--I LEARN SOMETHING NEW EVERY DAY!

IT'S A LONG STORY, BUDDY--WRITTEN IN BLOOD, BUT I SHALL TELL YOU THIS MUCH.

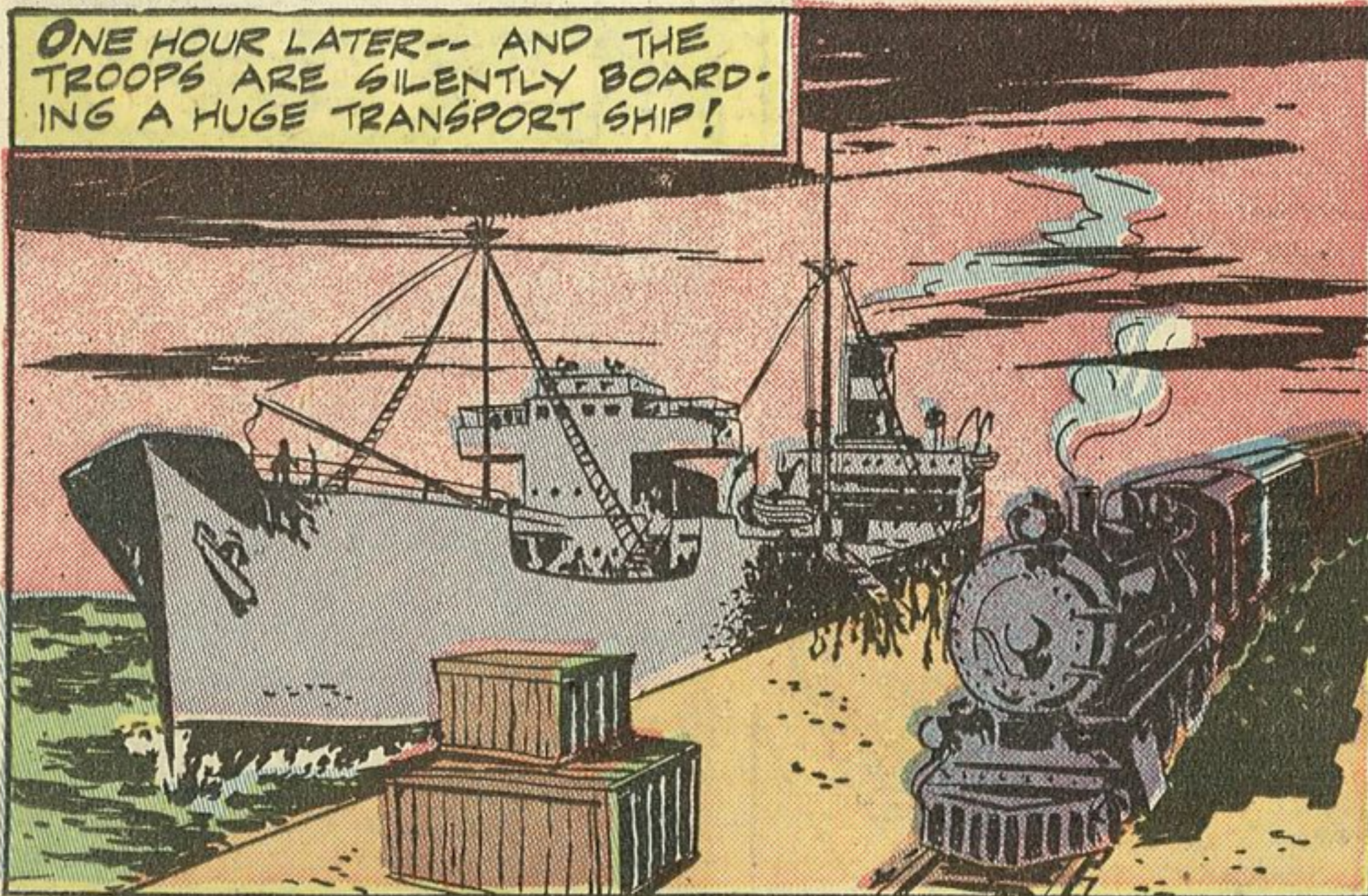
THE AMERICANS WERE OUT-NUMBERED 50 TO 1--BUT THEY'RE GOING BACK AGAIN--AND WHEN THE ARMY GOES, BACK--WE'RE GOING WITH 'EM!







ONE HOUR LATER-- AND THE TROOPS ARE SILENTLY BOARDING A HUGE TRANSPORT SHIP!



I DON'T THINK ANYONE SAW US BOARD THIS SHIP--- BUDDY---

GOSH--THAT WAS A LOT OF SOLDIERS WHO GOT ON.



HEY, SAILOR-- WHEN WE PUSHIN' OFF?

IN ABOUT ANOTHER MINUTE-- I GUESS!

HMMM! WHO'S THE BABE?



WHEEE-E-E THAT WAS CLOSE!

AND YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN'!



PSSST! HERE COME SOME REAL SAILORS!

THEY'RE COMIN' RIGHT AT US!

TAKE YOUR STATION -- WE'RE SHOVING OFF TO SEA!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

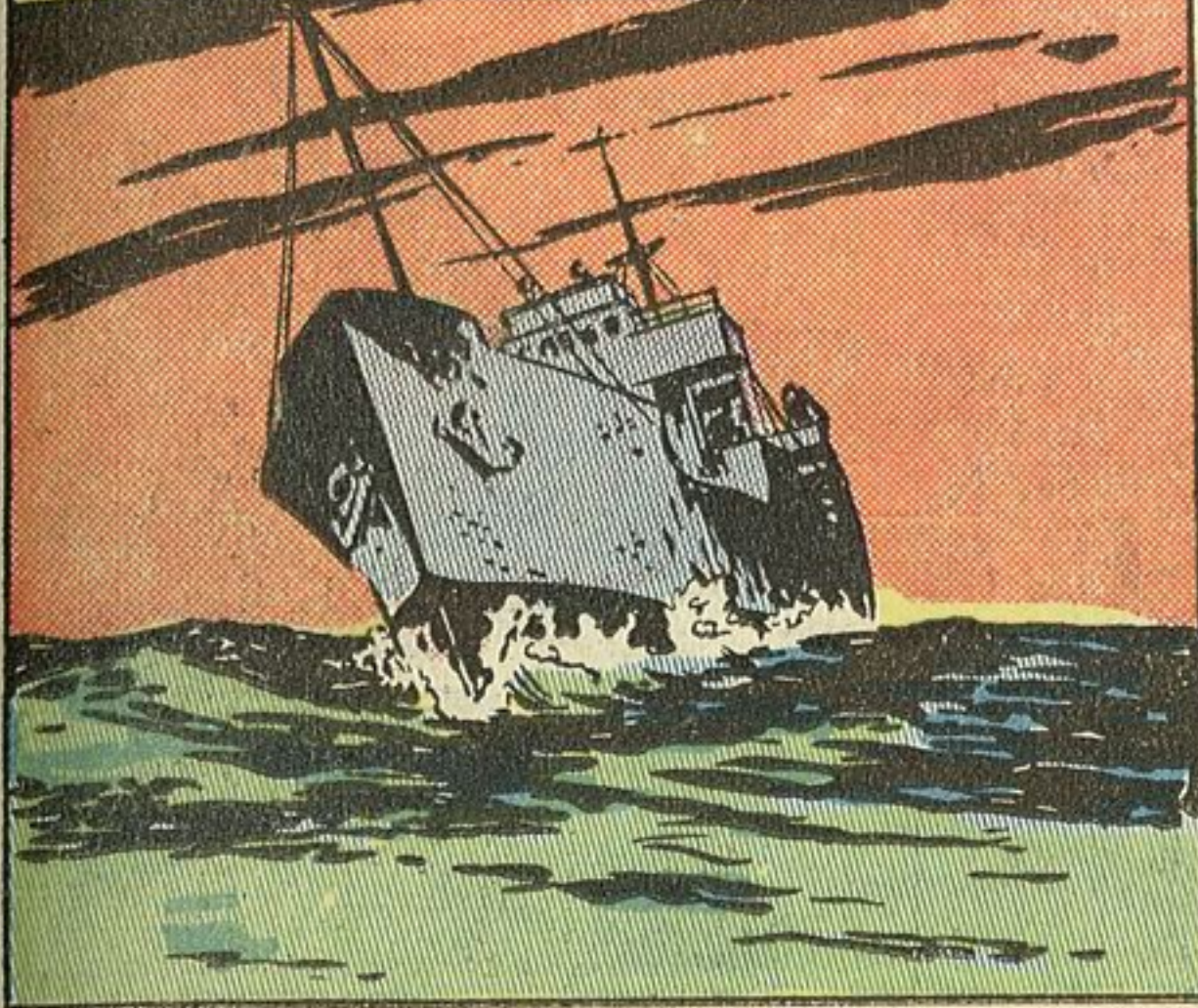


WE'RE MOVING -- HOT DOG!

NOW FOR SOME EXCITEMENT!



WITHOUT A SINGLE WARSHIP TO CONVOY HER, THE GREAT LINER PICKS HER WAY THROUGH UNCHARTED WATERS, FAR FROM THE USUAL SEA LANES....



..ON AND ON SHE GOES - FINALLY REACHING THE CALM OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC, AND ---



FINALLY THROWING ANCHOR AT A TINY ISLAND JUST TWENTY MILES OFF LUGATI ---



1. WHERE U.S. NAVAL WARSHIPS PLAN TO MEET THE TROOP SHIP.
2. THIS IS WHERE AIRPLANE CARRIERS WILL MEET CONVOY.



WHOOPEE-- LAND AND GALS!

NOT SO LOUD, SOLDIER --- YOU WANT THE JAPS TO HEAR US TWENTY MILES AWAY!



GOSH--I CAN'T WAIT TILL I GET TO SHORE.

YEAH, ME TOO!



BOY--- LOOK AT THE WOMEN-- YIPPEE!



WHA-WH-

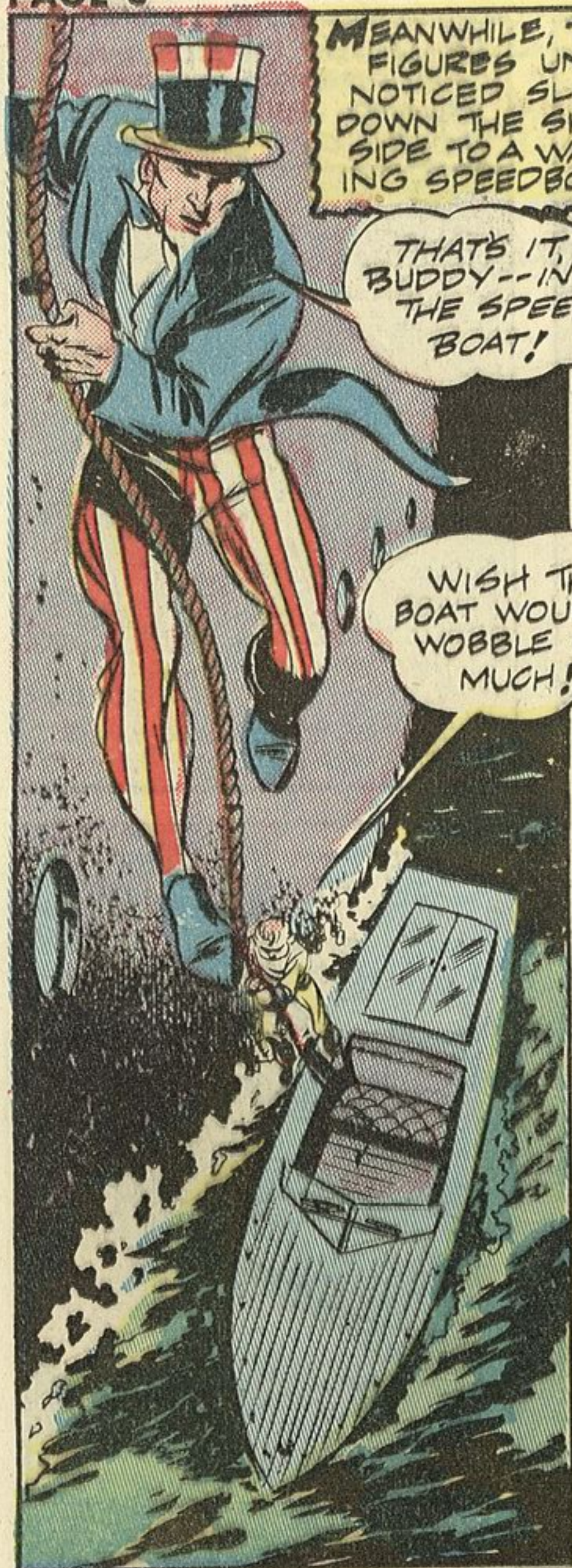
MMM- HAN'SUM AMERICAN! DOYA SALA GEMA!

YOU ARE YANK-- WHAT DOES YANK MEAN?

YANK? WHY BABE, IT MEANS EVERYTHING...



BUT MOST OF ALL - IT MEANS THAT THERE'S A BUNCH OF JAPS OUT IN THESE ISLANDS AND WE'RE GONNA YANK 'EM OUT!



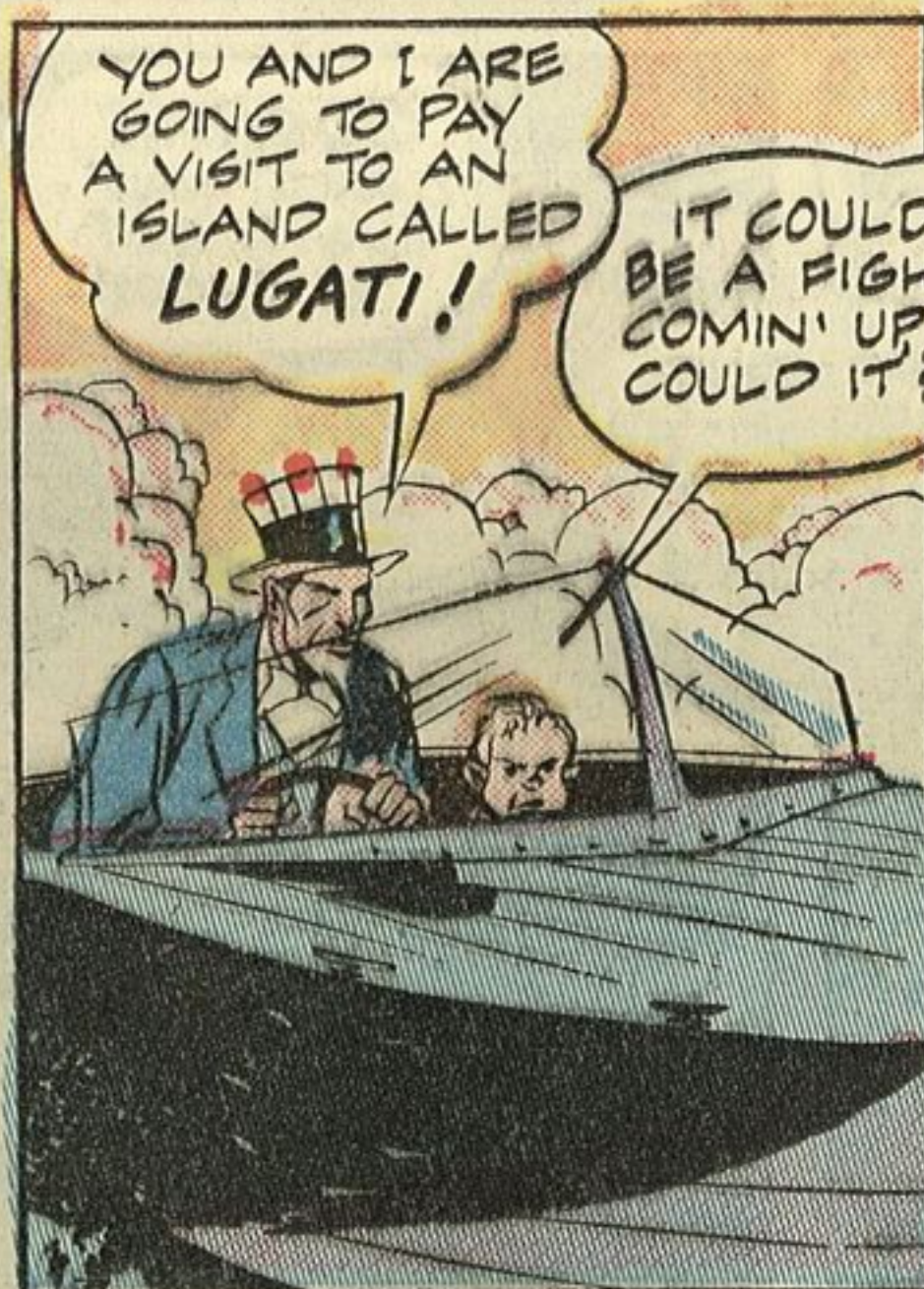
MEANWHILE, TWO FIGURES UN- NOTICED SLIDE DOWN THE SHIP'S SIDE TO A WAIT- ING SPEEDBOAT--

THAT'S IT, BUDDY--IN THE SPEED BOAT!

WISH THE BOAT WOULDN'T WOBBLE SO MUCH!



YOU SEE-- THE TROOPS WILL WAIT HERE UNTIL THEY'RE JOINED BY THE PLANES AND WARSHIPS-- MEANWHILE--



YOU AND I ARE GOING TO PAY A VISIT TO AN ISLAND CALLED LUGATI!

IT COULDN'T BE A FIGHT COMIN' UP COULD IT?



BUDDY, ARE YOU KIDDIN? WE'LL PUT IN HERE WHERE THE JAPS WON'T FIND US!



ヒッヒッ

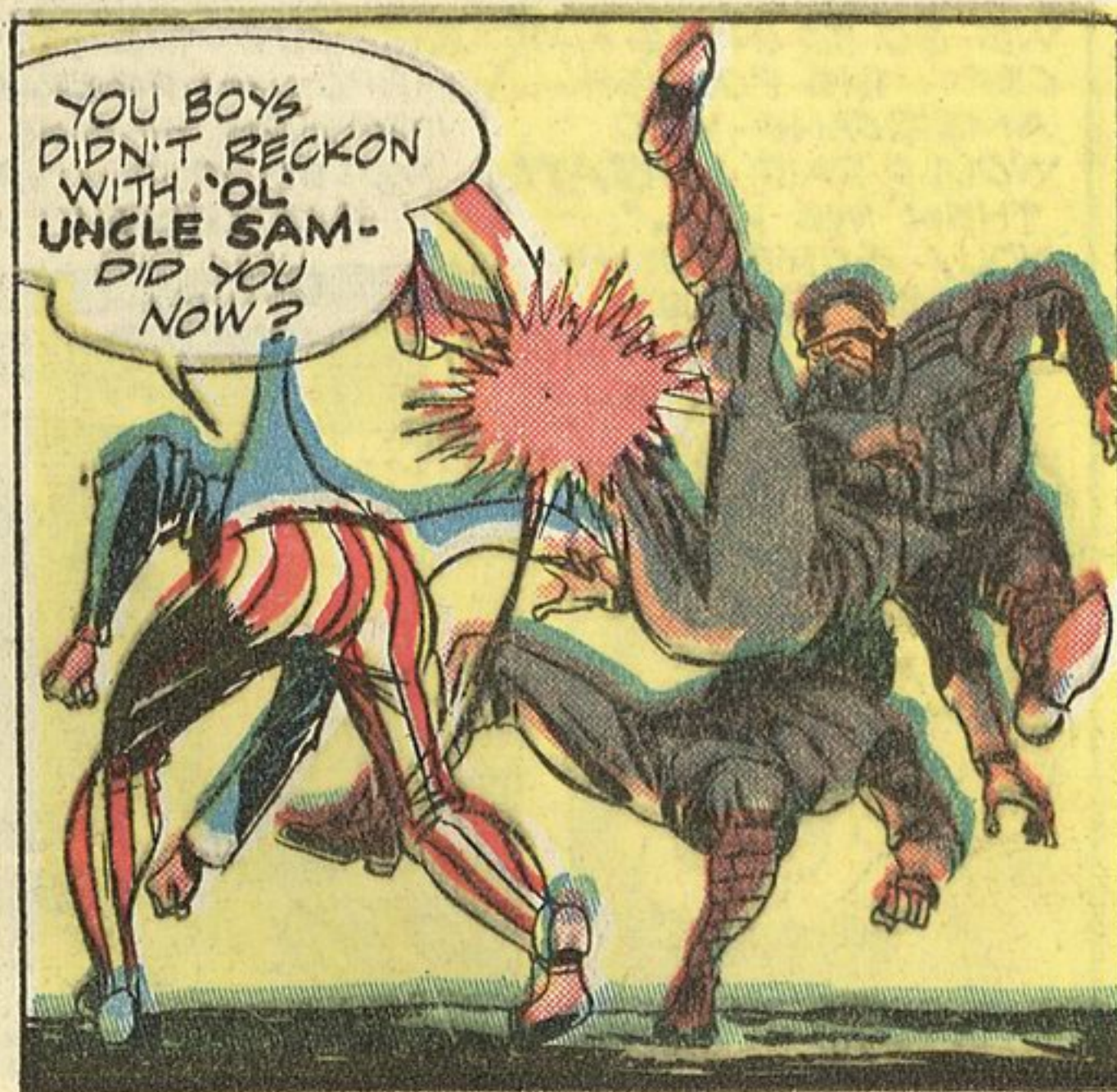
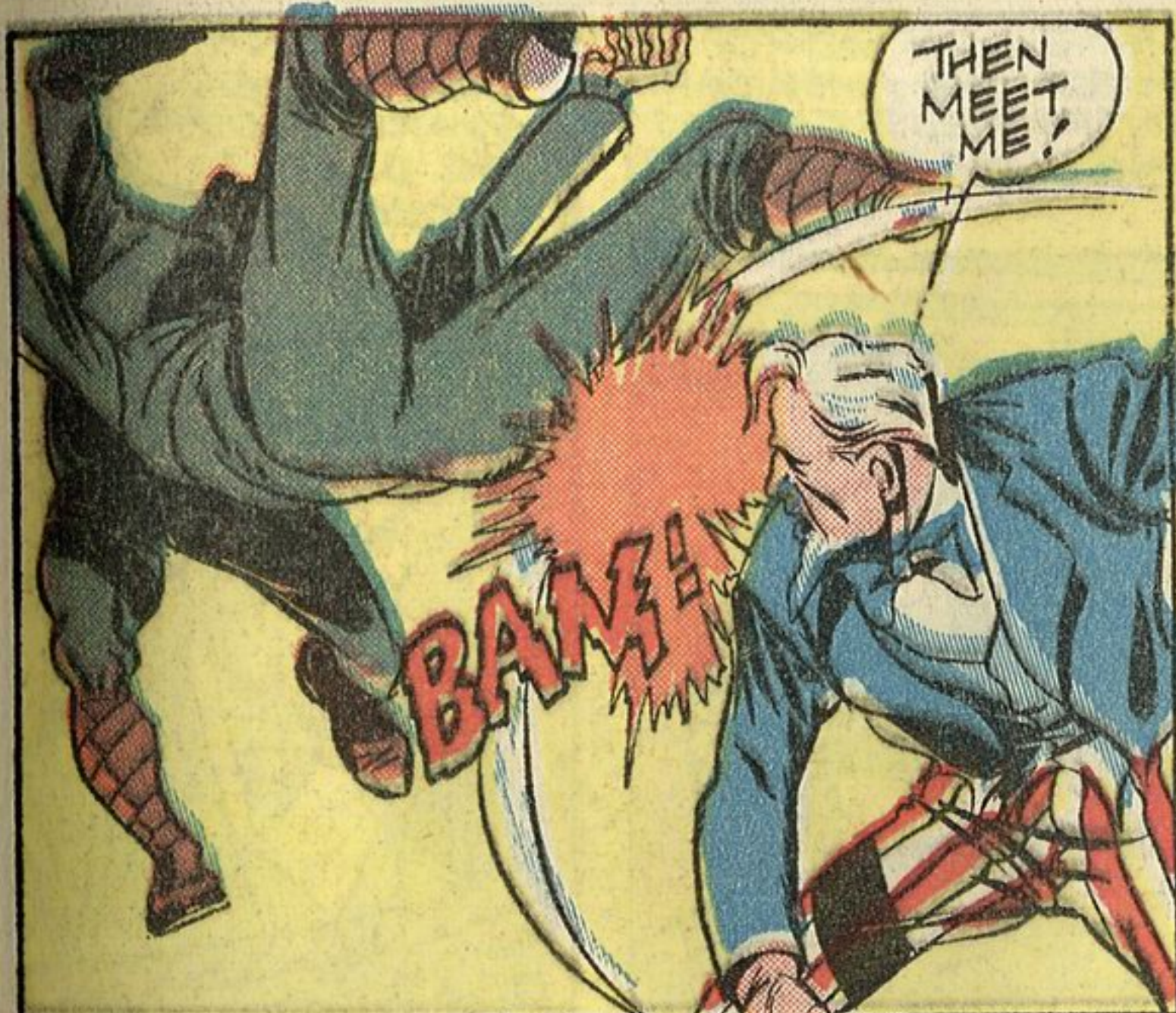
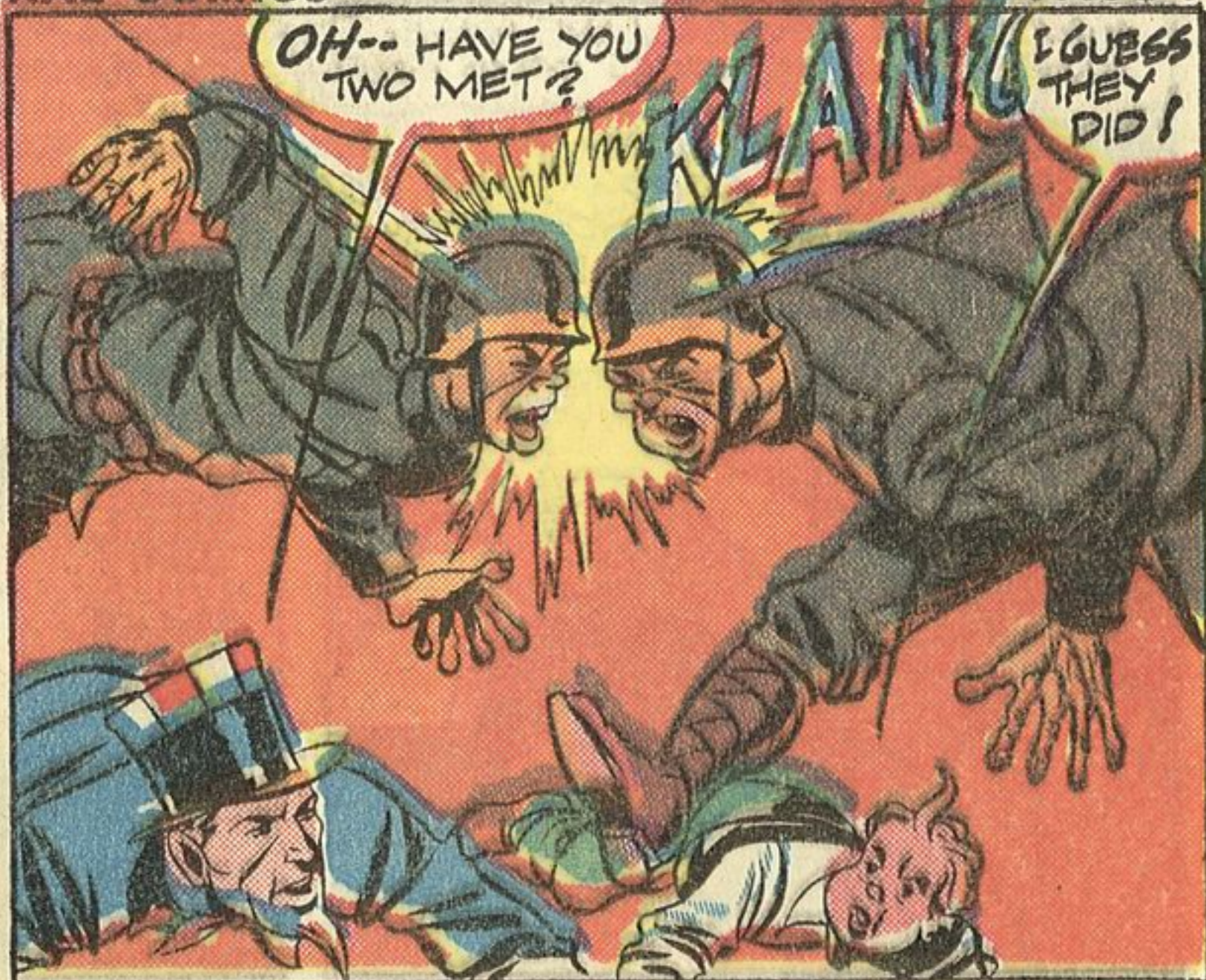


DON'T FIRE YET-- THEY MAY BE OUR FRIENDS!



I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING THAT SOMEONE IS WATCHING US!

YEAH! ME TOO!





HONORABLE GENERAL! WE HAVE AMERICAN PRISONERS. COME SEE!

HARUMPH! IT IS GOOD-- I WAS WEARY OF NO ACTION -- TOKIO EXPECTS ME TO COMMIT HARI-KARI!



GOOD-- YOU'VE CAPTURED ONE OLD MAN - A CHILD. I WILL RADIO THE NEWS TO TOKIO TONIGHT!

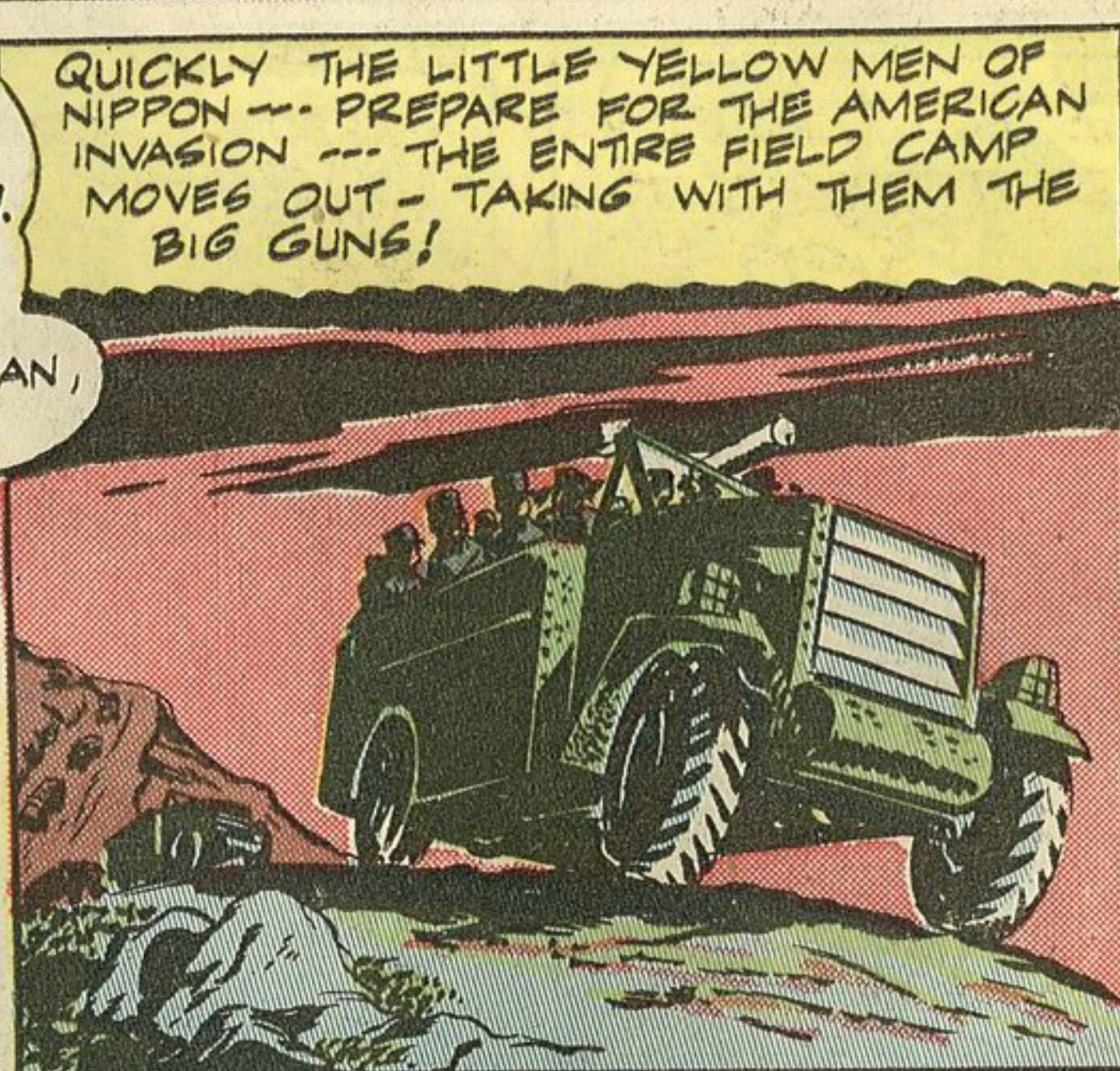


HO-HO!- SO YOU TWO CAME AS SPIES -- NO GOOD! WE DON'T LIKE SPIES!

YEAH-- THEN WHATCHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT MISTER?



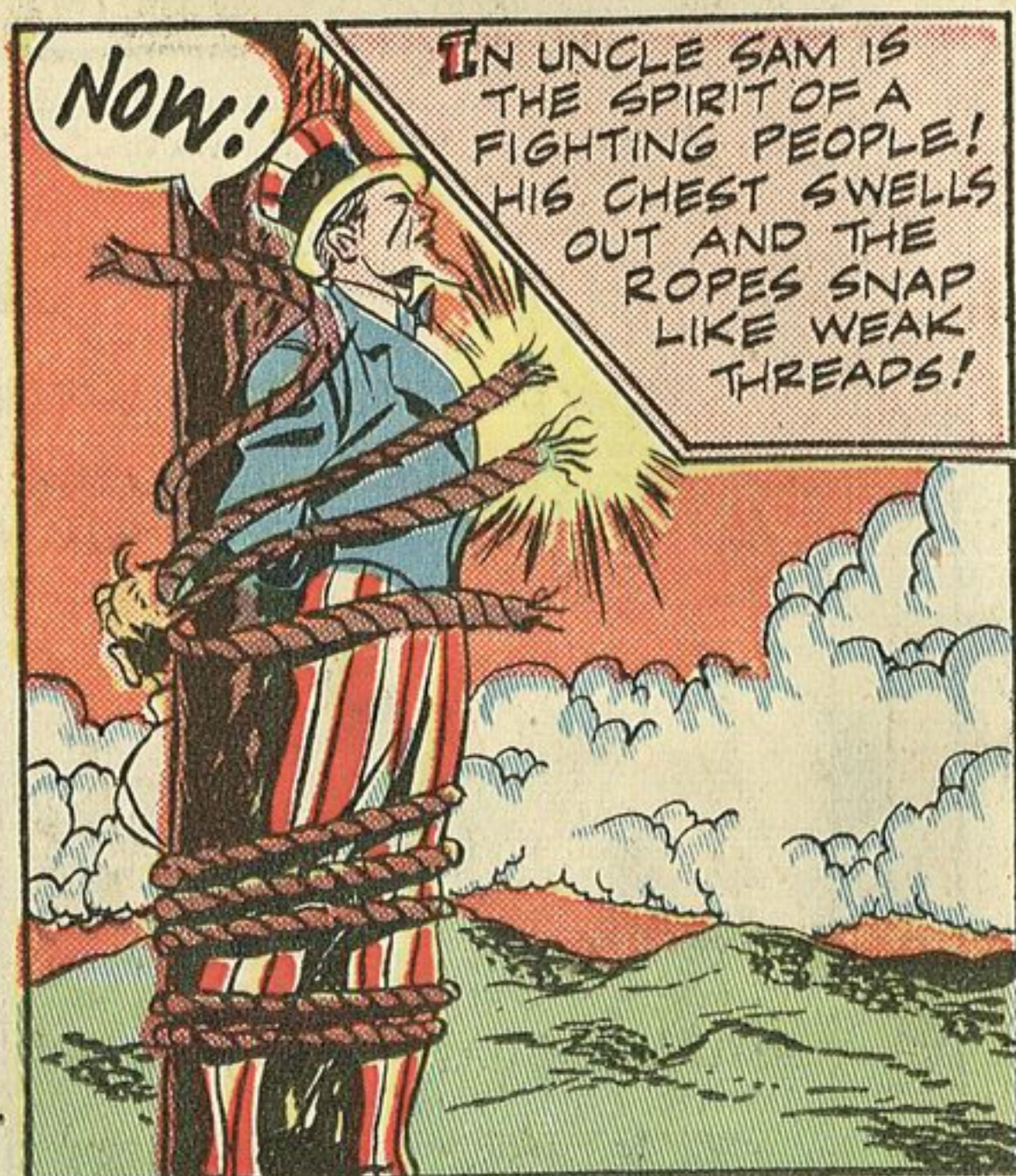
WE GO TO INTER-CEPT THE FOOLISH AMERICANS WHO WOULD RAID LUGATI. THEN WE KILL YOU! SOME FUN -- AS YOU SAY IN AMERICAN, EH?



QUICKLY THE LITTLE YELLOW MEN OF NIPPON -- PREPARE FOR THE AMERICAN INVASION -- THE ENTIRE FIELD CAMP MOVES OUT - TAKING WITH THEM THE BIG GUNS!



THEY DIDN'T LEAVE ONE GUARD, BUDDY-- SO 'ERE GOES!



NOW!

IN UNCLE SAM IS THE SPIRIT OF A FIGHTING PEOPLE! HIS CHEST SWELLS OUT AND THE ROPES SNAP LIKE WEAK THREADS!

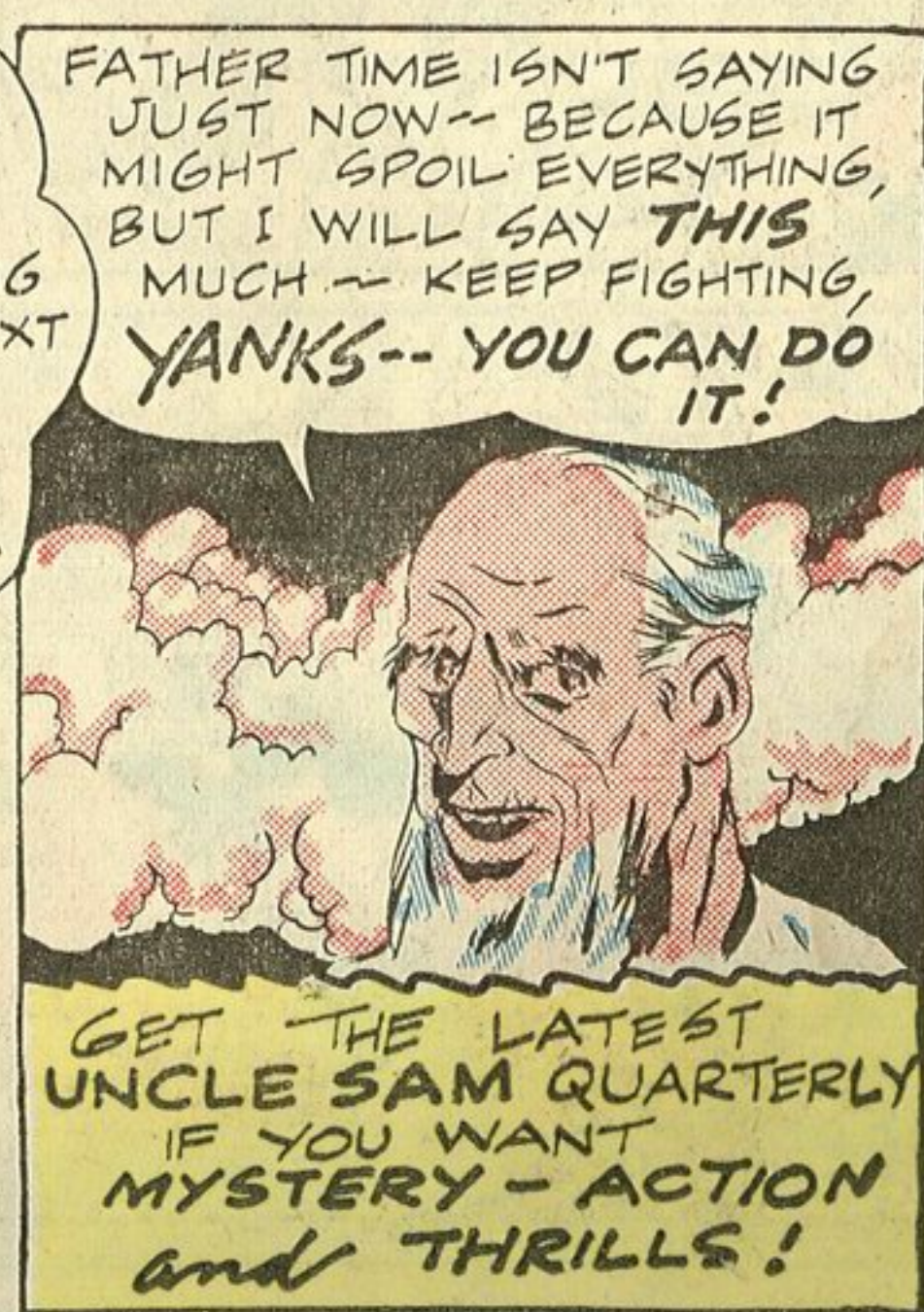
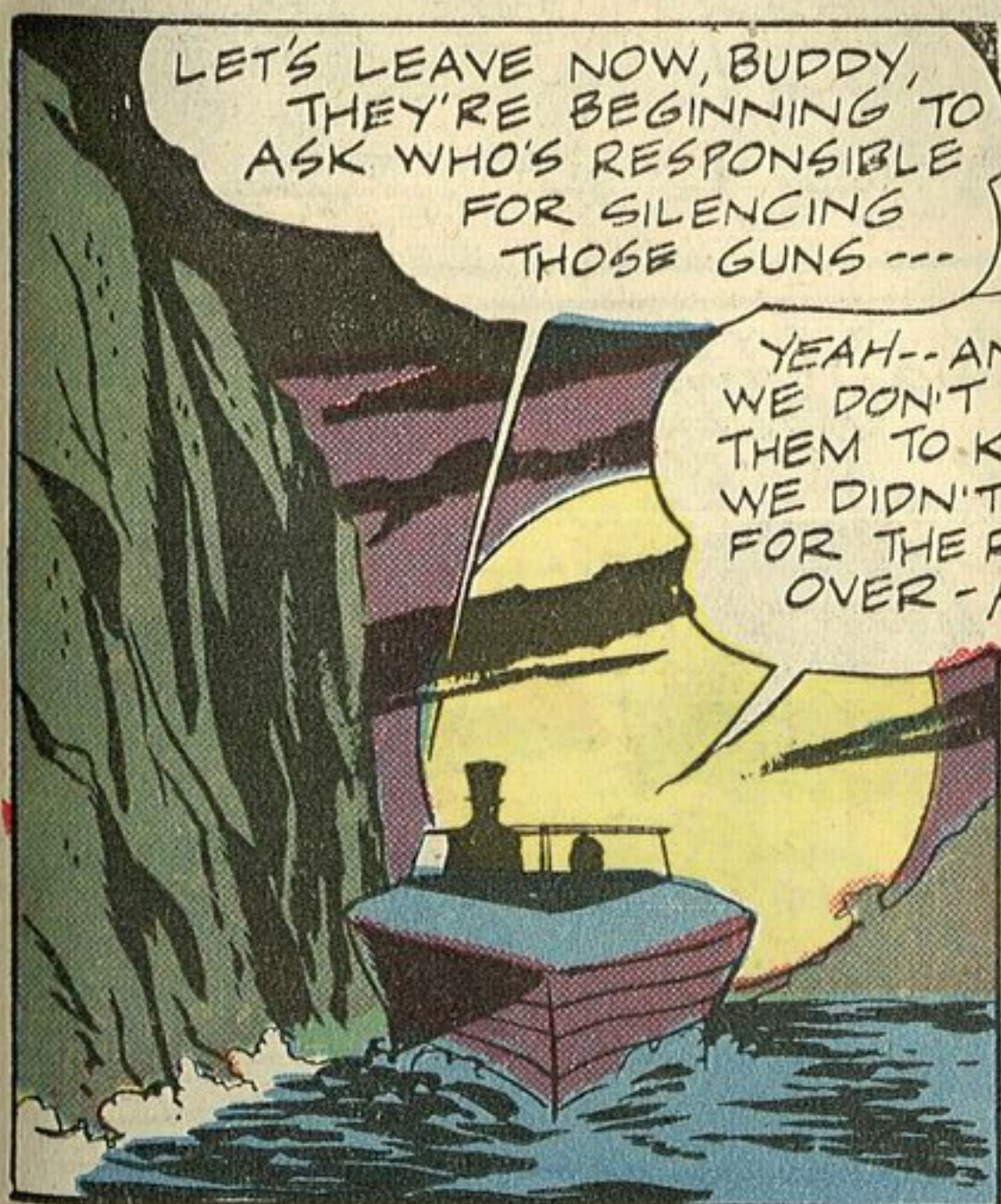
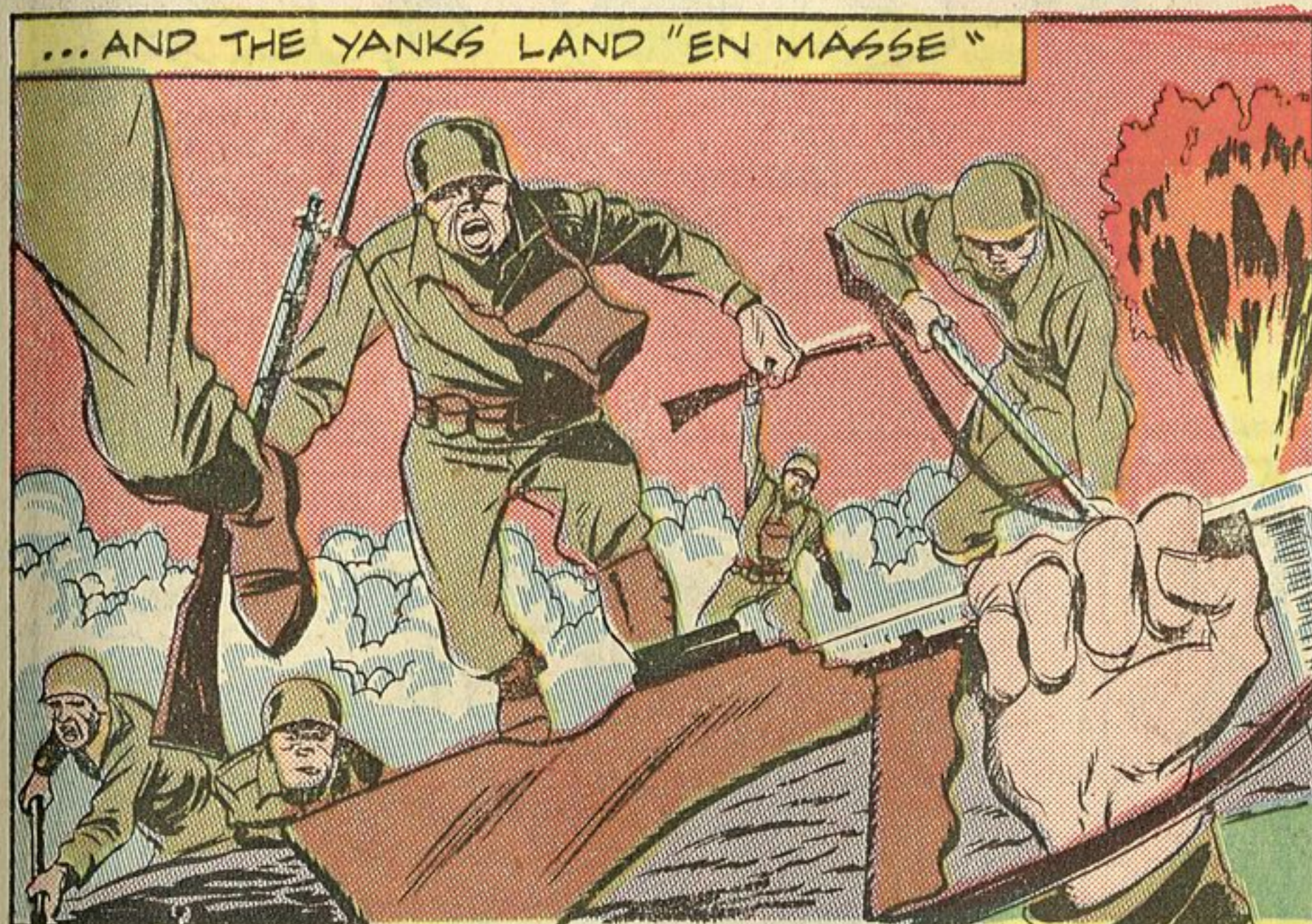
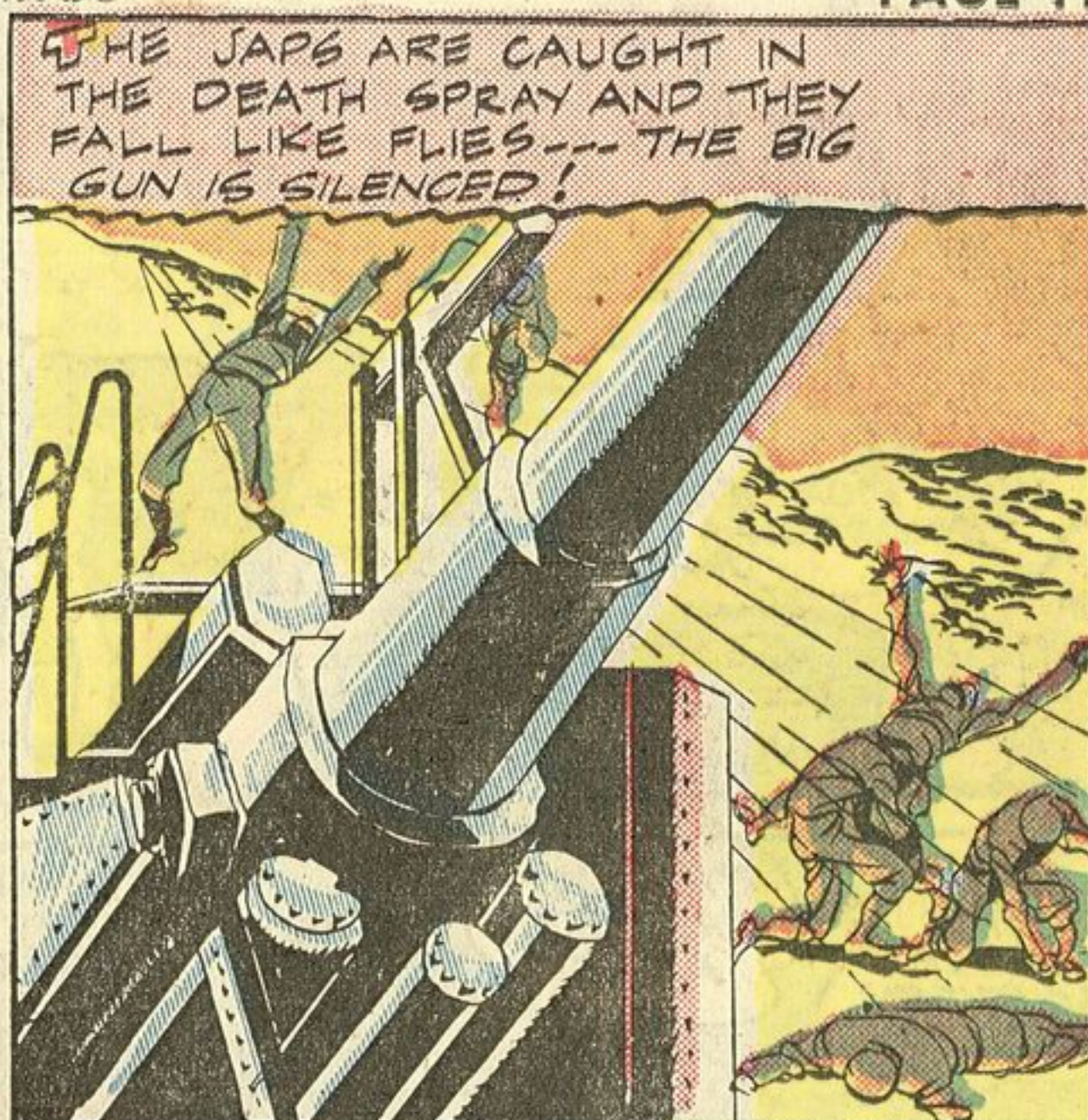


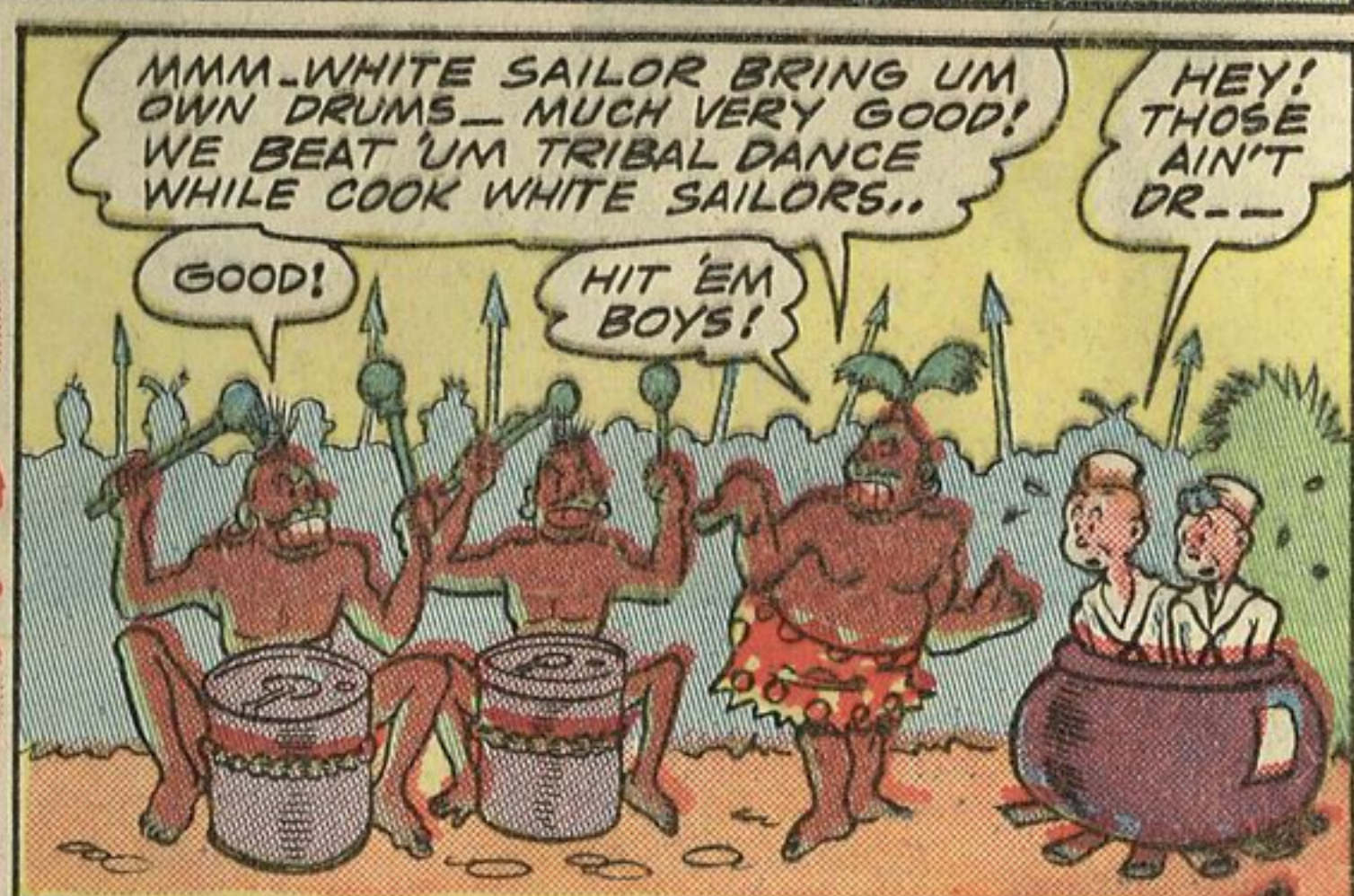
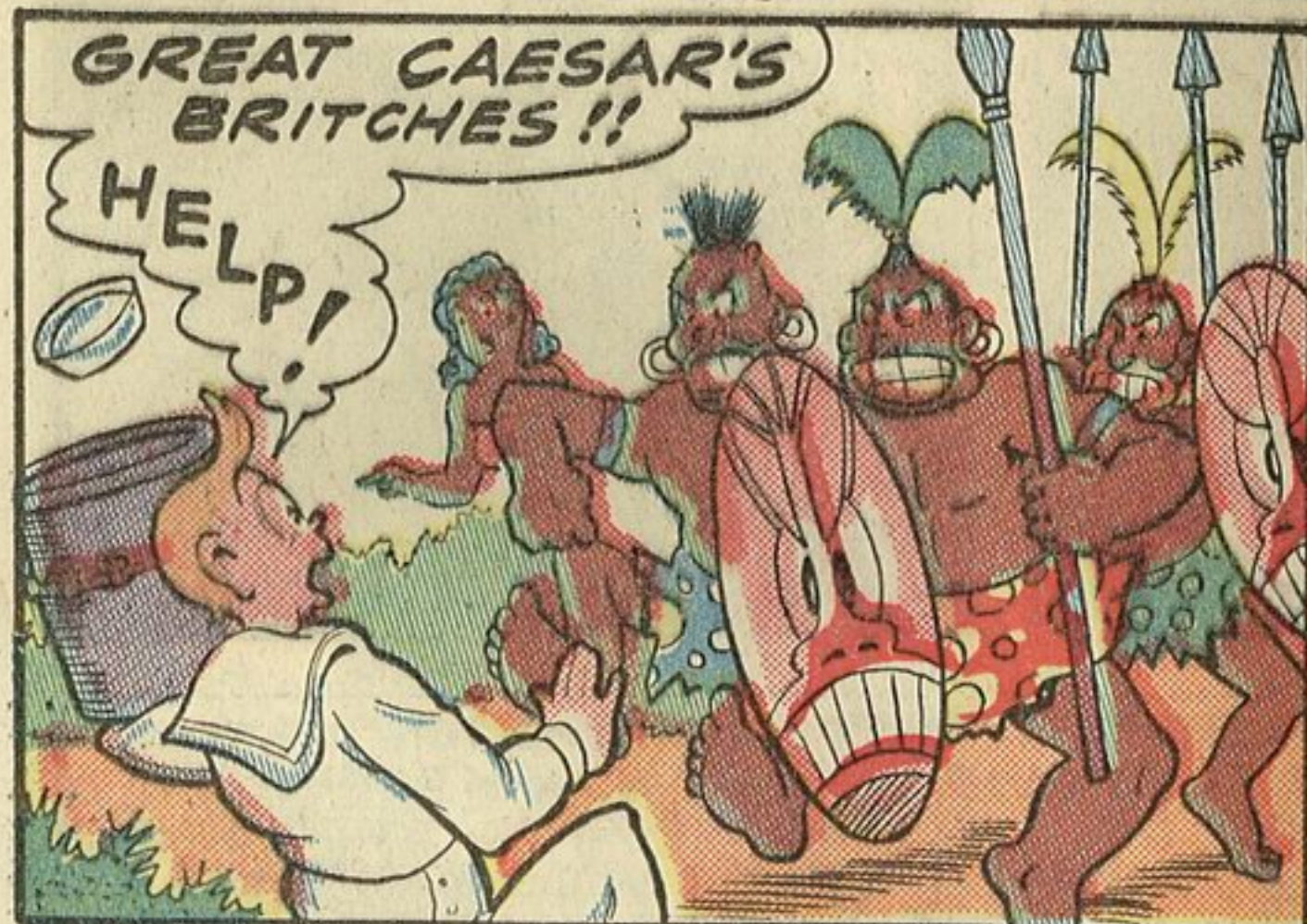
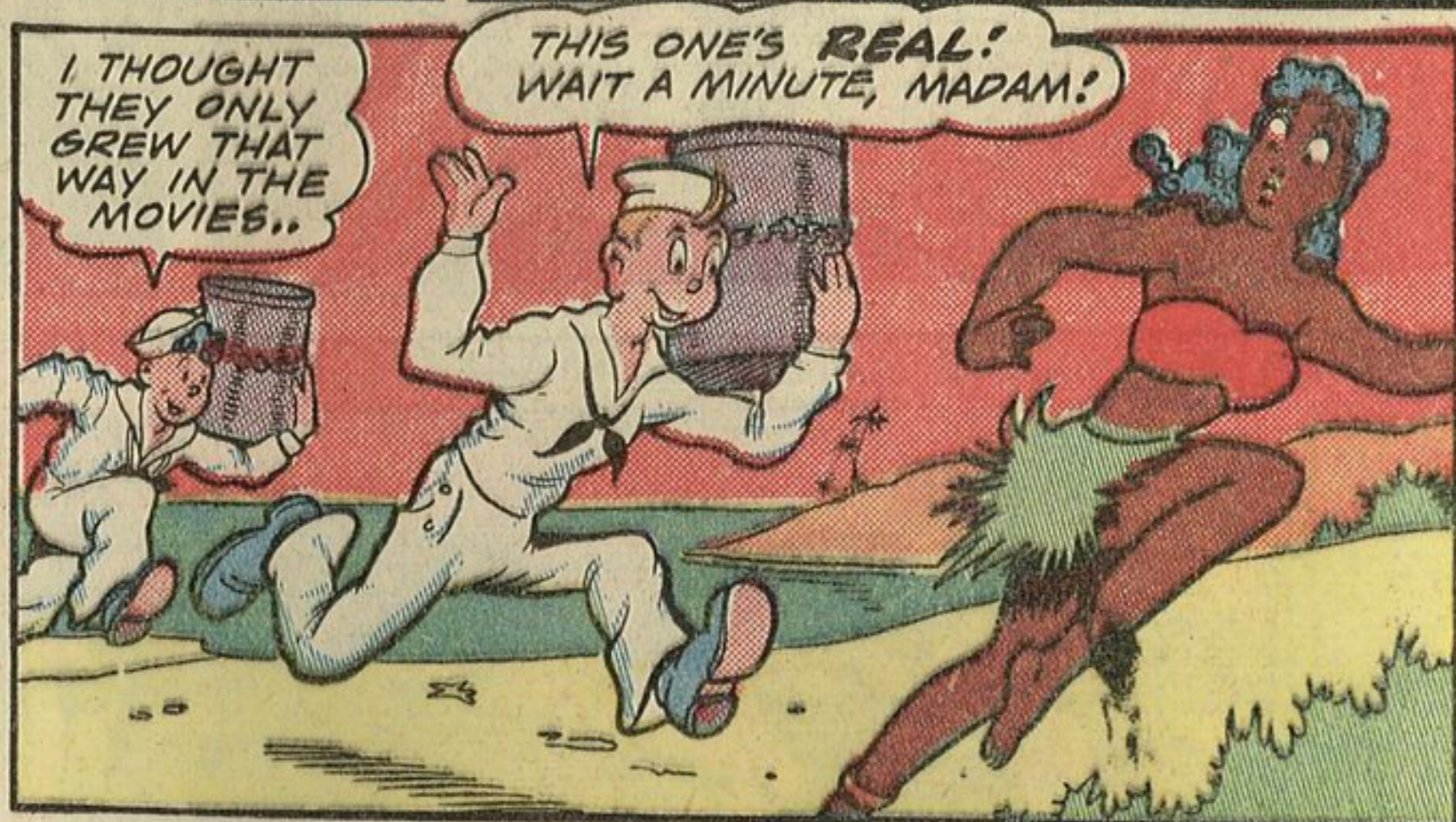
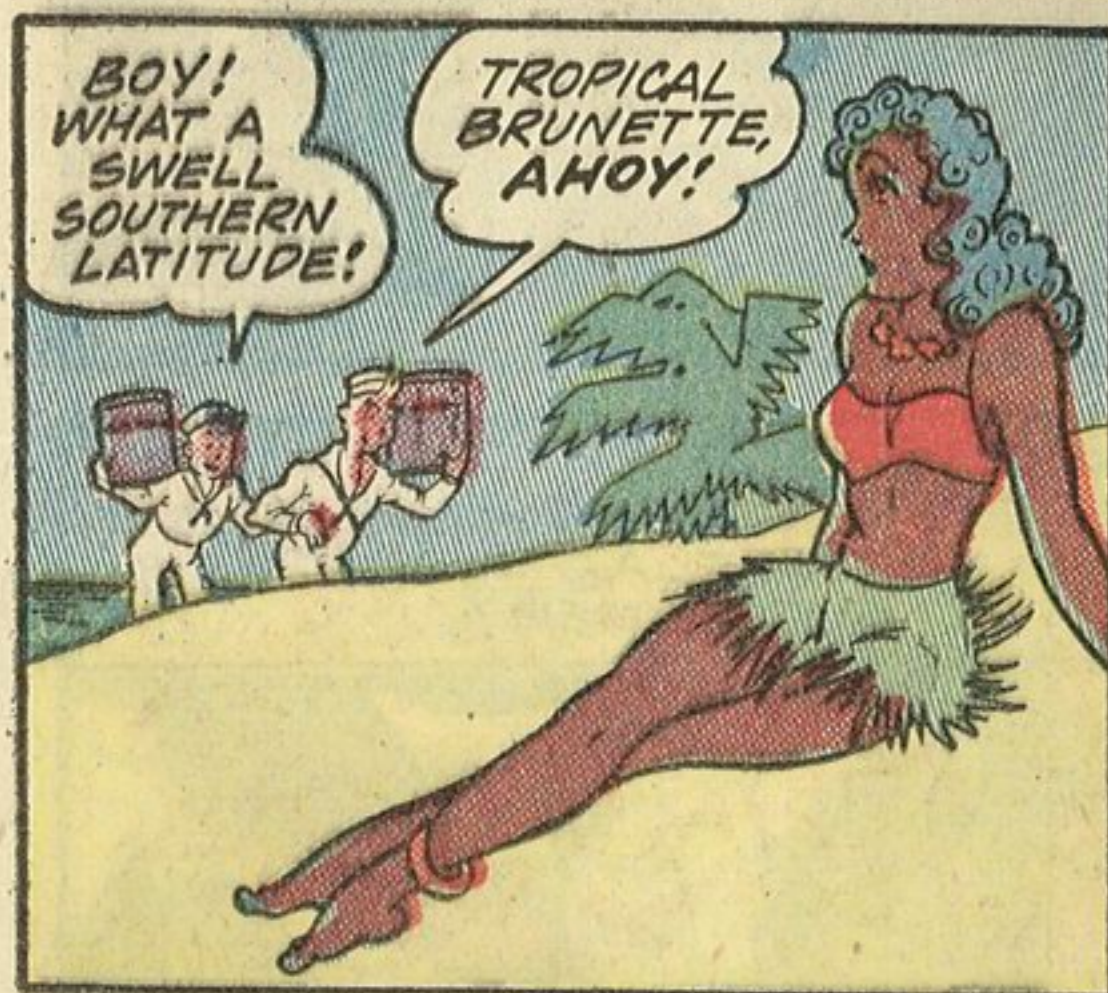
LISTEN! BOOMING GUNS-- THE YANKS ARE COMING! LET'S GET THERE QUICK! THE JAPS ARE WAITING FOR 'EM!

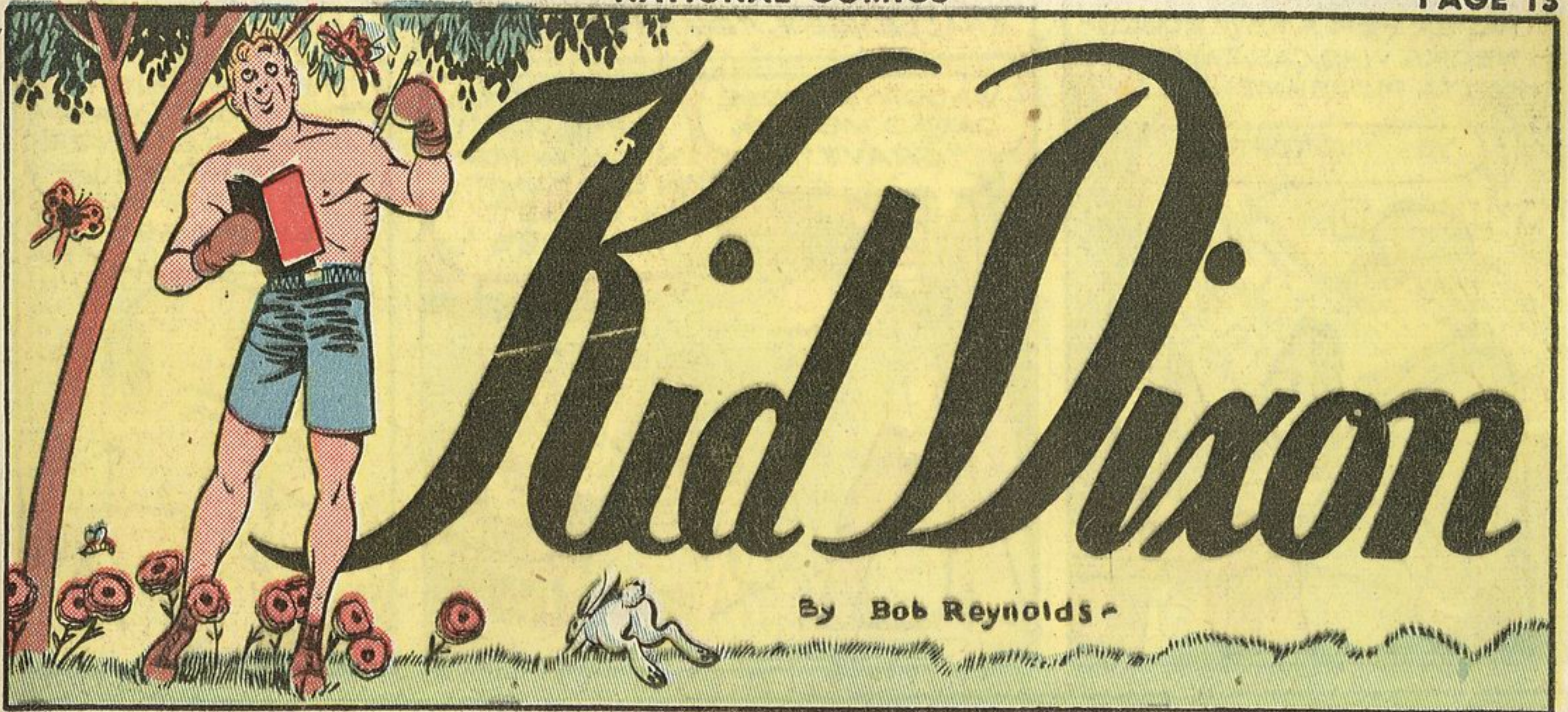


THE YANKS ARE FINDING IT TOUGH TO LAND IN THE FACE OF A TERRIFIC POUNDING BY THE LANDING BATTERY!

THAT GUN DOWN THERE, IT'S PREVENTING THE LANDING-- WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT!



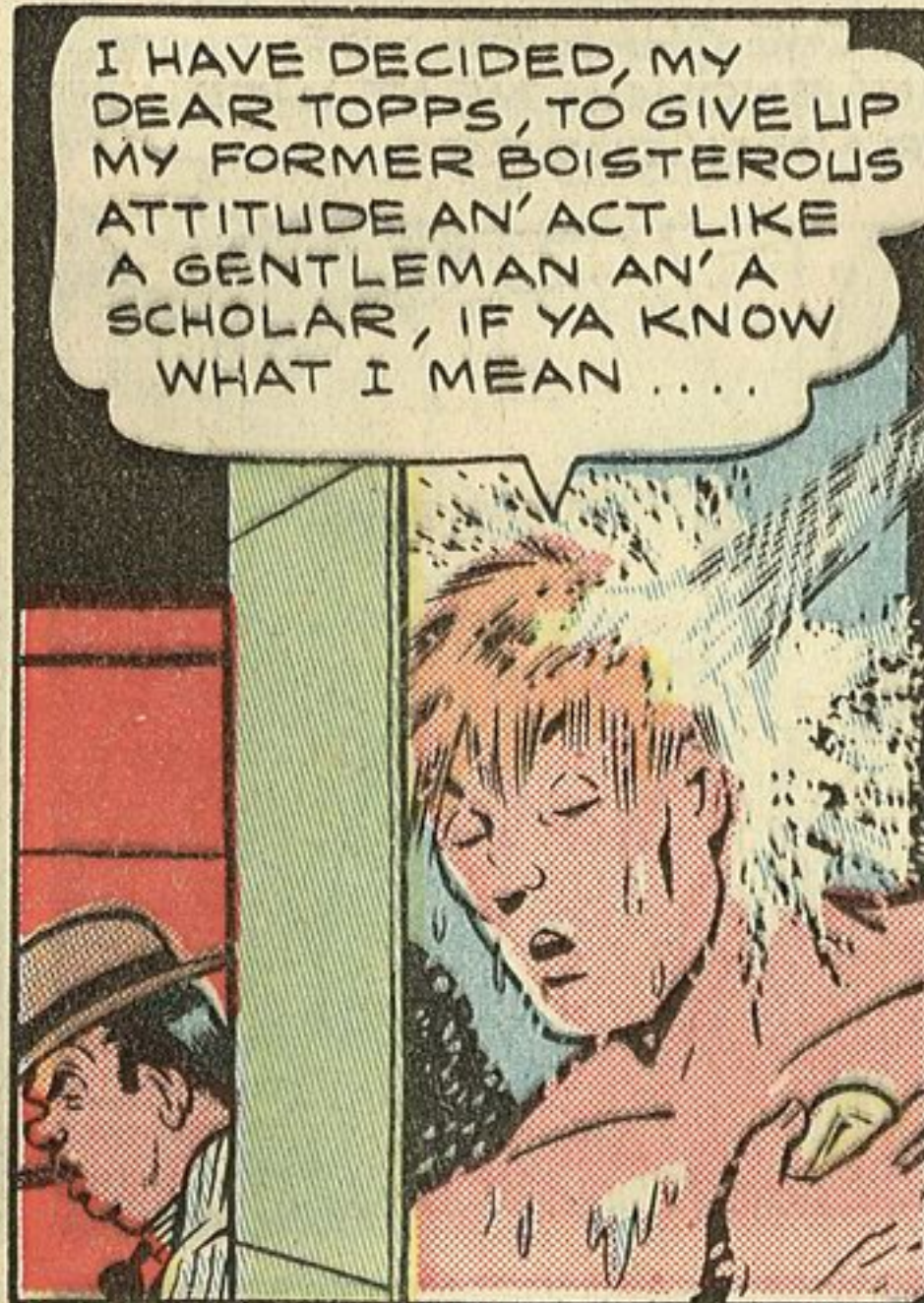




By Bob Reynolds



C'MON, STEP ON IT, CHAMP! STOP TRYIN' A BE A FANCY DAN!



I HAVE DECIDED, MY DEAR TOPPS, TO GIVE UP MY FORMER BOISTEROUS ATTITUDE AN' ACT LIKE A GENTLEMAN AN' A SCHOLAR, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN



THERE ARE FINER THINGS IN LIFE THAN BRUTE PHYSICAL POWER, TOPPSY... AH, HERE IS CLARISSA, MY GLIDIN' STAR!



DO YOU NOT KNOW HOW T' GREET A LADY?



IT IS CLEAR YOU NEED SCHOOLIN'...



...IN'A ART O' GENTLE-MANLY CONDUCT!



CLARISSA, YA SEE, IS BEEN A GOOD INFLUENCE ON ME!



WOW @!!☆!!! SOMETIMES I... BRRR... HE AIN'T GONNA GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL FIX THAT!

I WANNA PUT AN AD IN THE PAPER FER A FEW ROUGH-NECKS WHO CAN TAKE A LOTTA PUNISHMENT....

YES, MR TOPPS!

NOT FAR OFF, IN THE CAMP OF THE CHALLENGER, "BIFF" NOGGLE...

WADDAYA S'POSE DAT AD MEANS, "GRAVY"?

LOOK, BOYS, TOPPS DON'T KNOW YA WORK IN OUR CAMP... YOU GO GET THEM JOBS!

LET'S FACE THE FACTS... AFTER KID DIXON, OUR BOY'S THE BEST PLUG IN THE GAME... BUT BIFF WILL NEVER BE CHAMP WHILE THE KID'S IN BUSINESS!

IT SURE WOULD BE A SHAME IF THE KID SHOULD RUN INTO SOME KIND'A PERMANENT INJURY!

OKAY.. YER HIRED! HERE'S THE SETUP.. THE CHAMP'S NOT 'PUTTIN' ENOUGH MEAT INTO HIS TRAININ' CHORES....

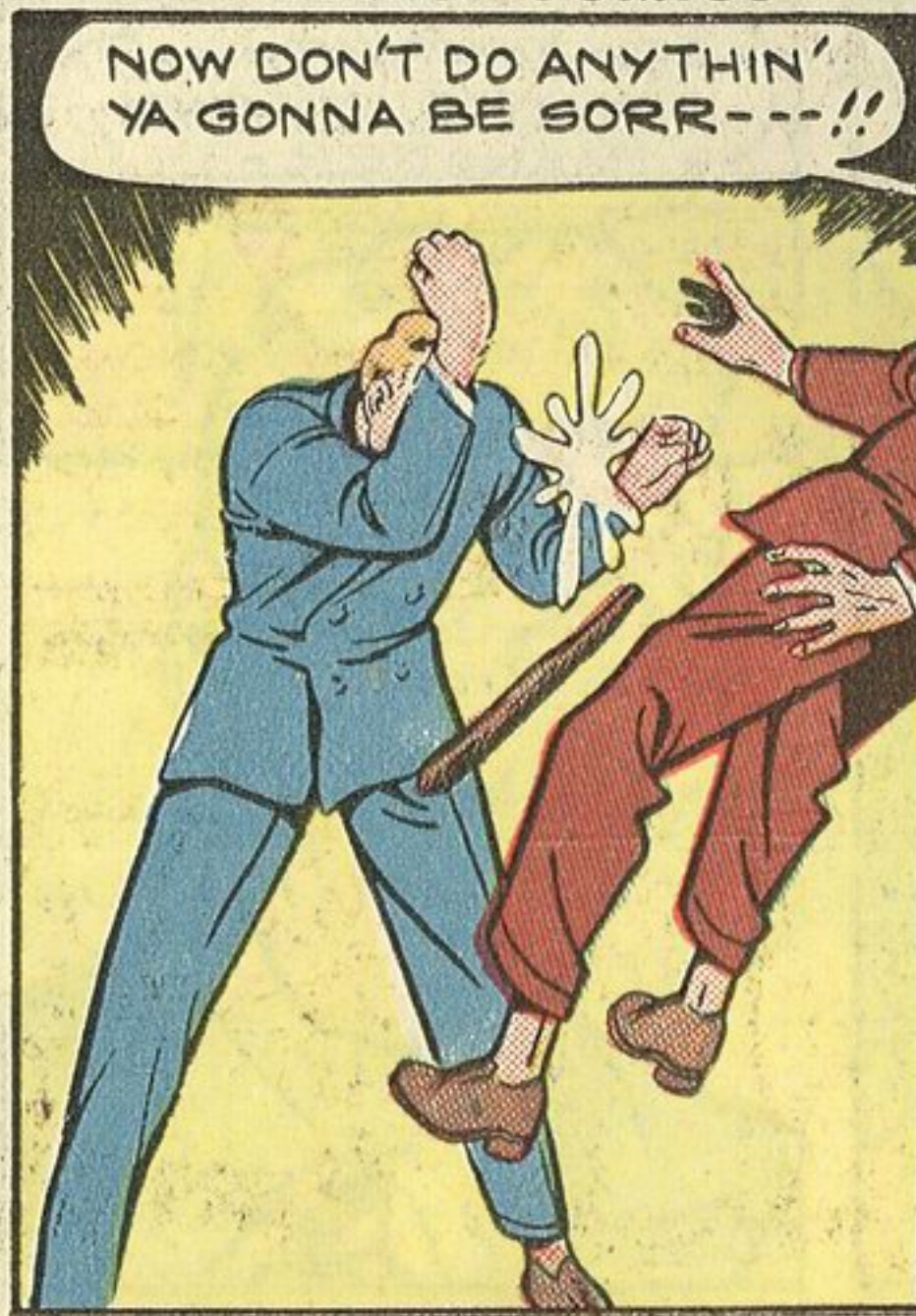
.. FOLLA HIM AROUN'... KEEP IN HIS HAIR.. TRY TO GET HIM IN A BRAWL... FORCE HIM INTO WORK-OUTS AND ROADWORK... GET HIM MAD!!...

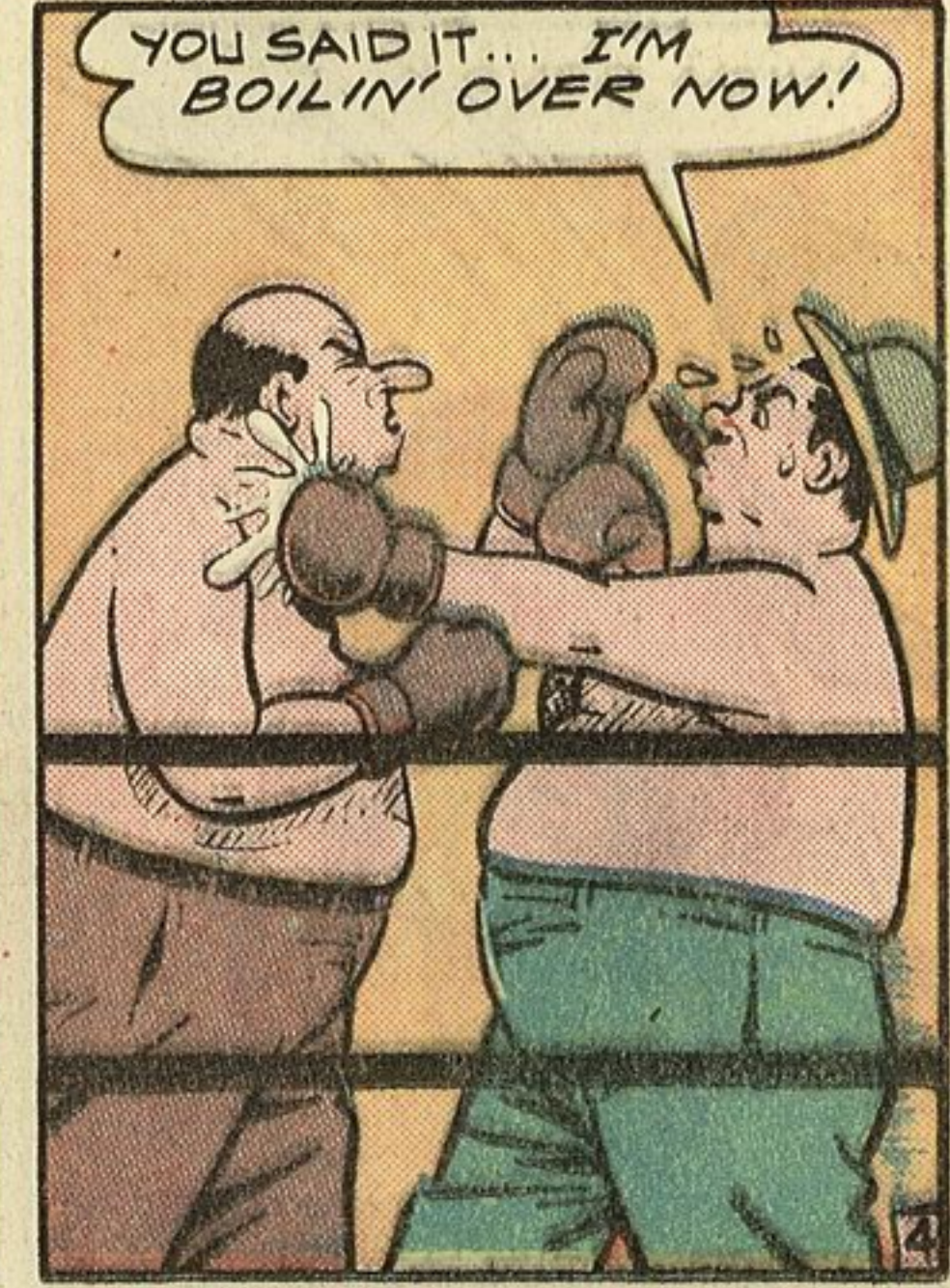
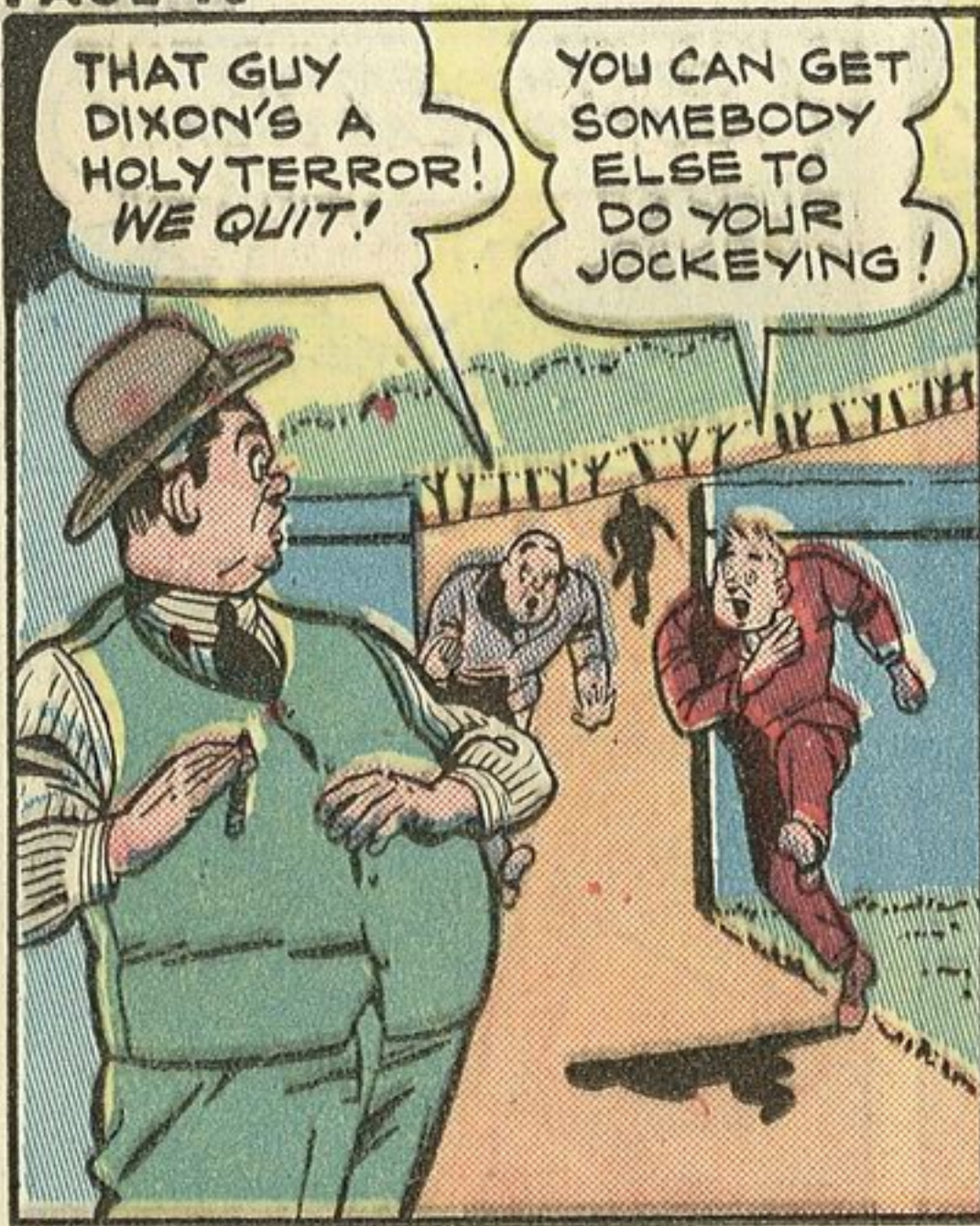
HA HA! WOTTA SETUP! NOW IF WE SHOULD HAPPEN'A HOIT HIM POIMANENT, WE COULD PIN IT ALL ON TOPPS!

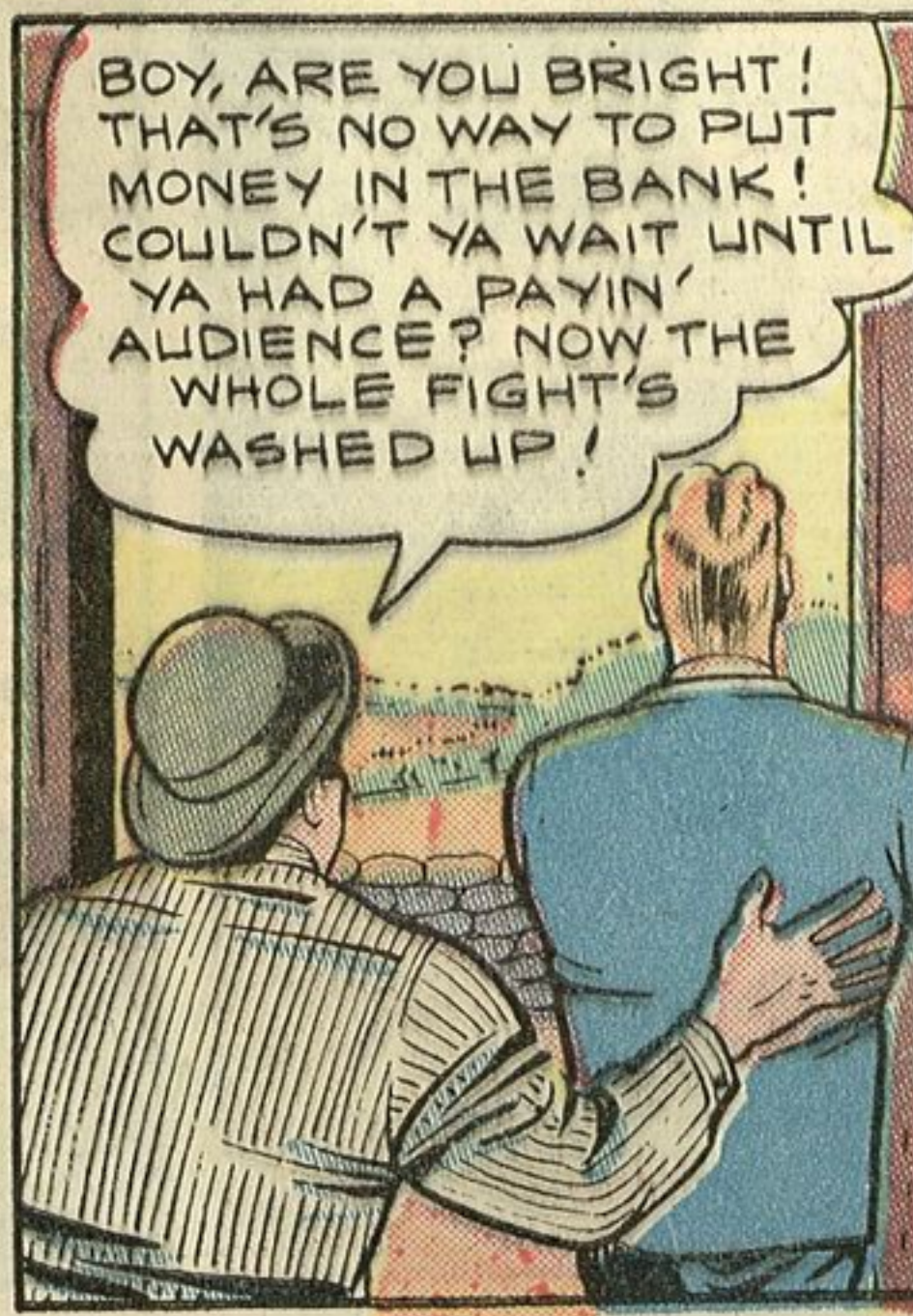
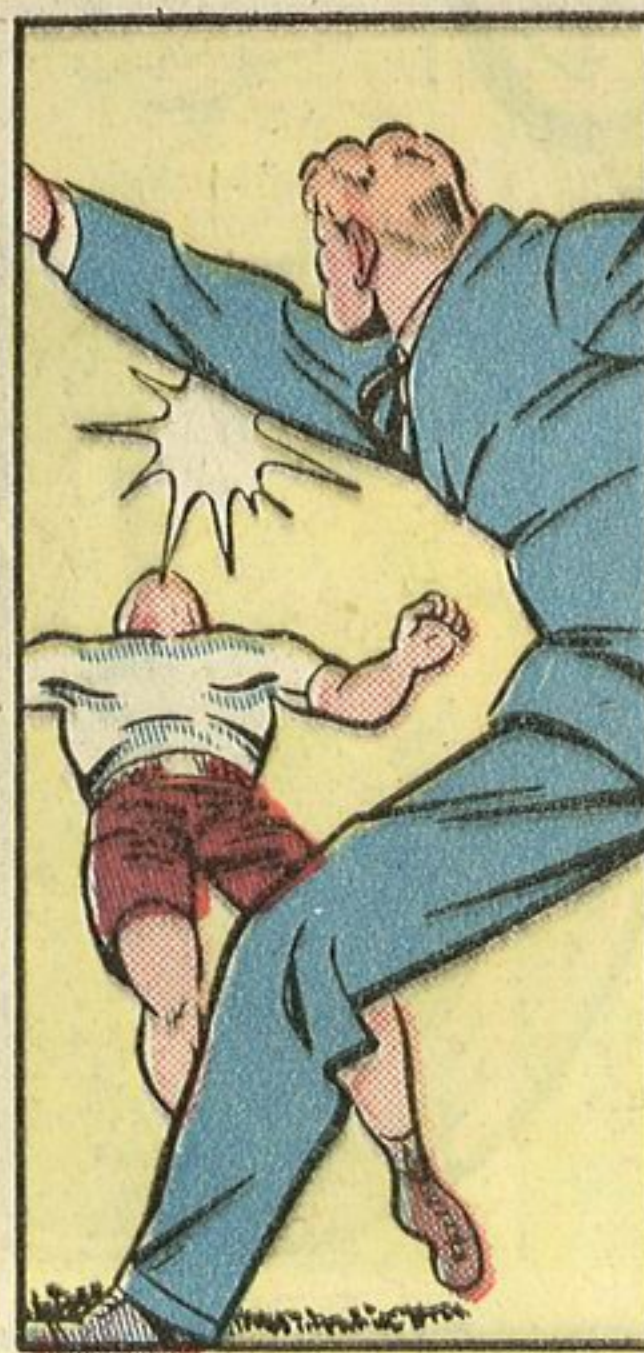
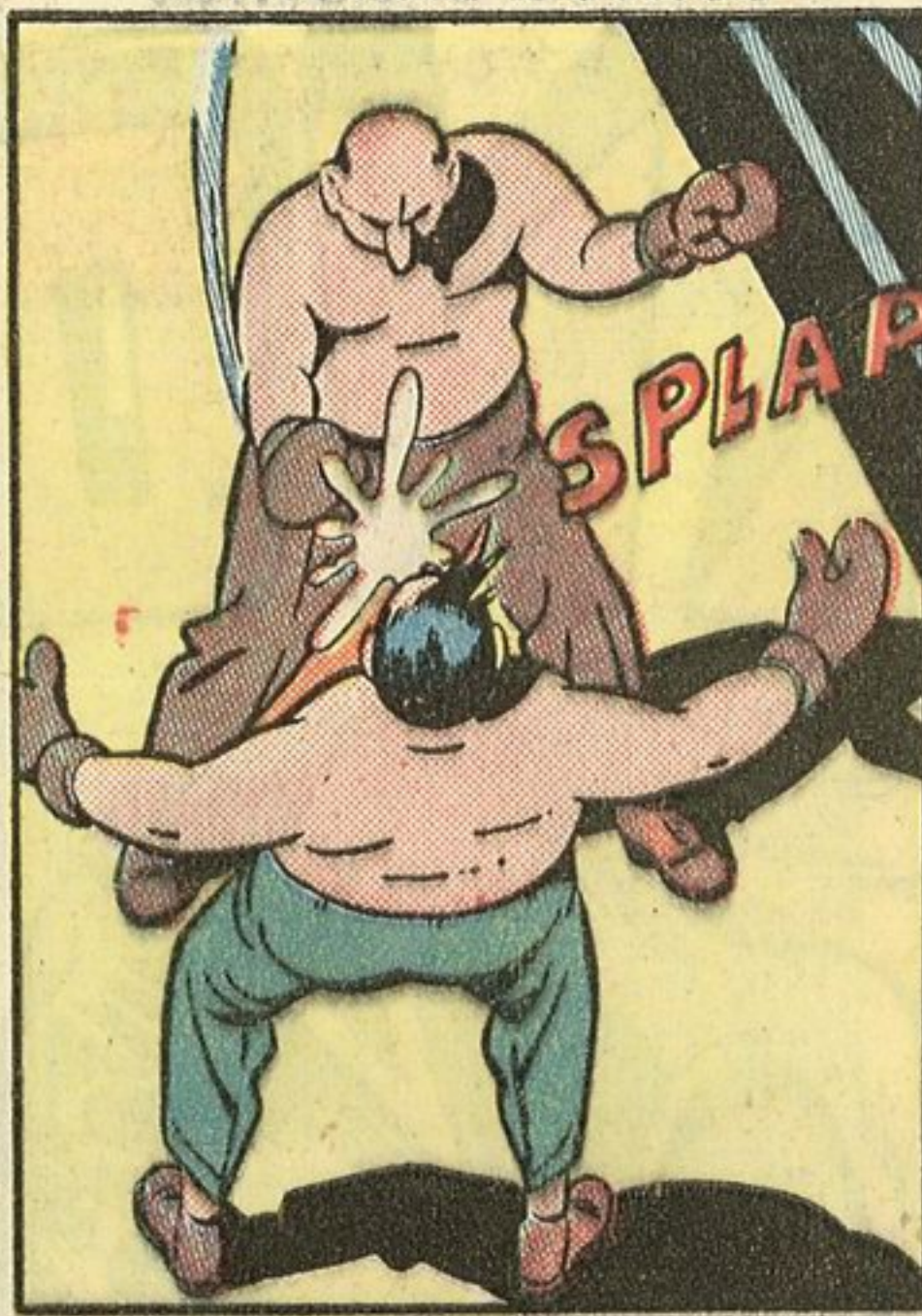
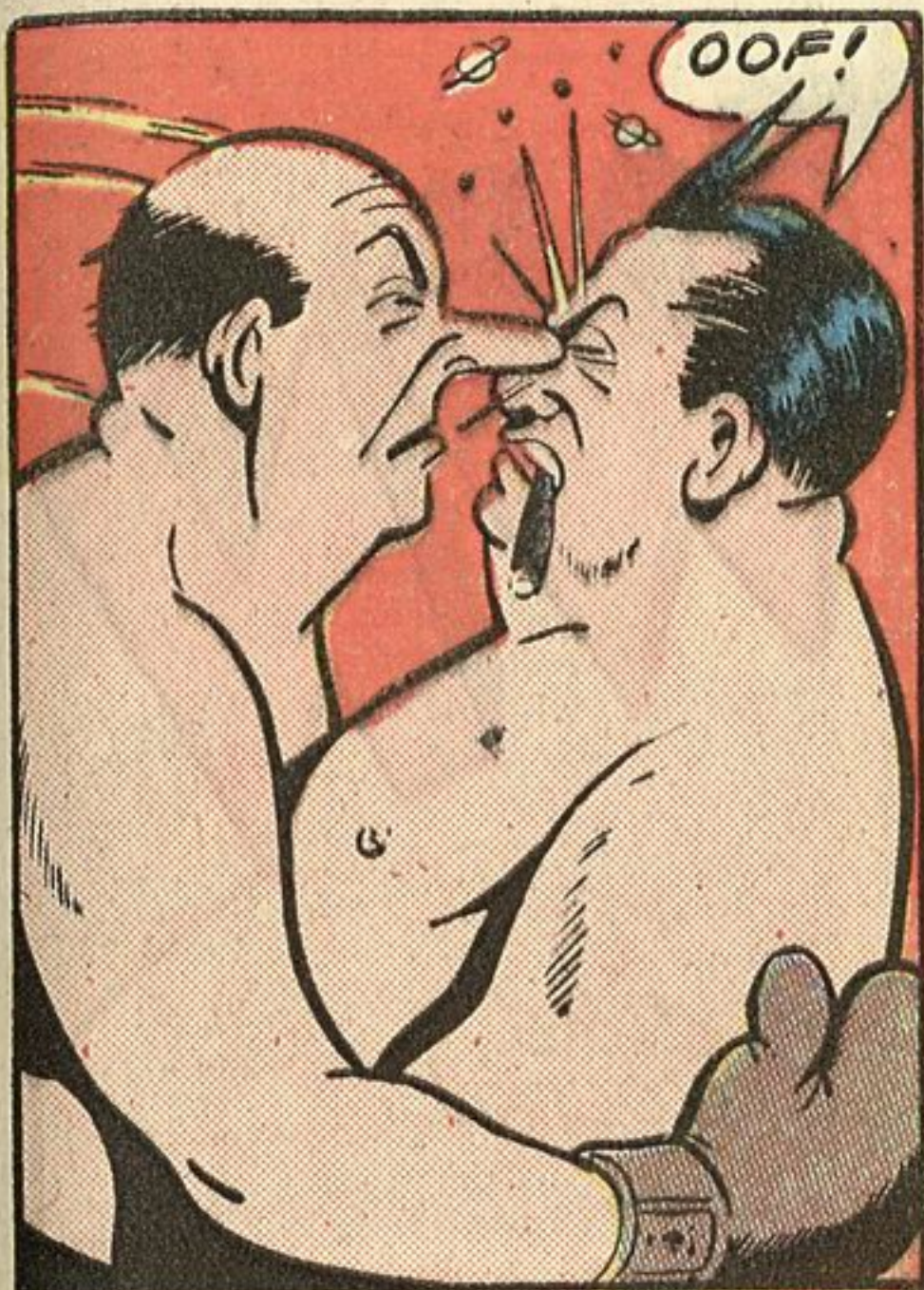
"A LOAF'A BREAD, A JUG'A WINE AN' THOU... BOY, THAT'S PARADISE ENOW!"

OH, AIN'T HE CUTE?

H'LO, DON JOOAN! WHOOPS!







The UNKNOWN

By
CHAS.
SULTAN.

THE
RUSSIAN
ARMY
HAD TO
HAVE THAT
SUPPLY
TRAIN OR
GO DOWN
TO DEFEAT.
EVERYTHING
THAT
UNKNOWN
DID SEEMED
CRAZY, AND
SCREWY
BUT THE
TWO ADDED
TOGETHER
SPELLED
SUCCESS!

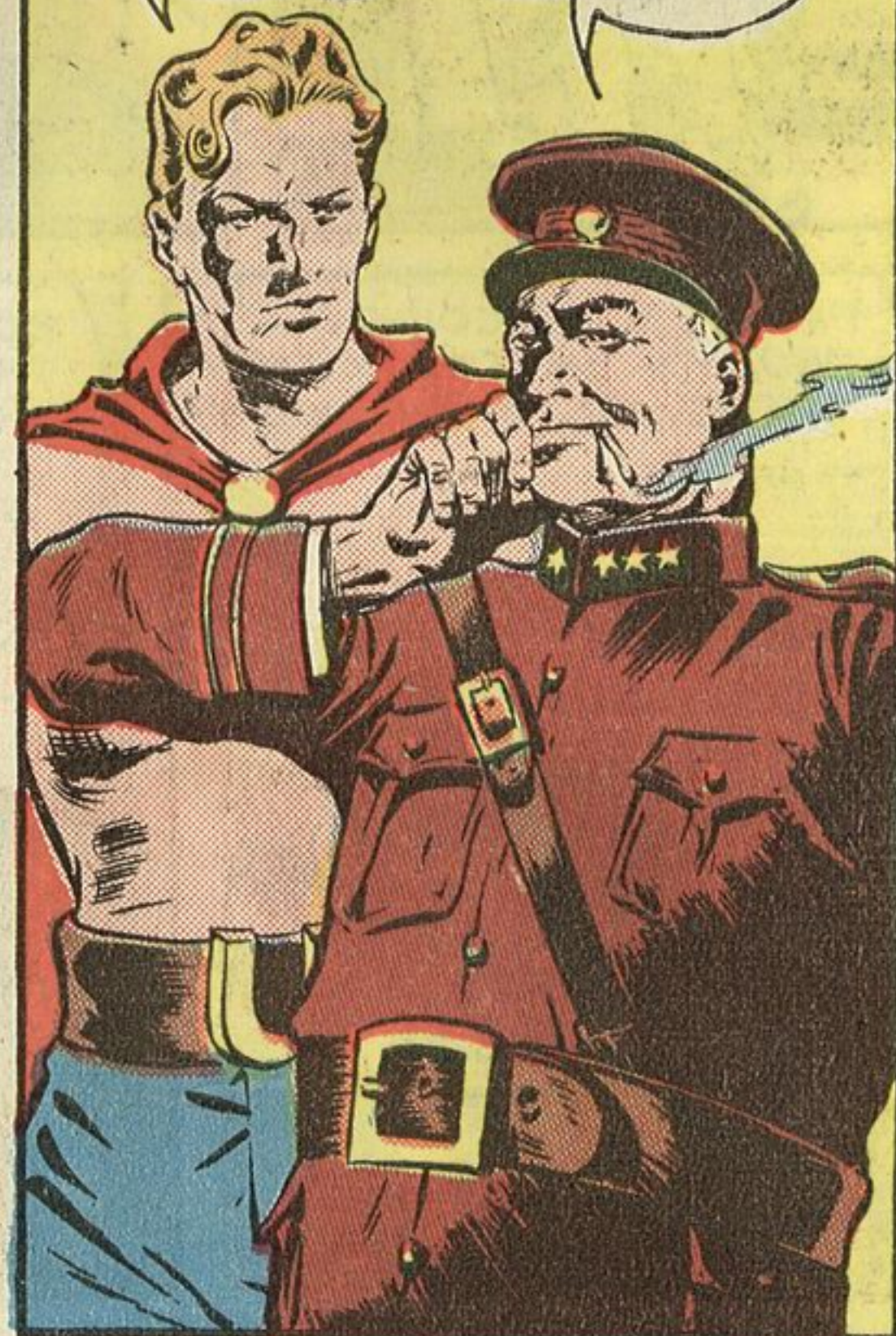
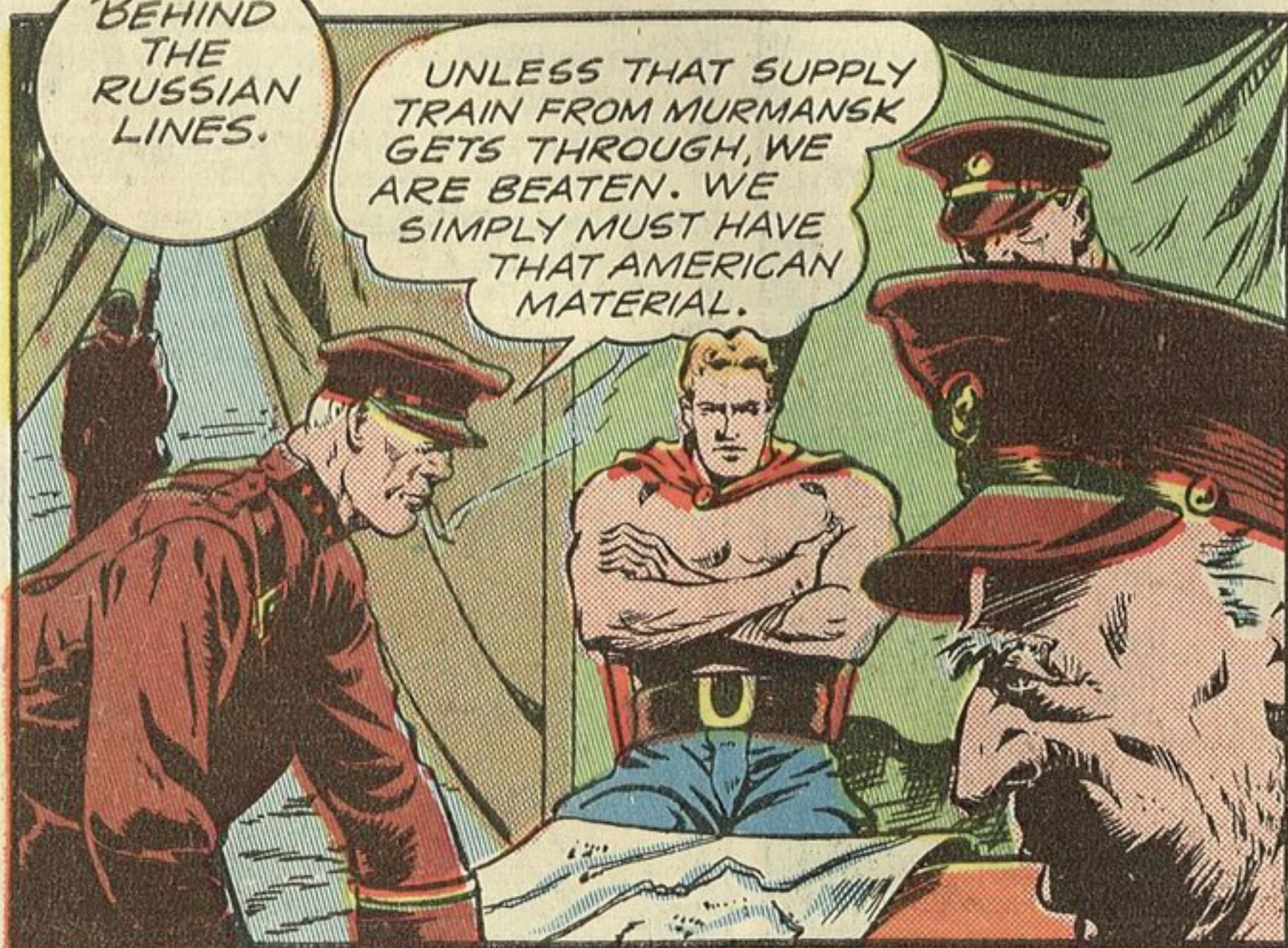


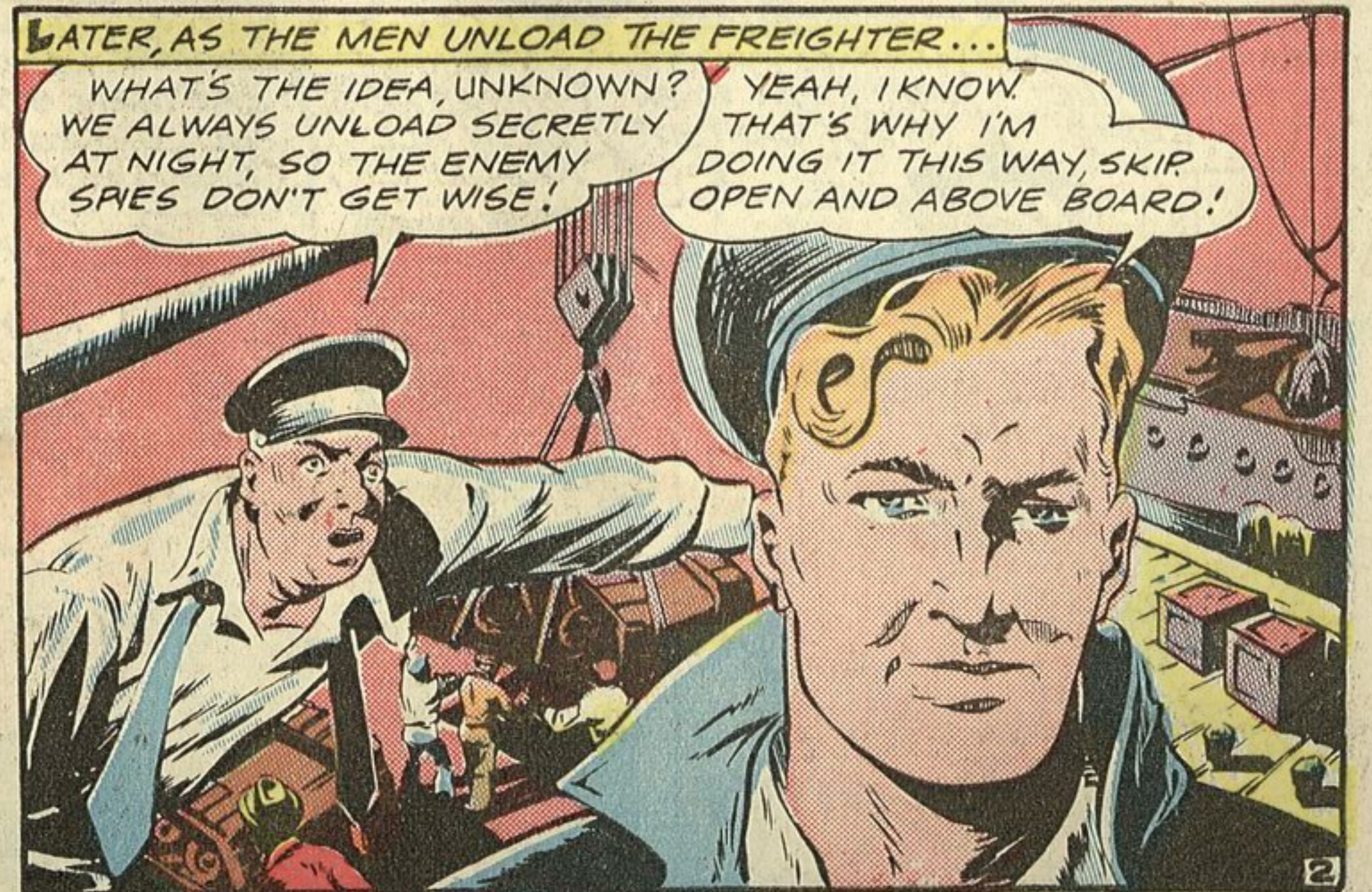
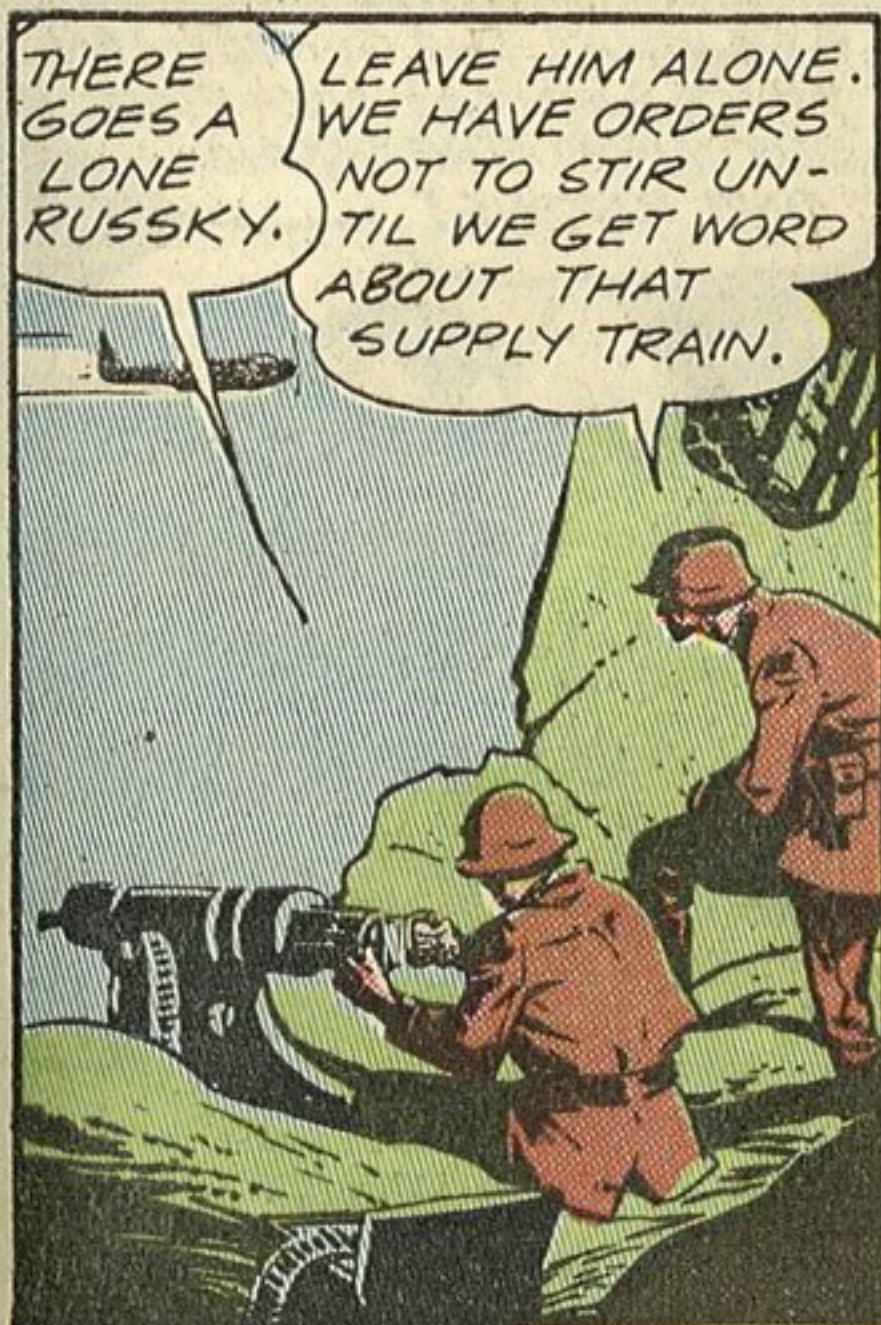
IF YOU
WILL LEND
ME A PLANE,
GENERAL,
I CAN GET
THAT TRAIN
THROUGH!

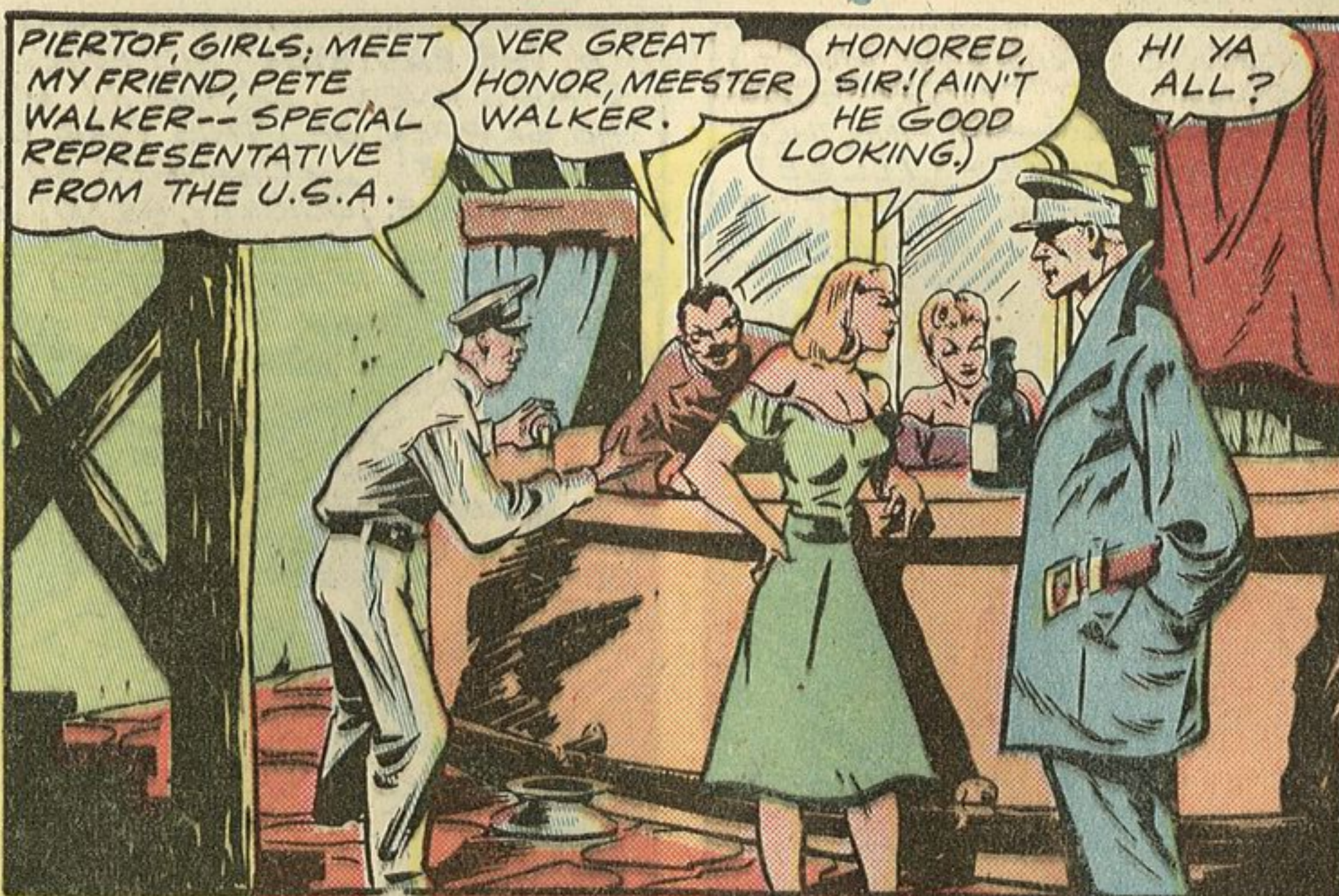
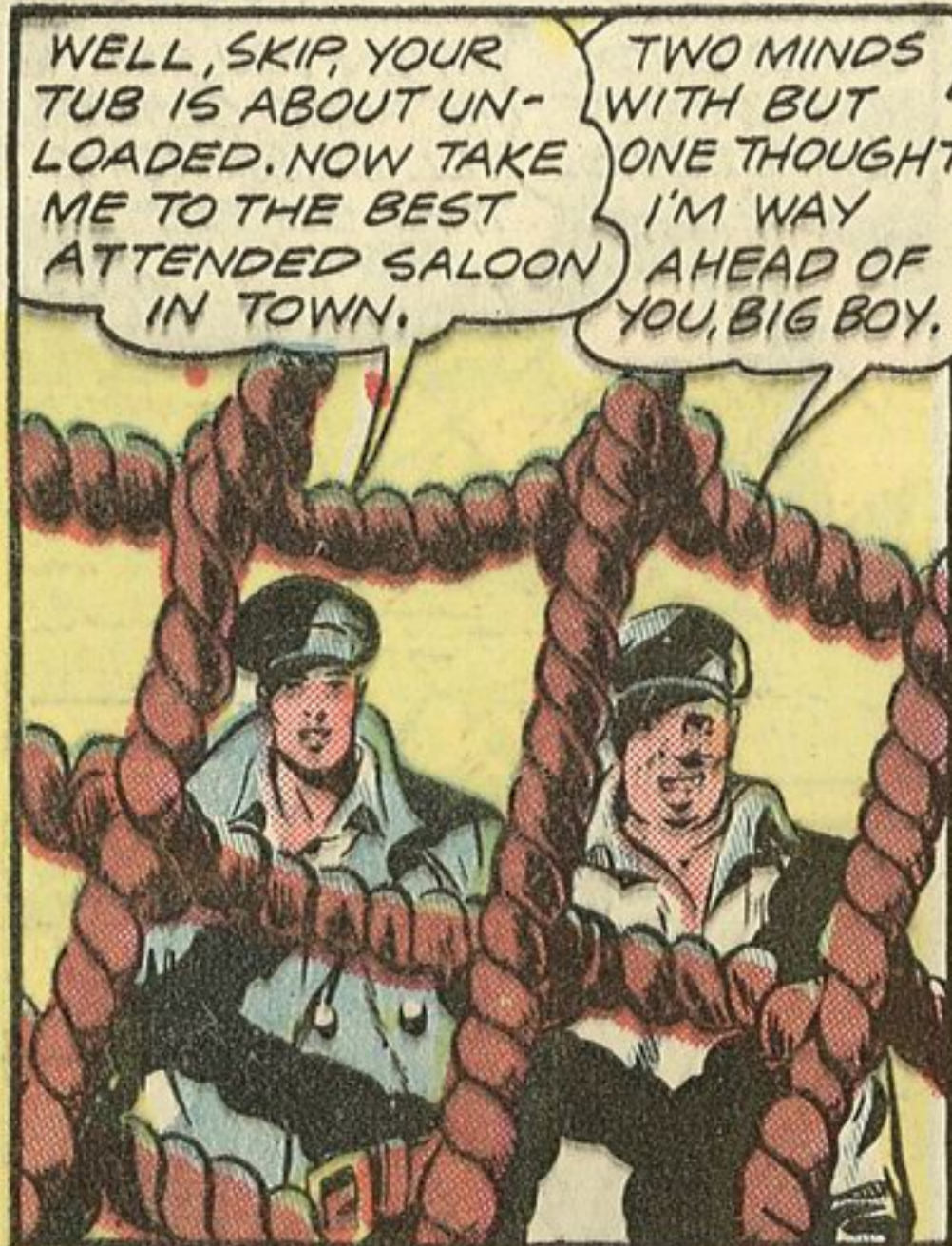
YOU ARE VERY
KIND, UNKNOWN,
AND I APPRECIATE
YOUR SPIRIT,
BUT THIS WOULD
REQUIRE AN
ARMY, AND WE
HAVEN'T ONE
TO SPARE AT
THE PRESENT
TIME.

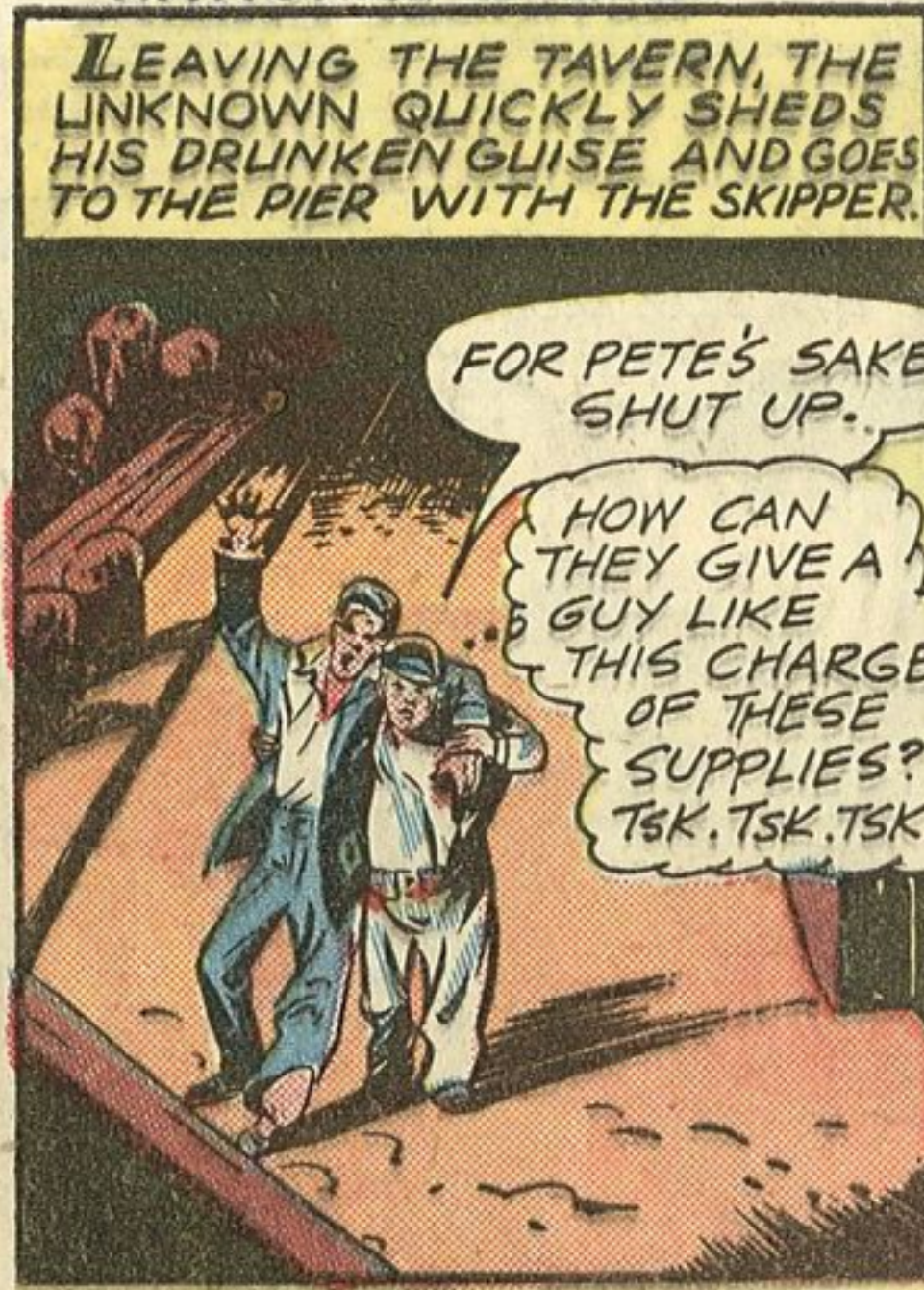
BEHIND
THE
RUSSIAN
LINES.

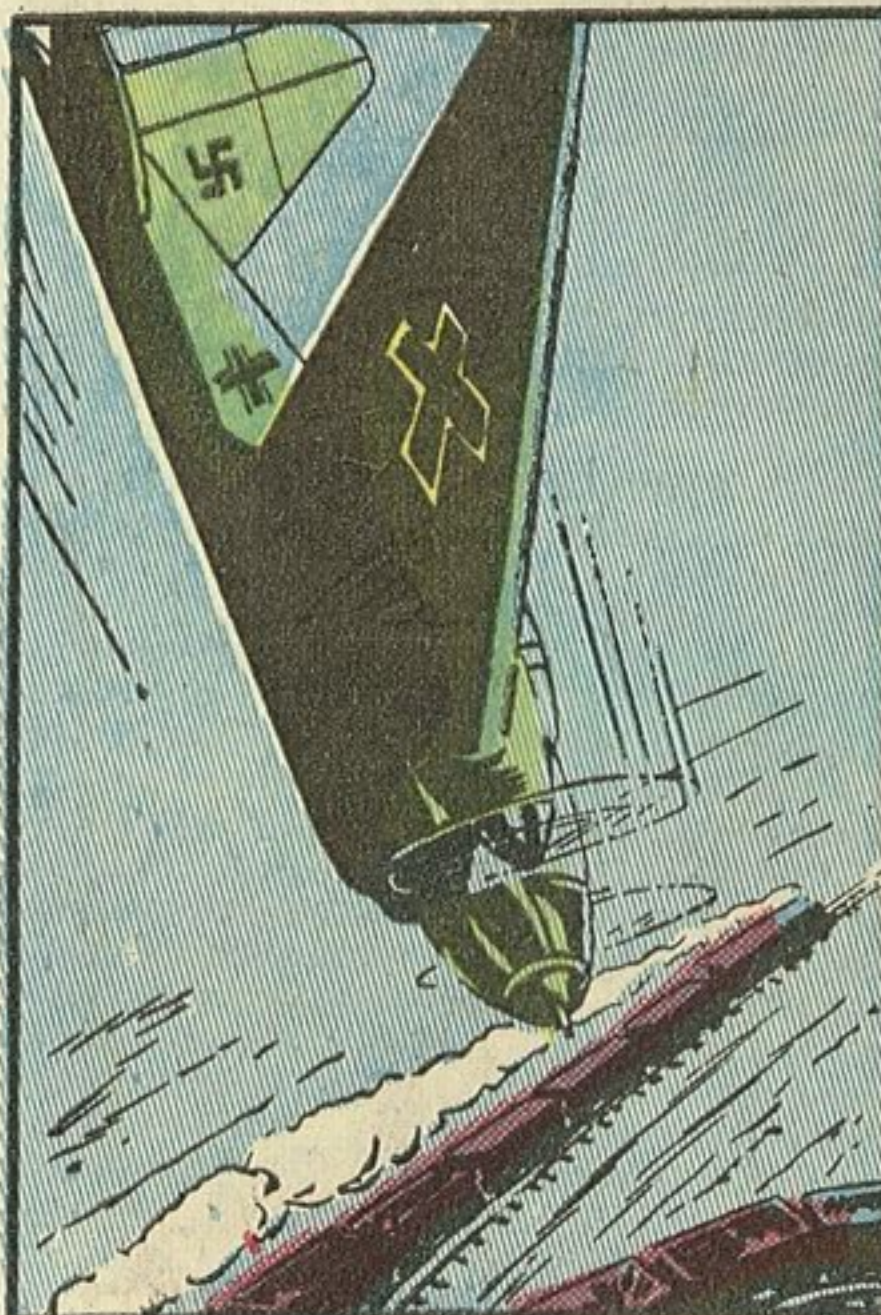
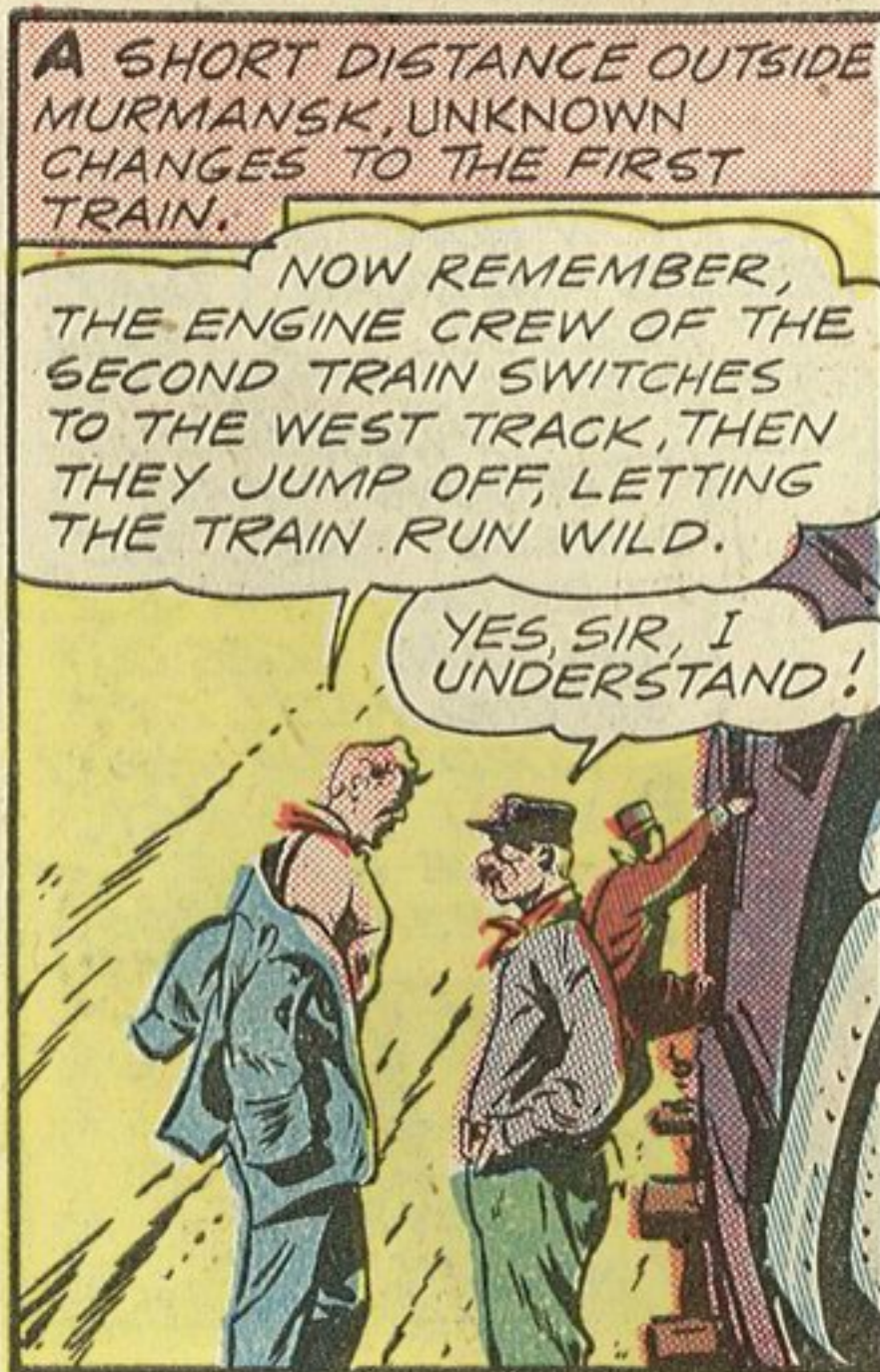
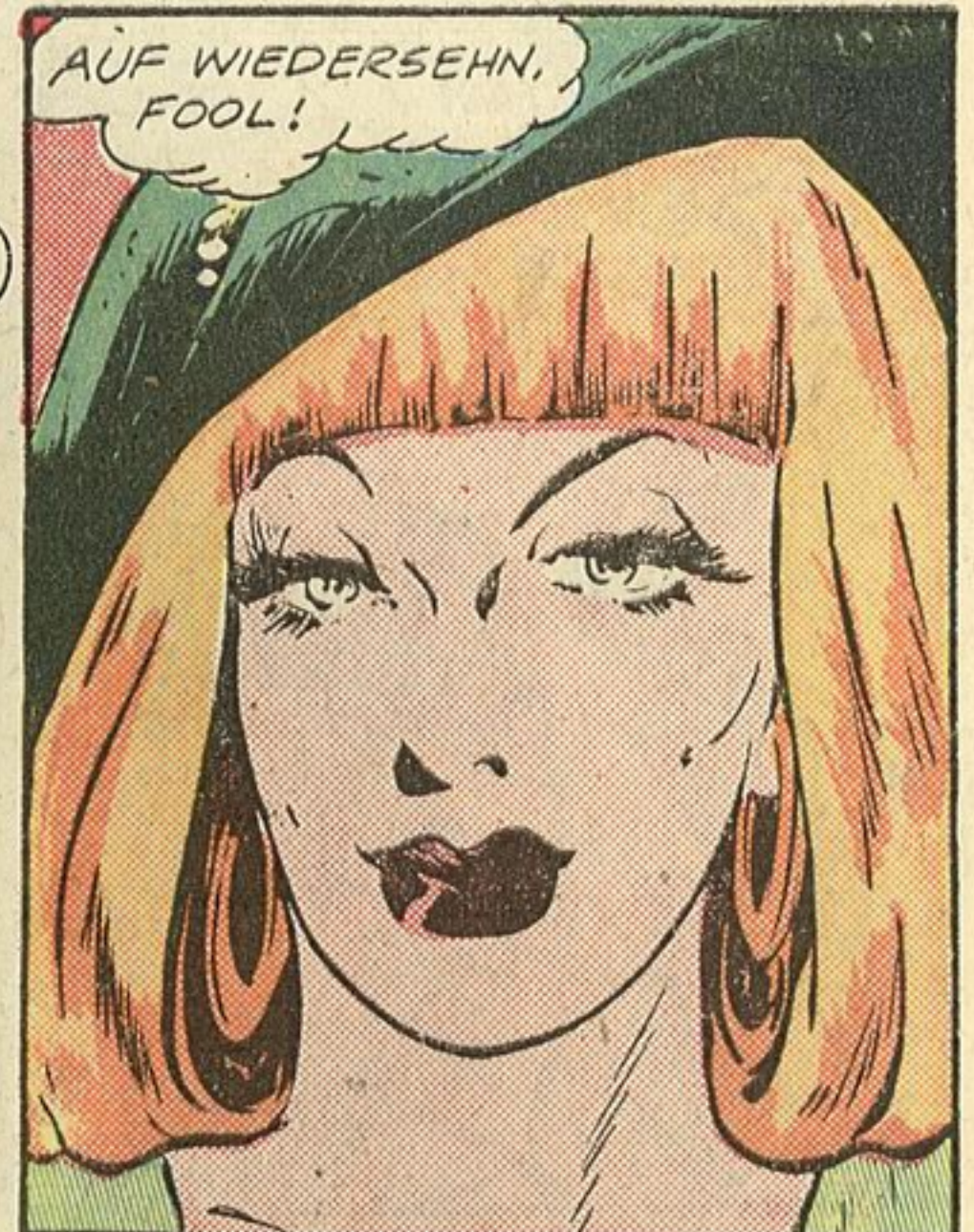
UNLESS THAT SUPPLY
TRAIN FROM MURMANSK
GETS THROUGH, WE
ARE BEATEN. WE
SIMPLY MUST HAVE
THAT AMERICAN
MATERIAL.













HERE IS UNKNOWN WITH THE SUPPLIES. WE ARE SAVED, SAVED!

WAIT A MINUTE, GENERAL, THIS LOOKS LIKE A DUMMY TRAIN. SEE THOSE WOODEN CANNONS?



BRAVO, BRAVO! YOUR CRAZY SCHEME WORKED.

WELL, HERE'S ALL THE STUFF YOU WANTED, GENERAL. NOW LET ME USE ANOTHER PLANE. I'VE GOT A LITTLE SCORE TO SETTLE BACK IN MURMANSK.

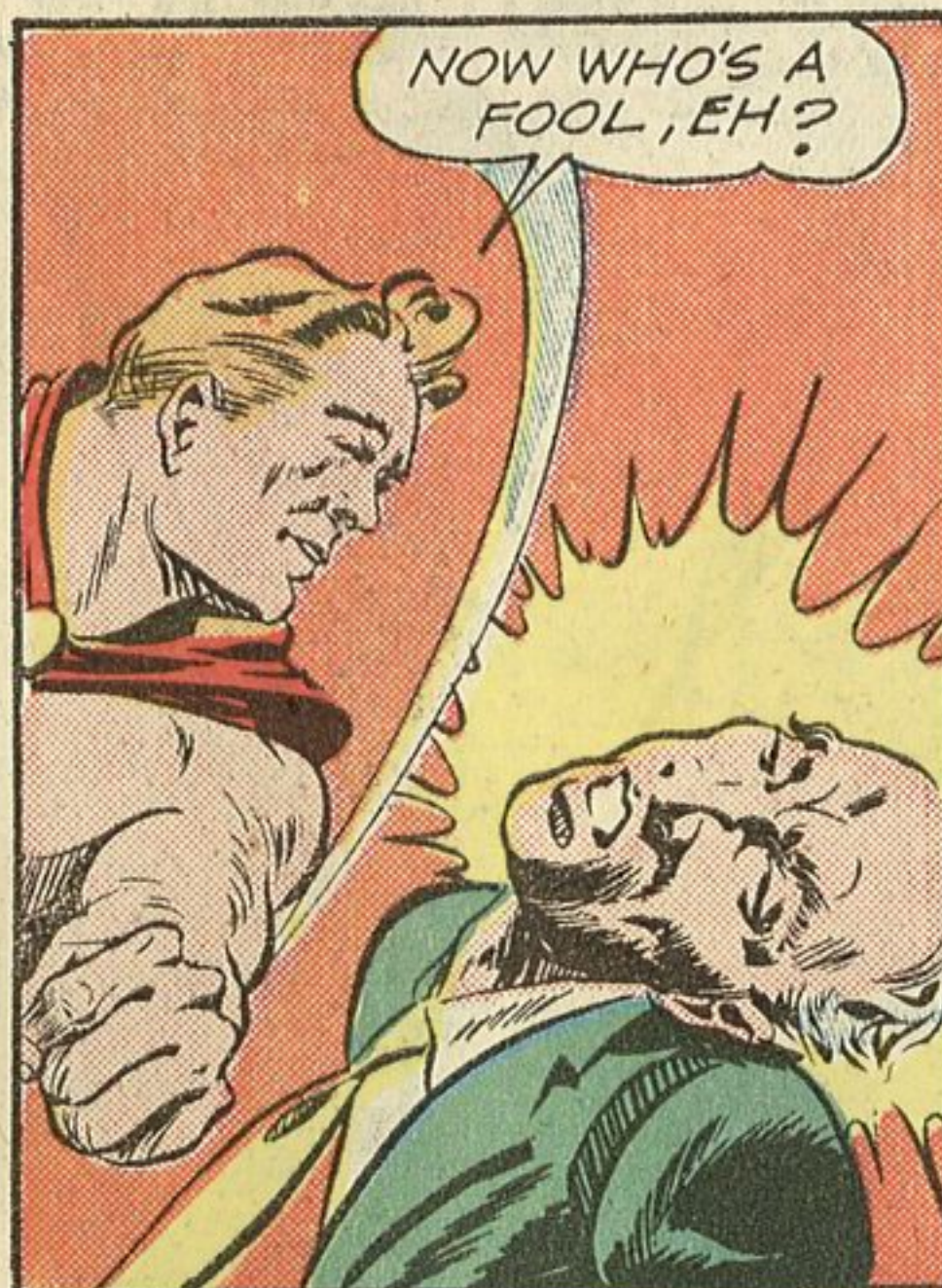


BACK IN MURMANSK....
HERE'S TO ANINKA, X 19, THE CLEVEREST OPERATOR IN THE WHOLE REICH'S SPY SYSTEM.

AND HERE'S TO THAT AMERICAN POOL. I WONDER IF I'LL EVER SEE HIM AGAIN.



YOU'RE SEEING HIM RIGHT NOW!



NOW WHO'S A FOOL, EH?



HERE'S ONE ON ACCOUNT!



WELL HERE YOU BOYS. HELP YOURSELF. A PERFECT OGPU SET UP. WHAT A SAP YOU WERE, SISTER, TO GET ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FENCE... LIFE COULD HAVE BEEN SO SWEET FOR YOU.

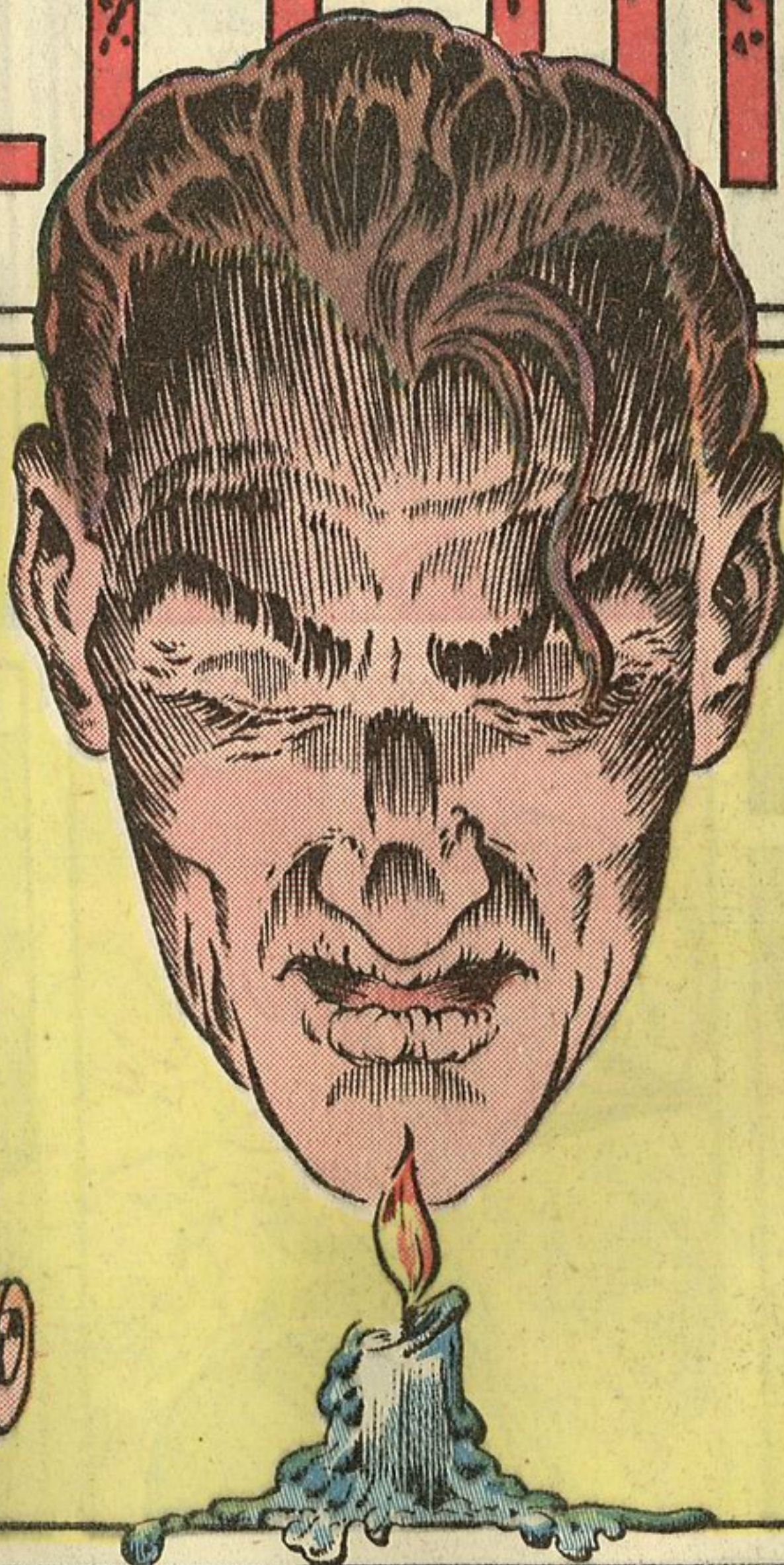
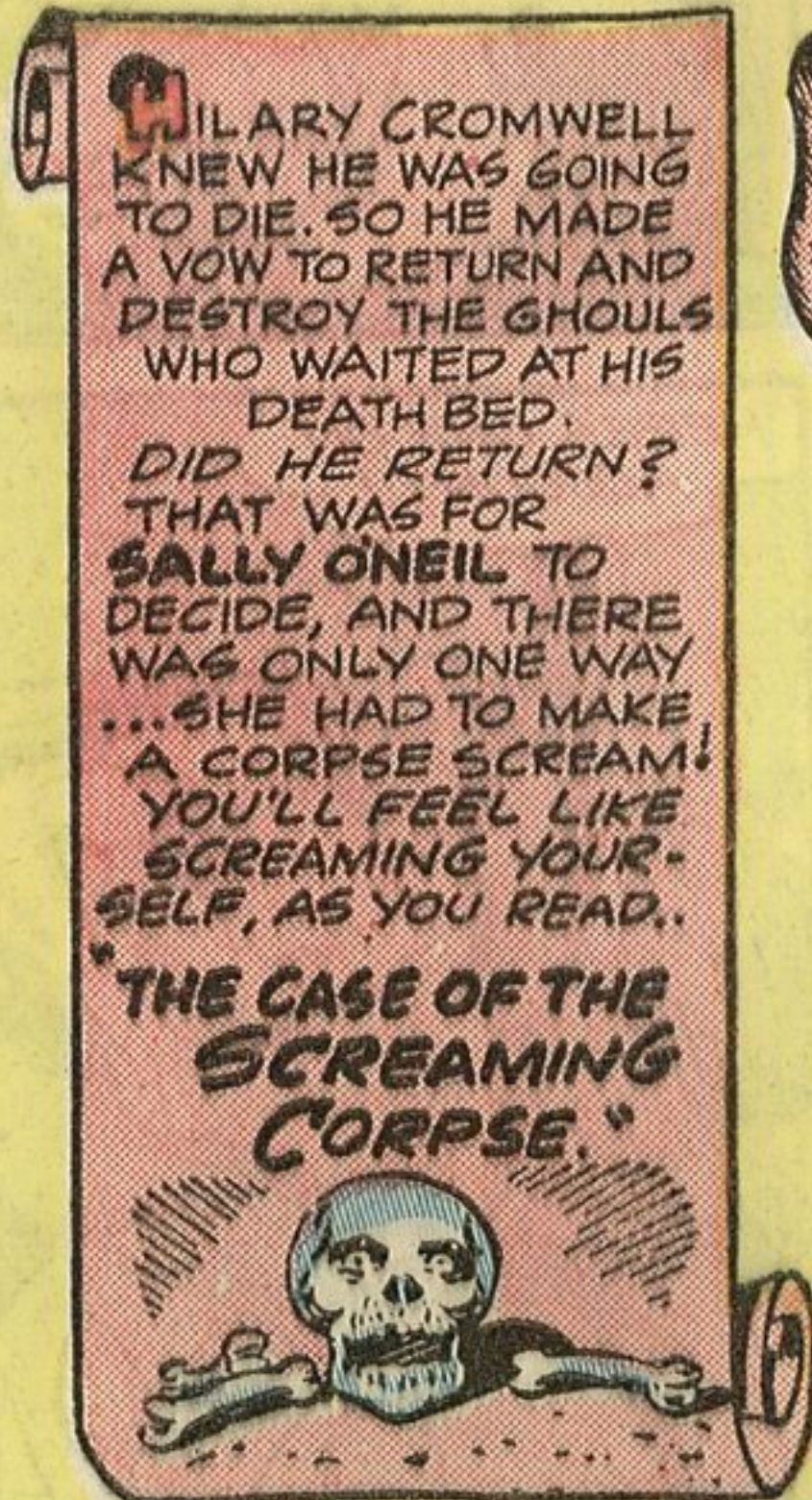


I HEARD YOU WERE HERE, UNKNOWN. FOR PETE'S SAKE DON'T GET STEWED AGAIN.

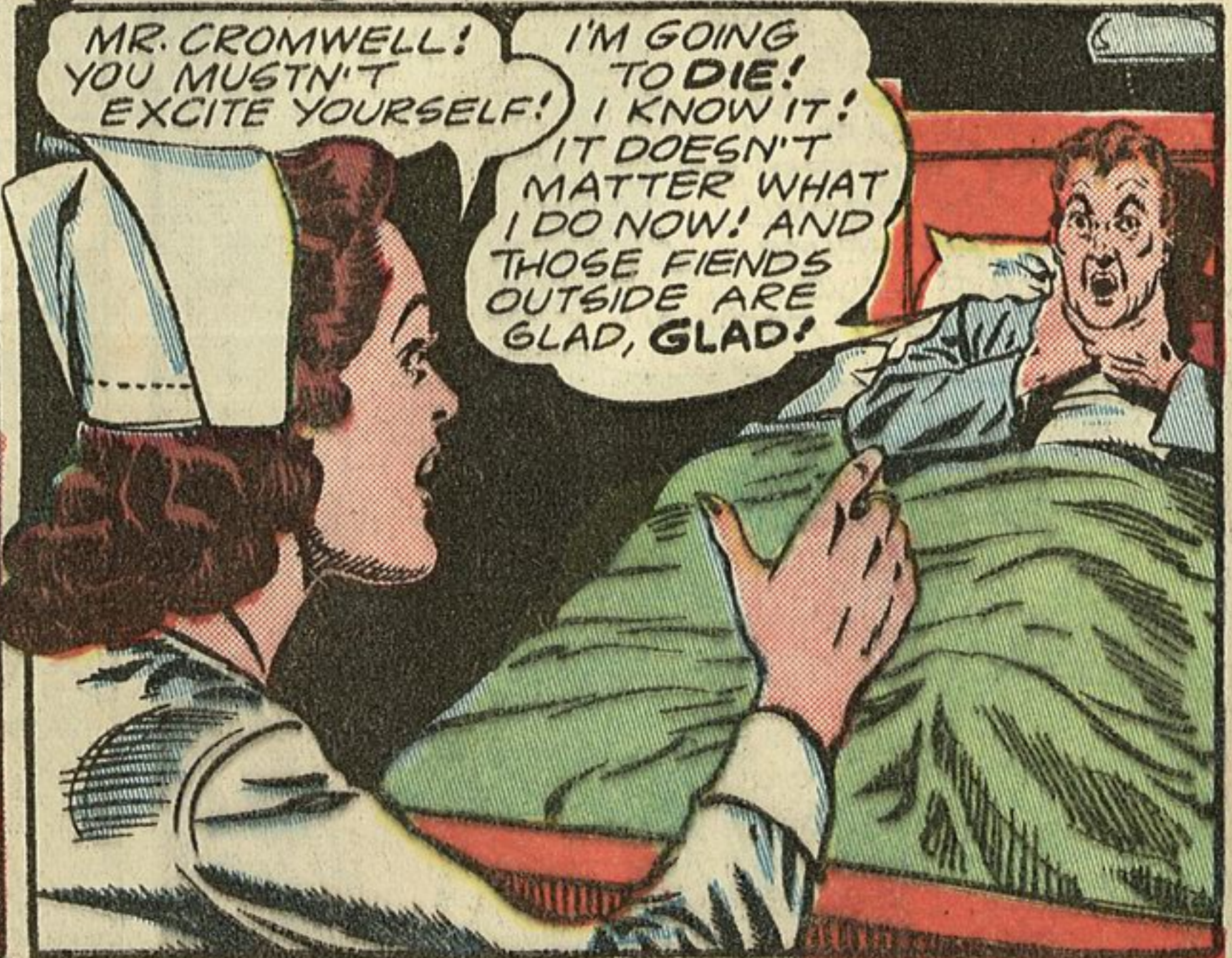
DON'T BE A SAP, SKIP. I NEVER HAD A DRINK IN MY LIFE. THAT WAS ALL PART OF MY ACT, AND I JUST PLAYED AN ENCORE. I WISH WOMEN, ESPECIALLY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, WOULD KEEP OUT OF THIS WAR MESS. I SURE DO.

SALLY O'NEIL

POLICE WOMAN

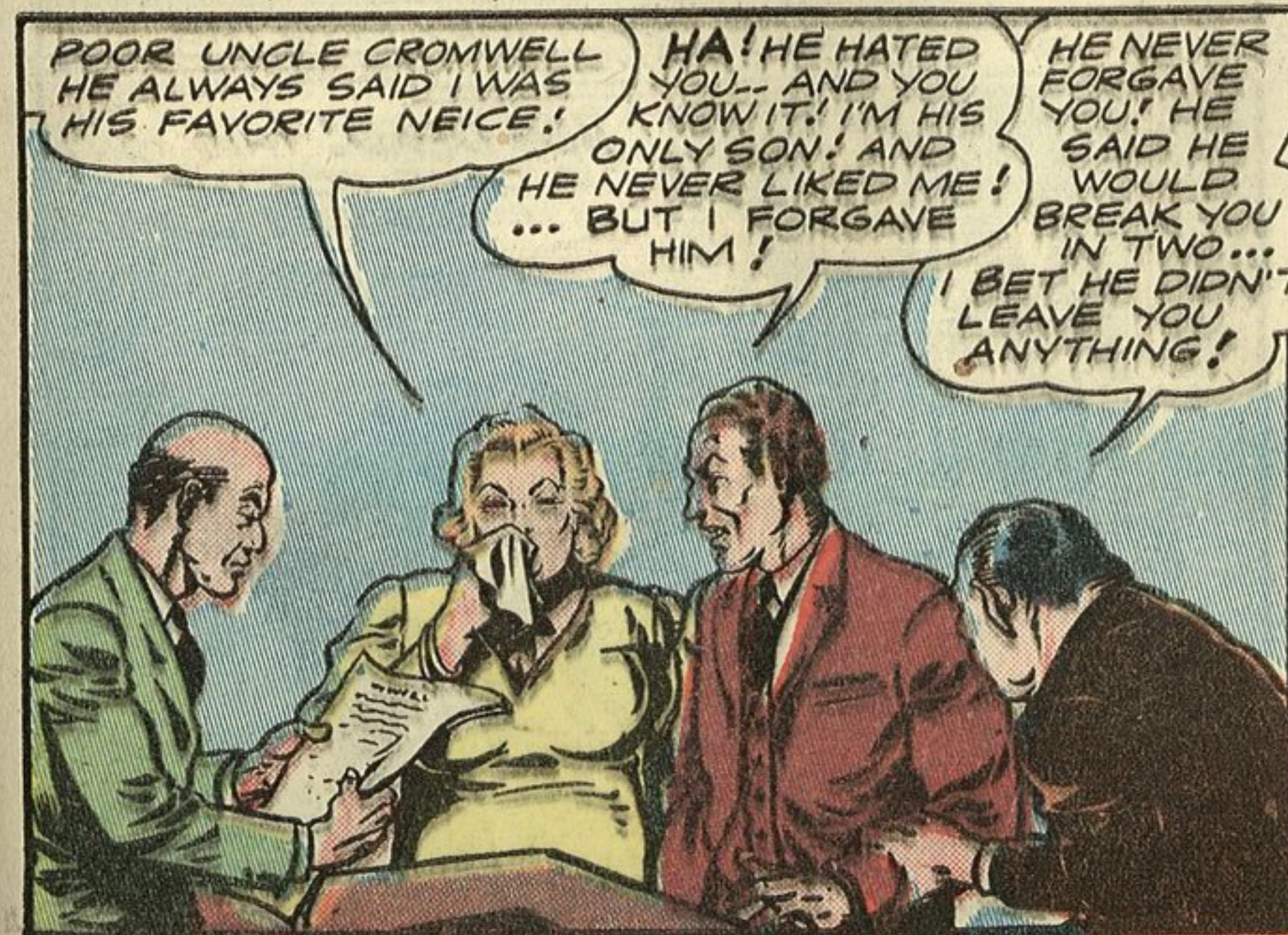
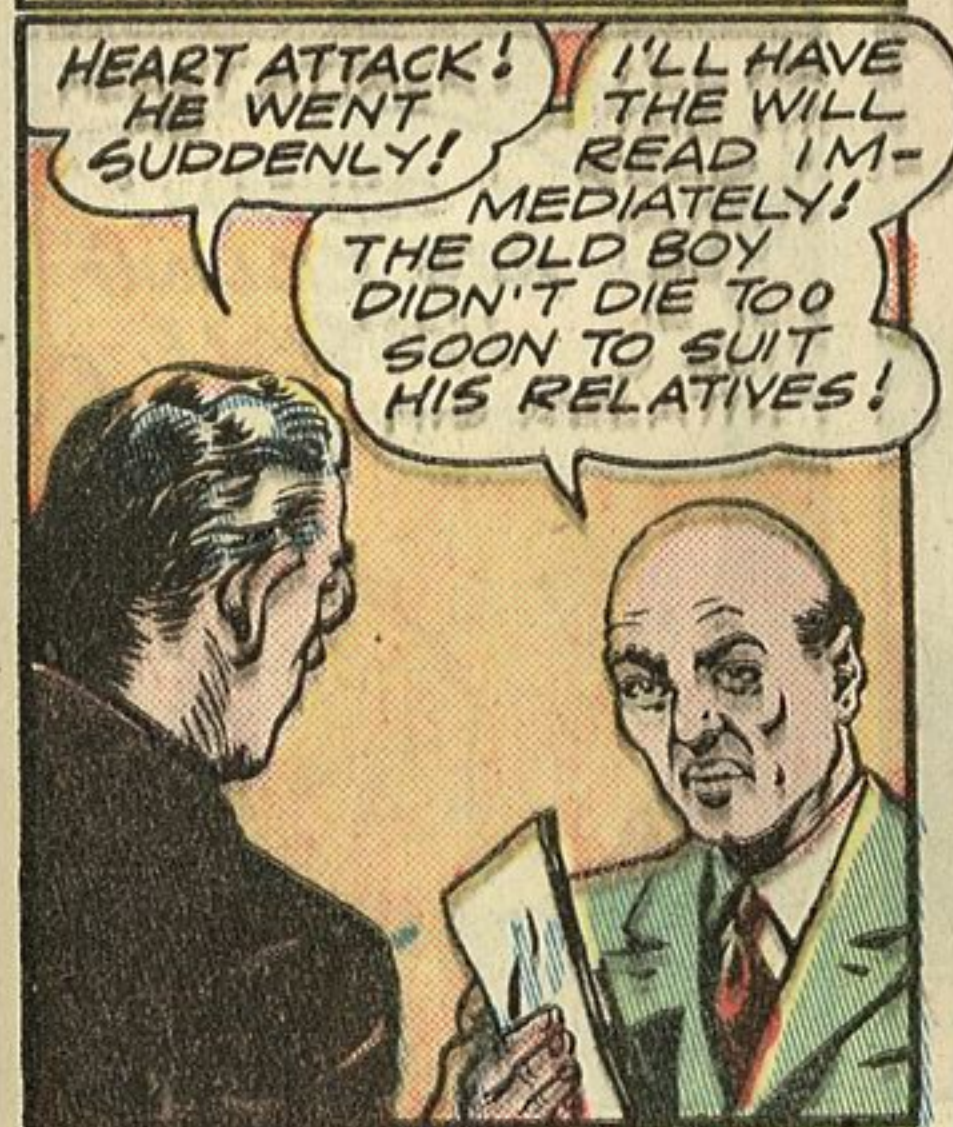


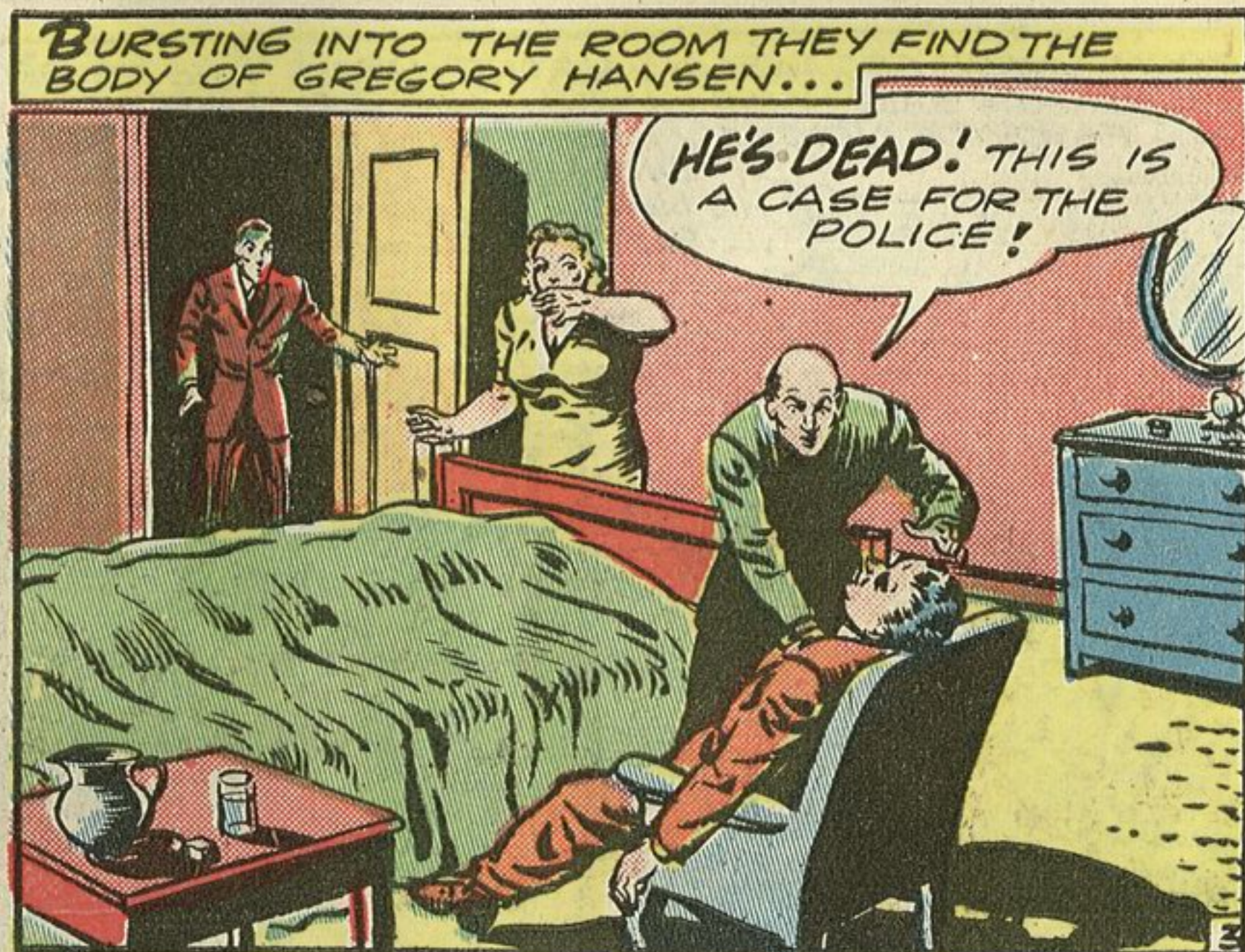
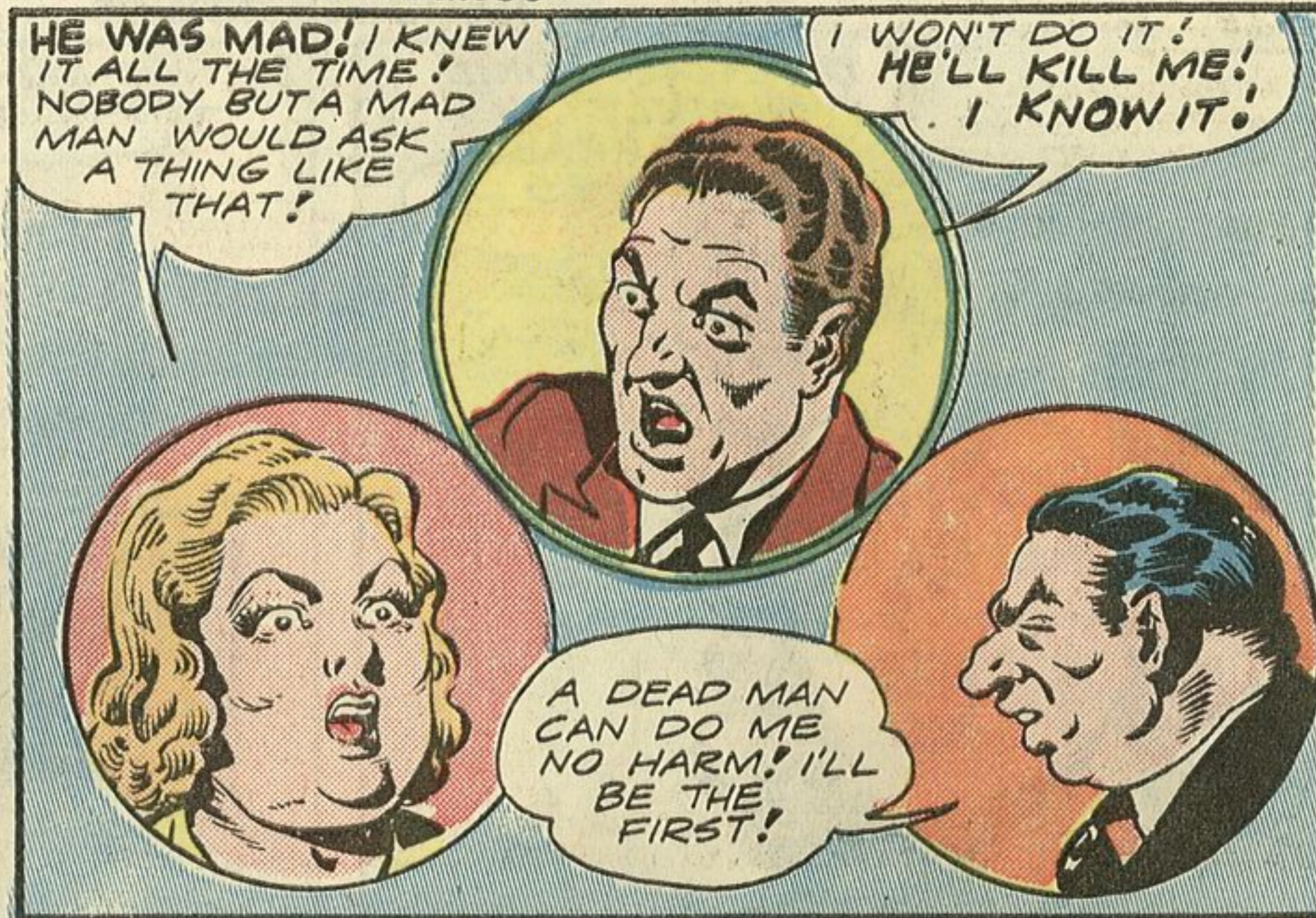
IN
THE CASE OF
THE
SCREAMING
CORPSE

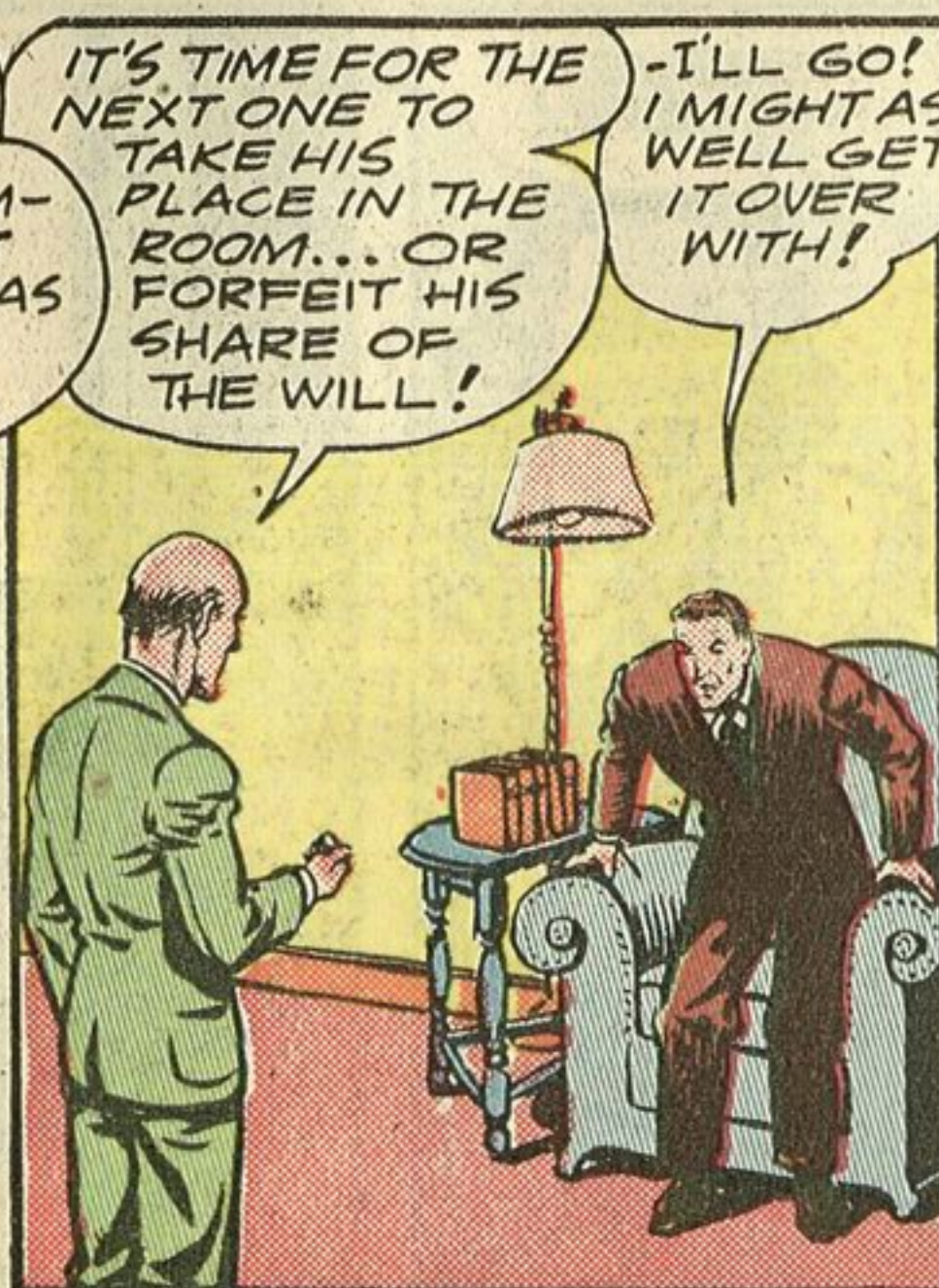




FIRST TO LEARN OF HILARY CROMWELL'S DEATH IS RICHARD EVANS, HIS LAWYER.







IN THE DOWNSTAIRS ROOM...

THERE WERE NO FINGERPRINT MARKS ON HANSEN'S THROAT! YET HE WAS STRANGLLED TO DEATH! THAT ISN'T POSSIBLE UNLESS.....

UNLESS THE KILLER WAS A GHOST--OR A DEAD-MAN! I MUST BE GOING MAD! I ALMOST BELIEVE THAT...

HELP!

THAT'S EVAR CROMWELL'S VOICE!

THE KILLER HASN'T HAD TIME TO MAKE A GETAWAY!

EVAR CROMWELL STAGGERS FROM THE DEATH-ROOM, HIS EYES GLAZING, HIS HANDS CLUTCHING DESPERATELY AT HIS THROAT...

HE'S GOT ME! HILLARY. STOP! YOU'RE STRANGLING ME!

STOP HIM! SAVE ME! HE...AAAGH!

BUT THERE ISN'T ANYONE HERE!

DEAD! JUST LIKE HANSEN! AND THERE ISN'T A MARK ON HIS THROAT!

GARRIE FROMSEN SEES THE MURDERED MAN...

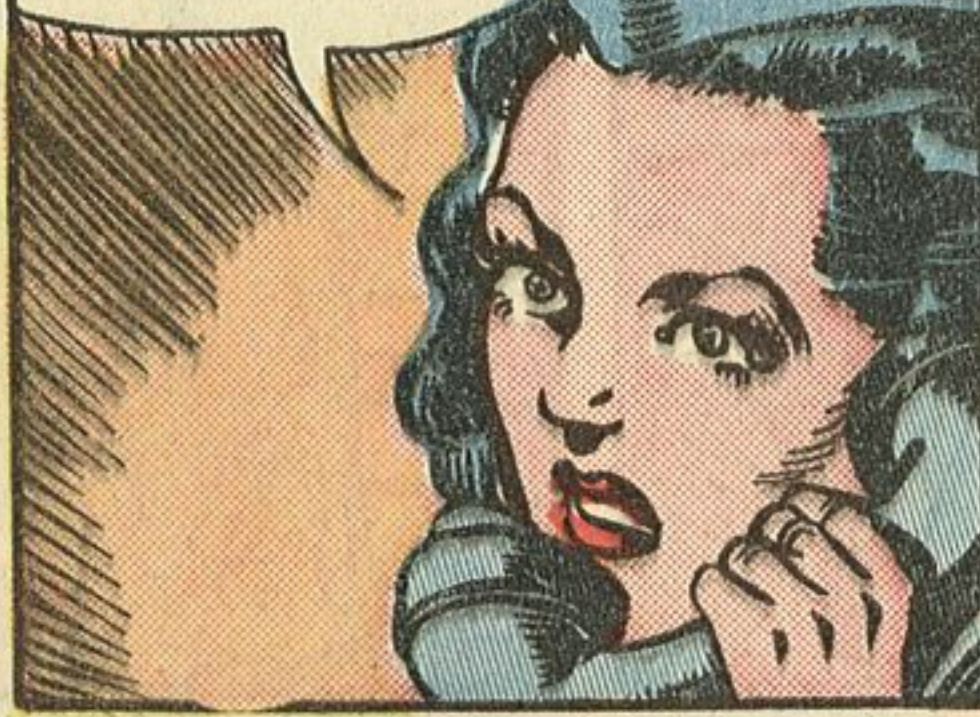
EVAR!... HE'S DEAD! OLD HILARY GOT HIM TOO!

PERHAPS! AND PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY HIS FEAR OF HIS FATHER THAT MADE HIM THINK HILARY DID IT!

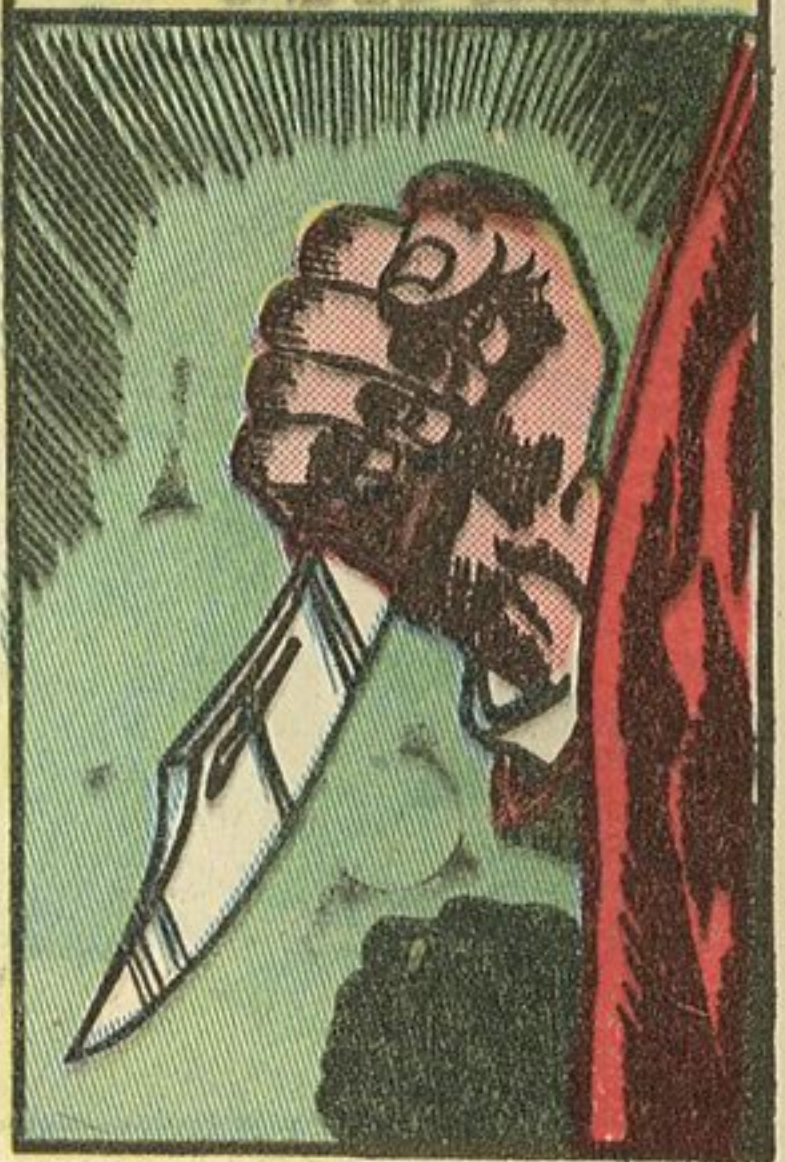


SALLY PUTS THROUGH A CALL TO THE POLICE CORONER...

GET OUT HERE RIGHT AWAY! THERE'S BEEN TWO MURDERS! AND THERE MAY BE ANOTHER-- UNLESS YOU CAN FIND SOME WAY TO ARREST A DEAD MAN!



KNIFE STRIKES TOWARD SALLY'S UNDEFENDED BACK...



A JUDO TRICK NEATLY TURNS THE TABLES!



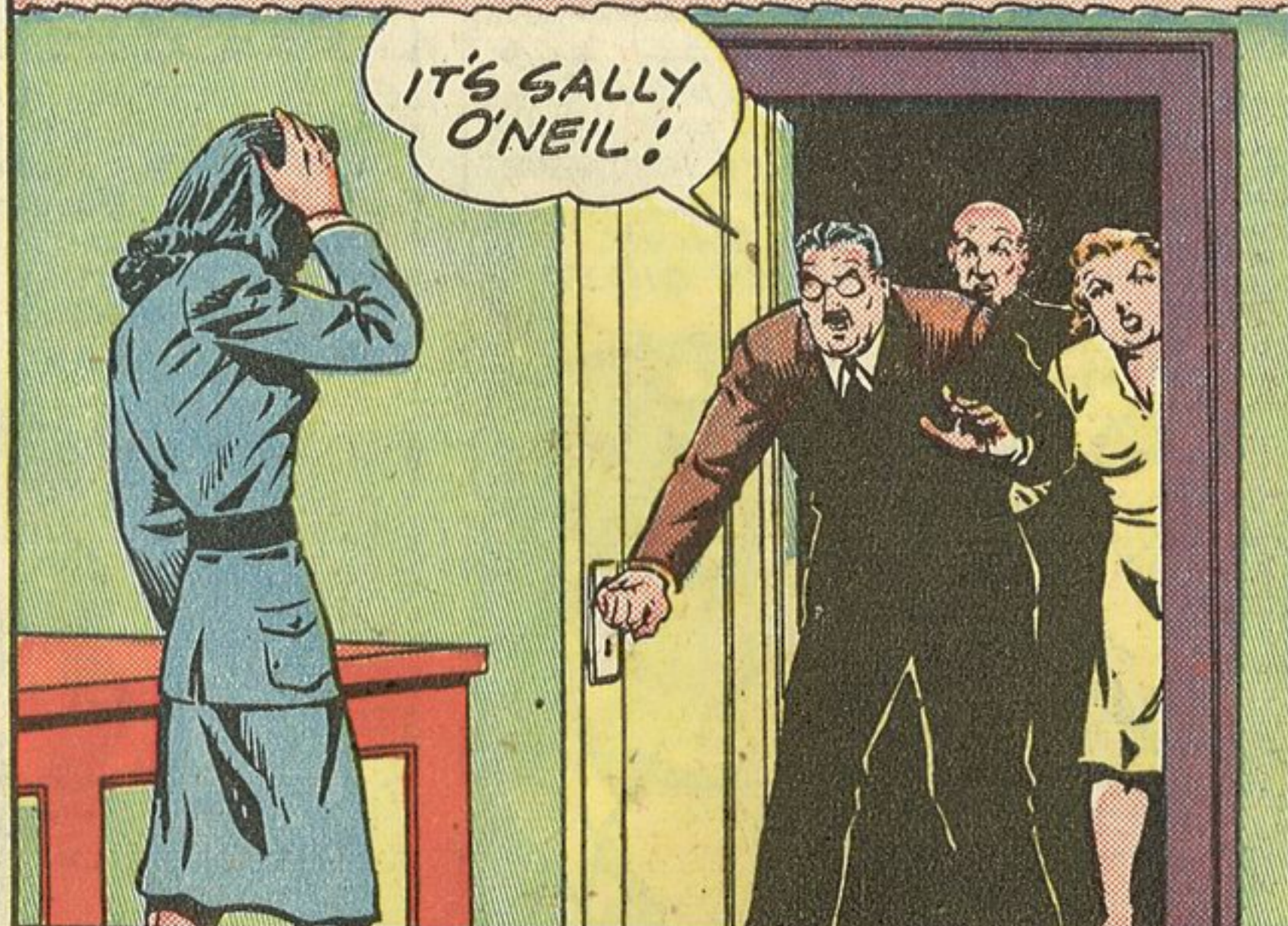
NOW HERE'S WHERE I SHOW YOU MY FIST!



THE CRUEL BLOW STUNS SALLY ... AND WHEN SHE RECOVERS ...



THE SOUND OF FIGHTING ATTRACTS OTHERS ...





THAT'S YOUR SECOND WRONG GUESS!



AND TWO STRIKES ARE OUT IN THIS LEAGUE!



LATER, WHEN THE POLICE HAVE COME AND GONE...

WELL, THAT'S THAT! NOW I'LL MAKE OUT MY REPORT AND FINISH UP THIS CASE FOR GOOD!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY SO EASILY! YOU'VE GOT TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS... HOW DID YOU KNOW HILARY CROMWELL WAS STILL ALIVE?



I RECOGNIZED THE SYMPTOMS OF **CATALEPSY**! THAT'S A FORM OF COMPLETE PARALYSIS IN WHICH THE NORMAL MUSCULAR FUNCTIONS ARE MISSING! EVEN THE HEART SLOWS UP TO A POINT WHERE MOST PEOPLE ARE FOOLED INTO THINKING THE PATIENT IS DEAD!



HILARY AND HIS DOCTOR WORKED UP THIS FOOLPROOF SCHEME FOR GETTING RID OF THE RELATIVES HE DESPISED! HILARY PROMISED THE DOCTOR A FORTUNE... I WONDER WHETHER HE WOULD HAVE KEPT HIS PROMISE!



WHAT PUZZLED ME WAS HOW HILARY COULD HAVE KILLED HIS RELATIVES WHILE IN A CATALEPTIC TRANCE! BUT HE DIDN'T KILL THEM!... THIS GLASS OF WATER AT HIS BED SIDE GAVE THE ANSWER! IT WAS FILLED WITH **DREI**, A RARE POISON THAT CAUSES STRANGULATION BY CLOGGING THE THROAT!



I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

DON'T TRY! THIS IS ALL PART OF A POLICE-WOMAN'S JOB! BUT I'LL ADMIT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER HAD TO DEAL WITH A CORPSE THAT SCREAMED!

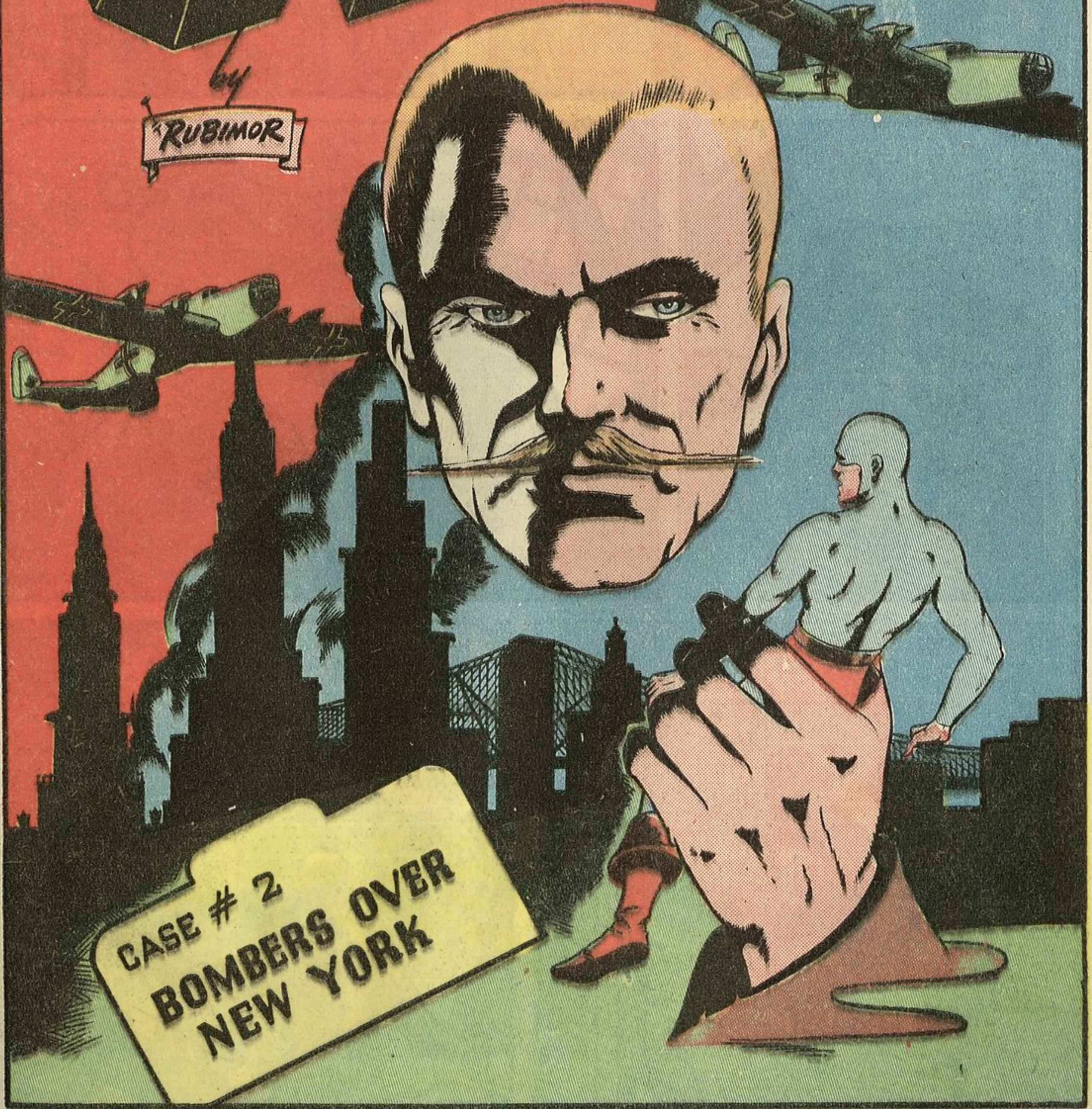
WINDY BREEZE



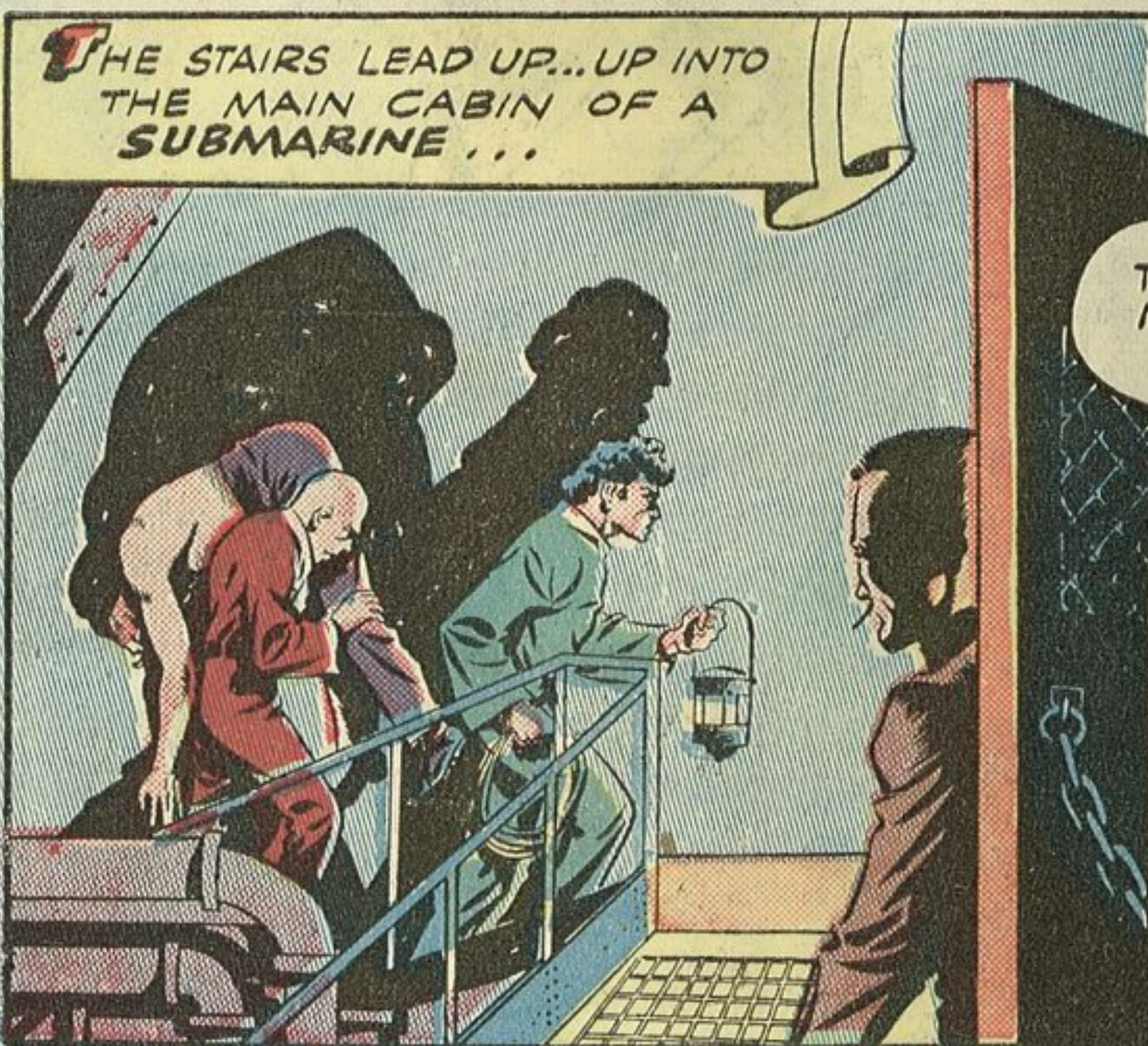
G-2

The U.S. INTELLIGENCE
DEPARTMENT HAS MANY HEROES
AMONG ITS MEMBERS... BUT
ONE OUTSTANDING INDIVIDUAL,
DON LEASH, BECOMES THE
DREADED G-2, SCOURGE OF
ALL ENEMIES OF
AMERICA...

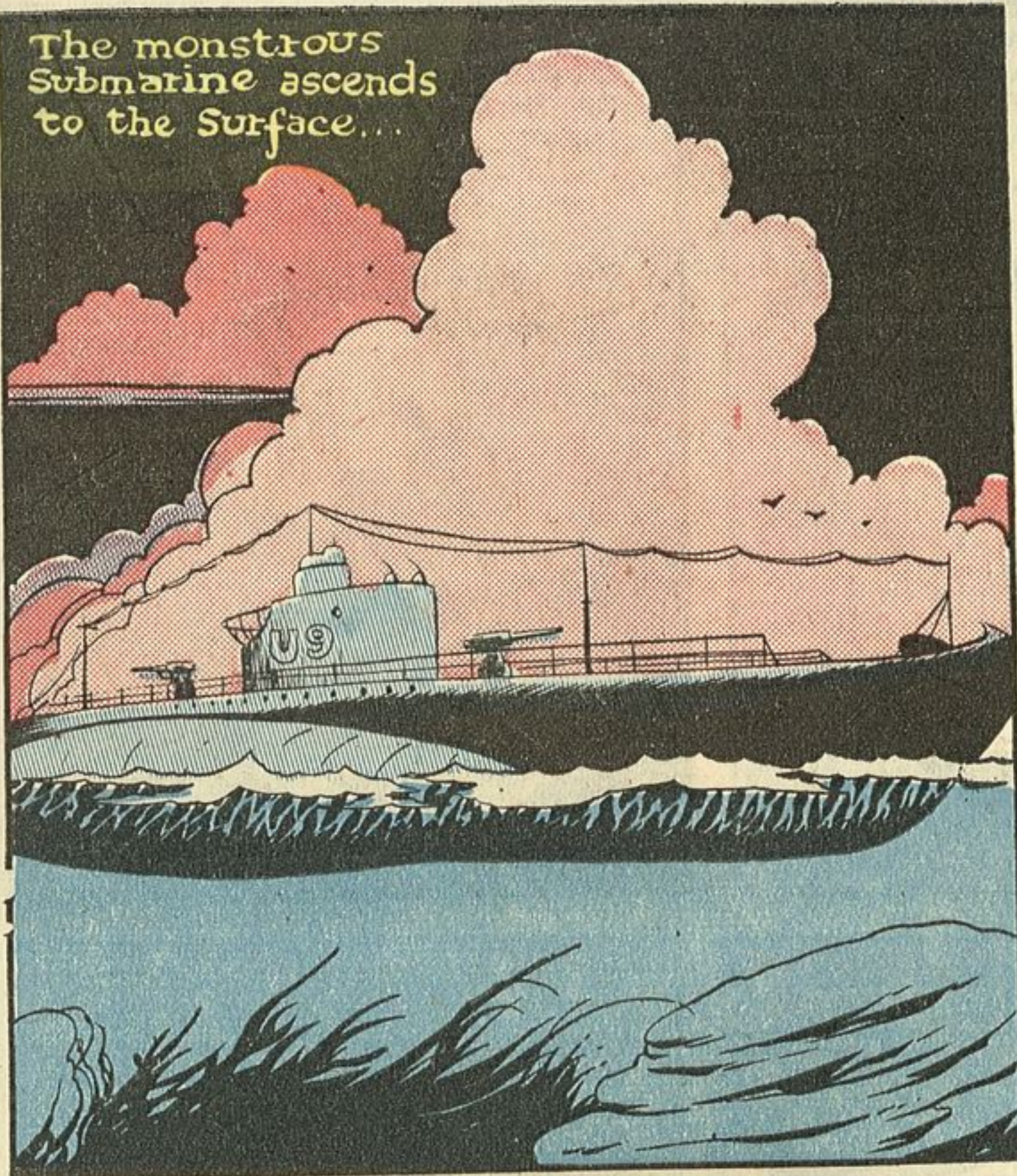
by
RUBIMOR



CASE # 2
BOMBERS OVER
NEW YORK



The monstrous
Submarine ascends
to the Surface...

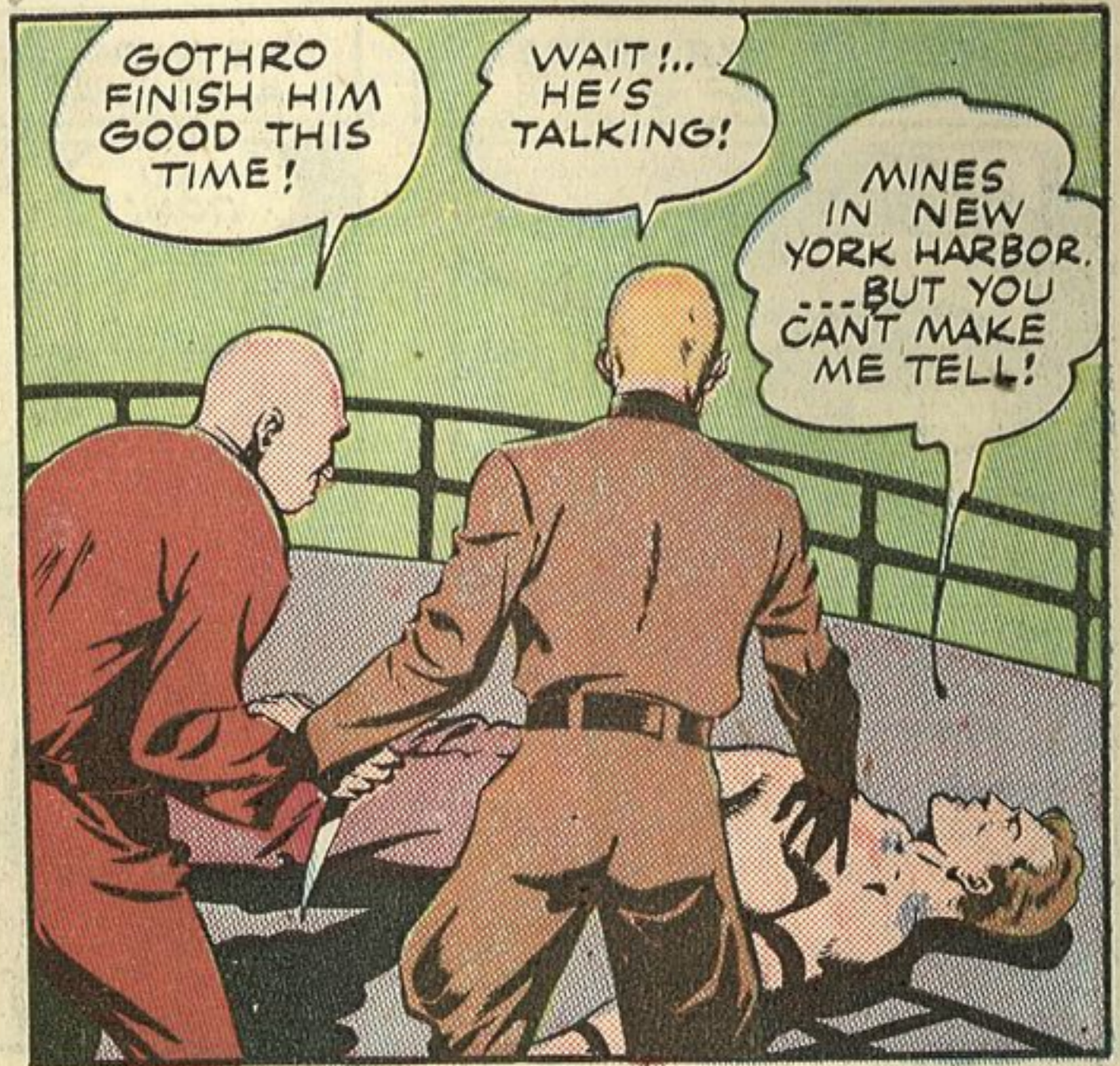


I...I...WON'T
TELL YOU!
--I WON'T..

ULPS! GOTHRO
DREAM MAN
COME BACK
TO LIFE!



FOOL! ..HE'S
STILL ALIVE!



GOTHRO
FINISH HIM
GOOD THIS
TIME!

WAIT!..
HE'S
TALKING!

MINES
IN NEW
YORK HARBOR.
...BUT YOU
CAN'T MAKE
ME TELL!

SHH! HE'S
KNOCKED COLD!..
BUT HE'S TALKING
OUT OF HIS HEAD!
MAYBE WE CAN
STILL GET THE
INFORMATION!?

AIRPLANE FACTORIES
THERE, TOO.. BUT I
WON'T TELL!.. YOU
CAN'T FORCE ME
TO TELL YOU, THAT
WE HAVE ANTI-
AIRCRAFT AT
DOCK 2....!

BEATEN UNMERCIFULLY,
THE OFFICER'S BRAIN
SNAPS. IN AN EFFORT
TO WITHHOLD IMPORTANT
SECRETS, HIS UNCONSCIOUS
RAVINGS ACTUALLY GIVE
OUT ALL THE NEEDED
INFORMATION!

GOOD! HE'S
TOLD ALL!
THROW HIM
OVERBOARD!!





LATER AT THE SECRET QUARTERS OF G-2...

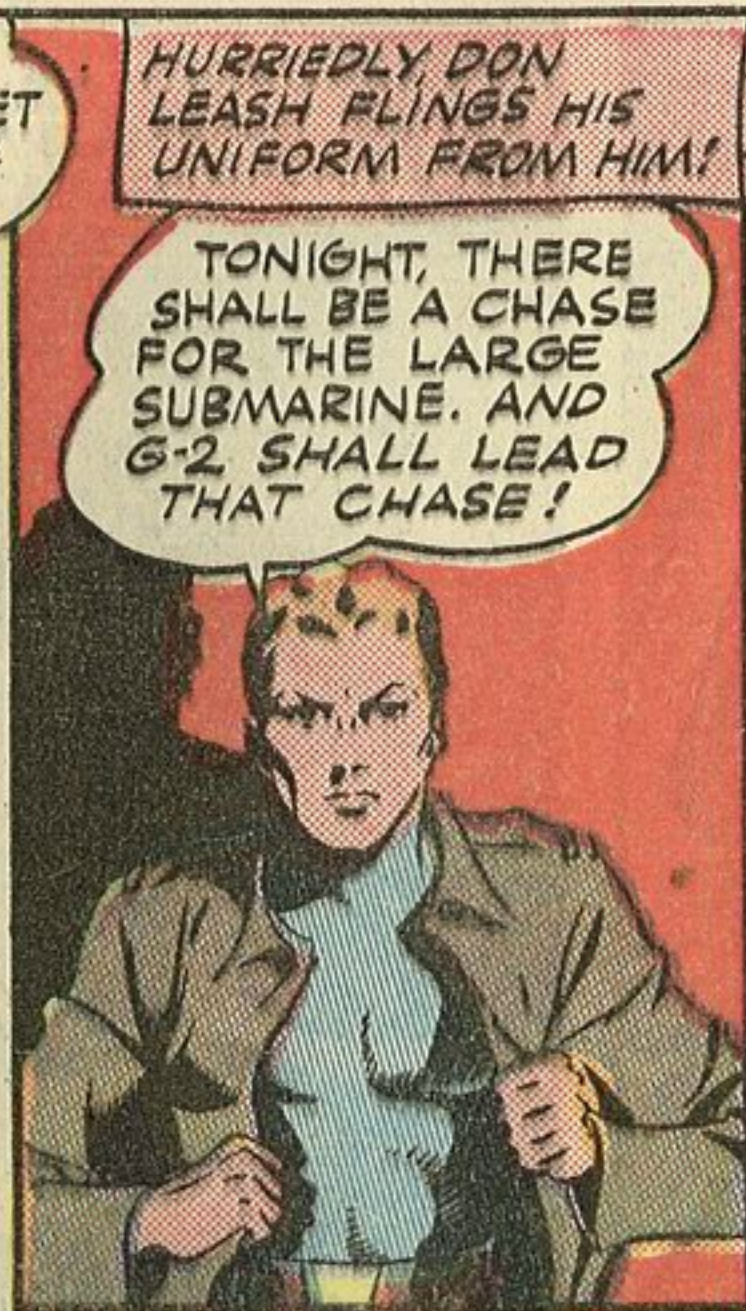


THE DOOR IS OPENED, AND A SEAMAN WALKS IN...



THOUGHT YOU WERE AT SEA, SVENGAL. SOMETHING BIG MUST'VE POPPED TO SEND AN ACE OPERATIVE LIKE YOU SCOOTING HOME!



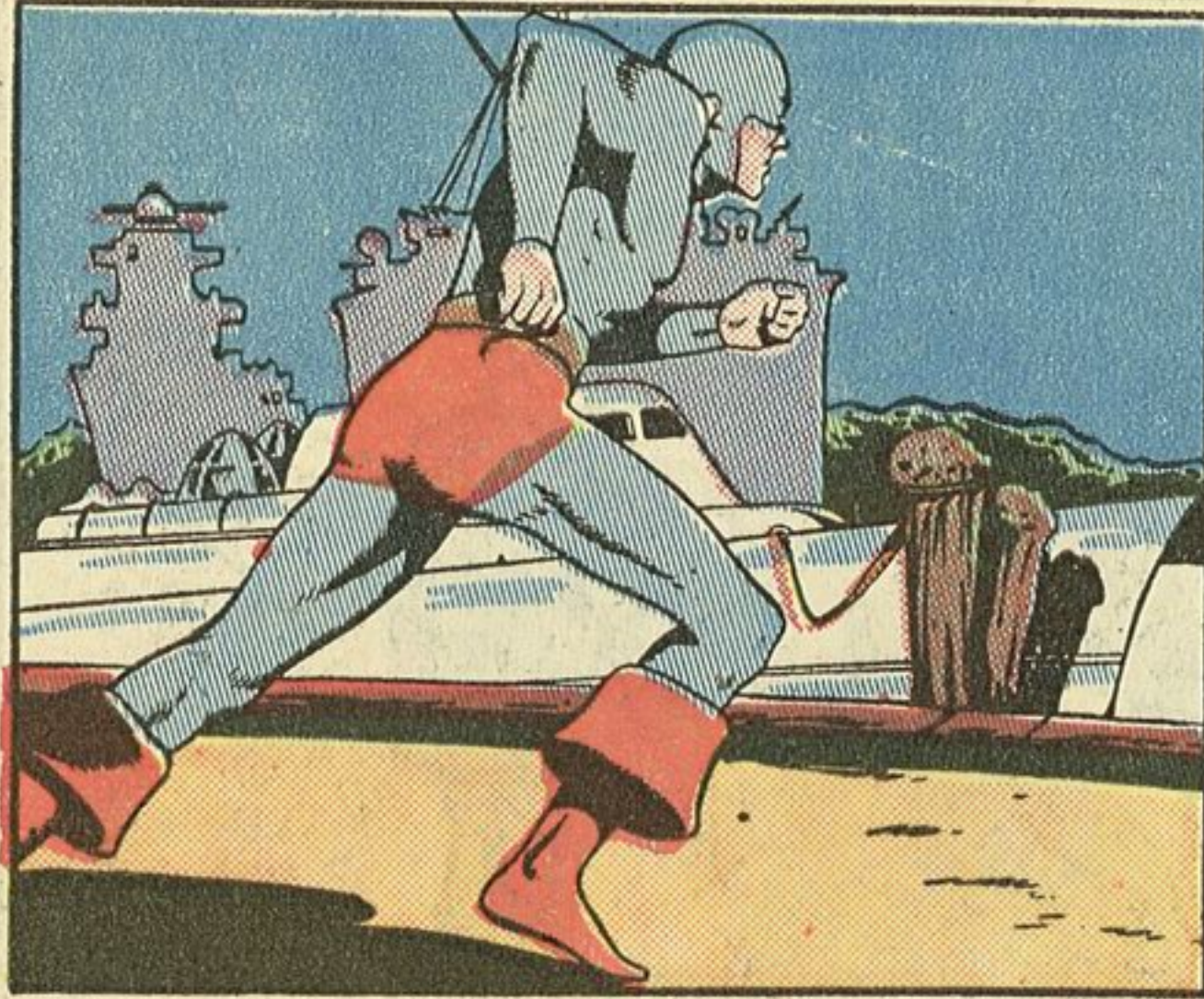


... AND EMERGES AS THE SYMBOL OF ALL GREAT FIGHTING MEN... G-2!

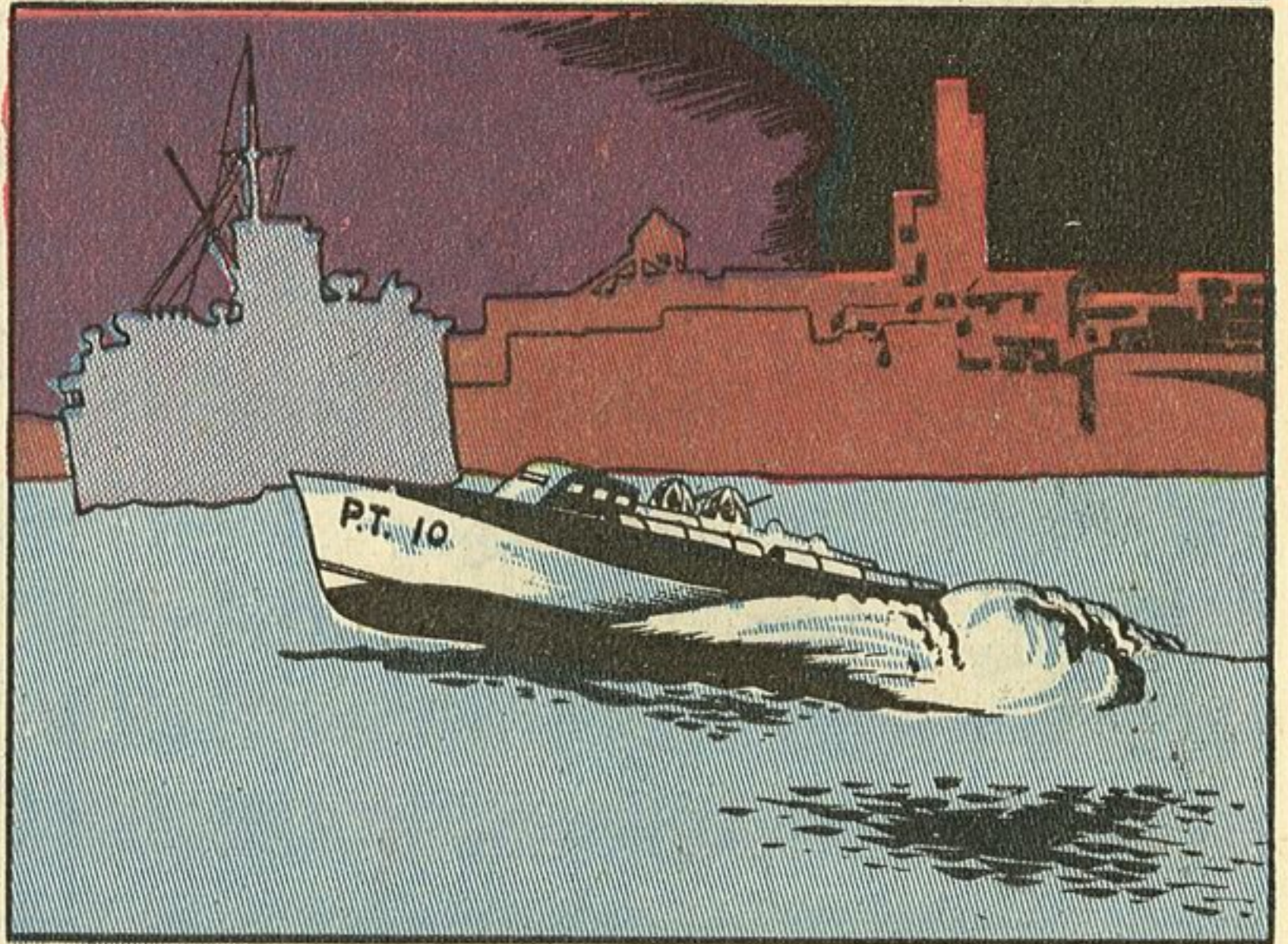
OKAY, DR. AGONY! THE GAME IS ON ONCE MORE, G-2 PLAYS HIS HAND TONIGHT!



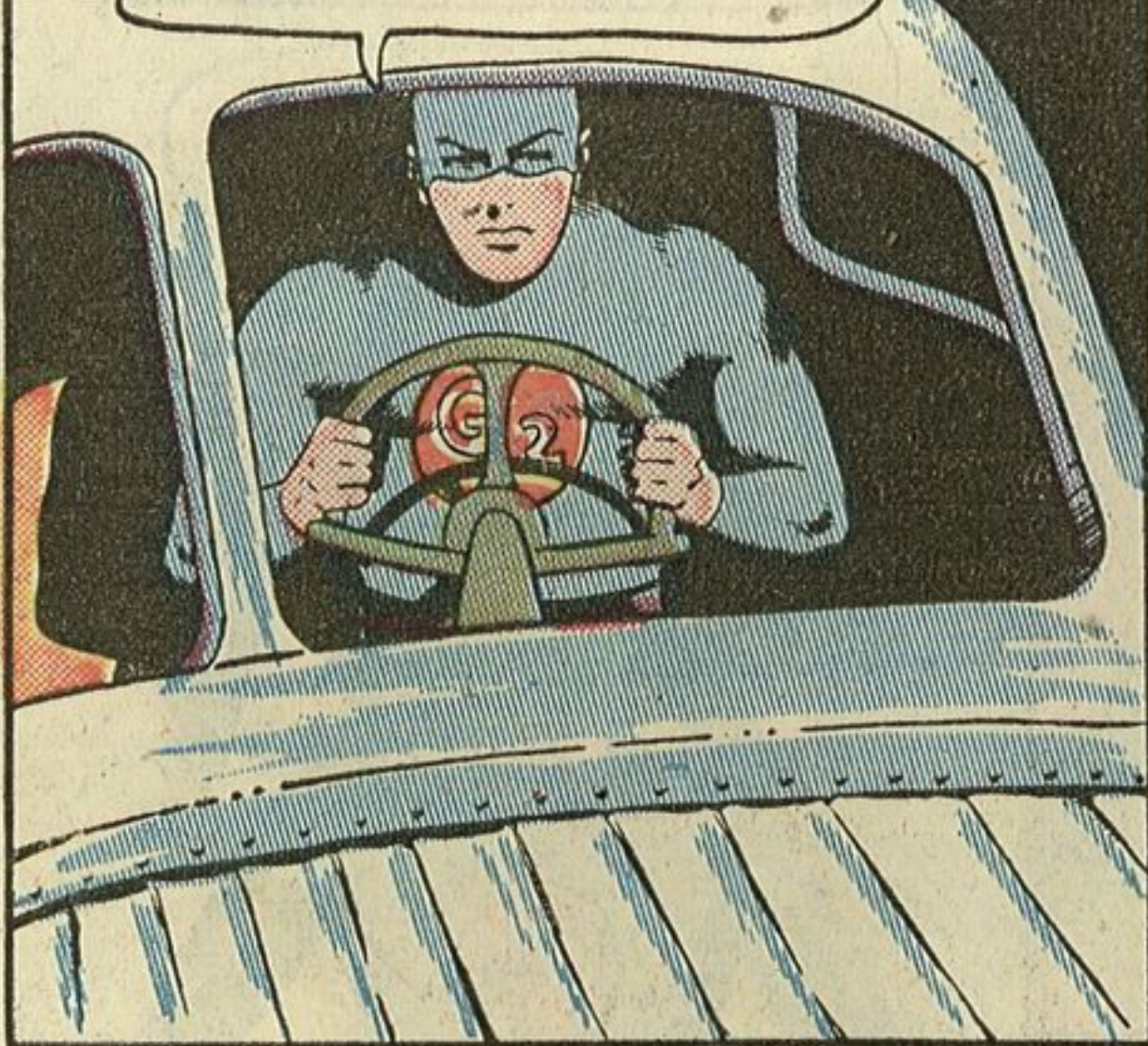
KNOWING THAT EVERY MINUTE IS PRECIOUS, G-2 SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARD A WAITING P-BOAT.



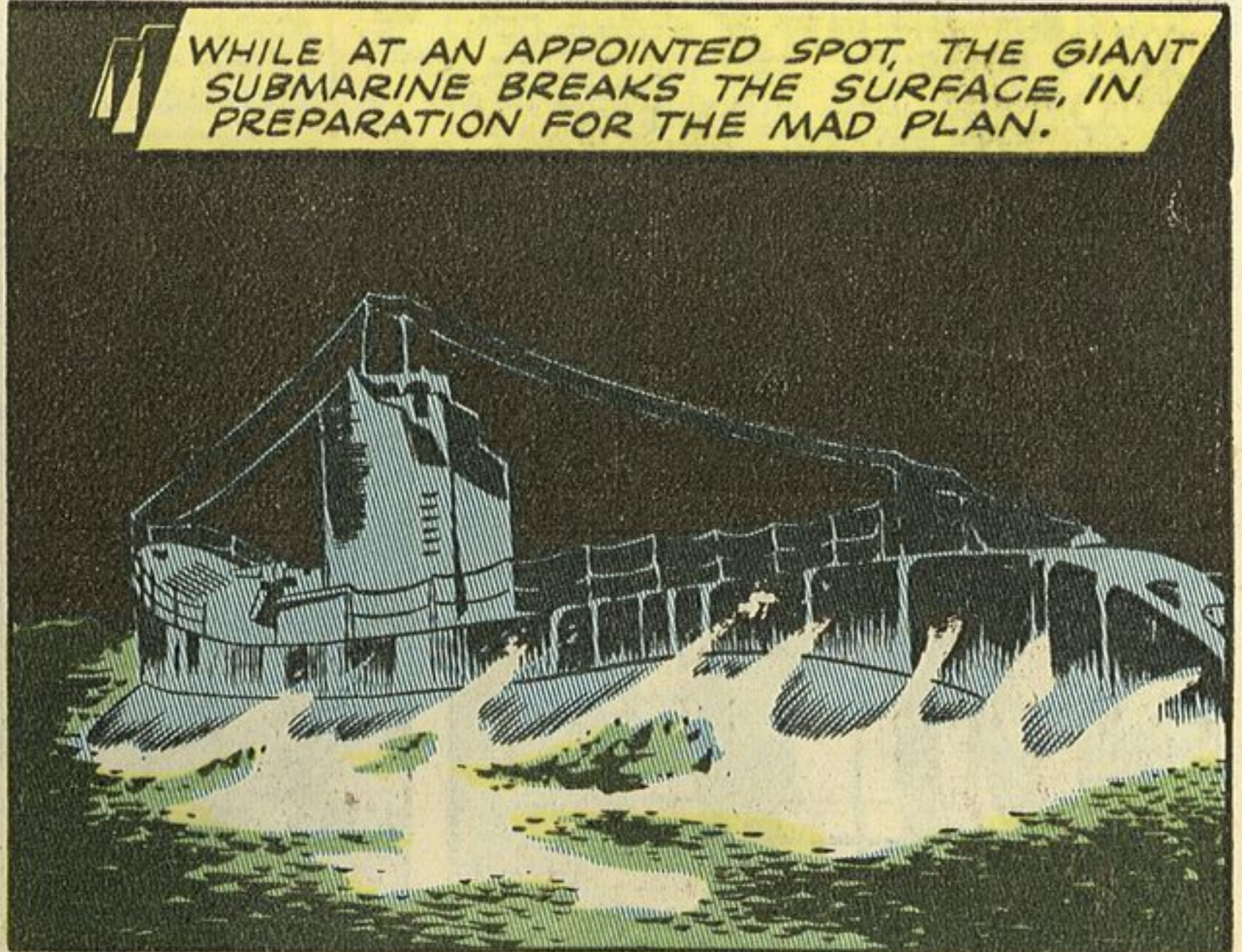
THE SMALL SPEEDY, ARMED CRAFT SLICES THROUGH THE CHURNING WATERS...



IF I CAN ONLY INTERCEPT THE SUB, BEFORE IT LETS THE PLANES LOOSE!



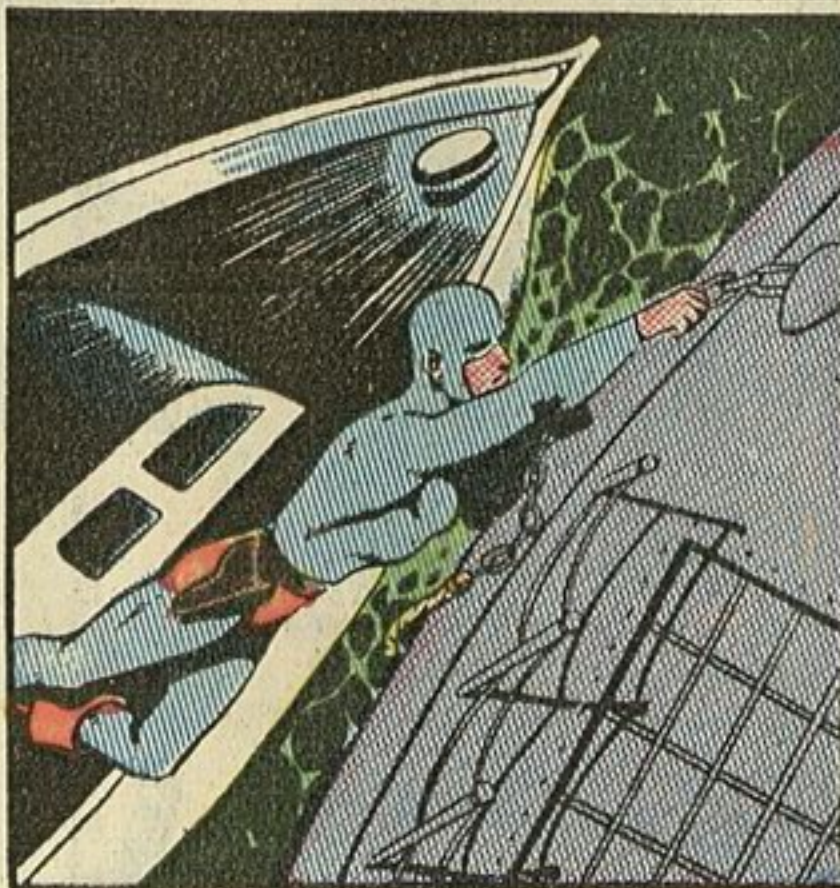
WHILE AT AN APPPOINTED SPOT, THE GIANT SUBMARINE BREAKS THE SURFACE, IN PREPARATION FOR THE MAD PLAN.



THE TIME HAS COME, SONS OF THE FATHERLAND! TONIGHT WE BREAK THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA. WE'LL SPREAD THE FAME OF THE LUFTWAFFE FROM MAINE TO CALIFORNIA, LEAVING NOTHING BUT DEAD AND INJURED!



NO ONE HEARS THE FAINT PUTT-PUTT OF THE P-BOAT... AND NO ONE SEES A MIGHTY FIGURE HURTLE THROUGH SPACE TO GRASP A HANGING CHAIN... G-2 HAS ARRIVED!!



THE HUNTER STALKS HIS PREY...

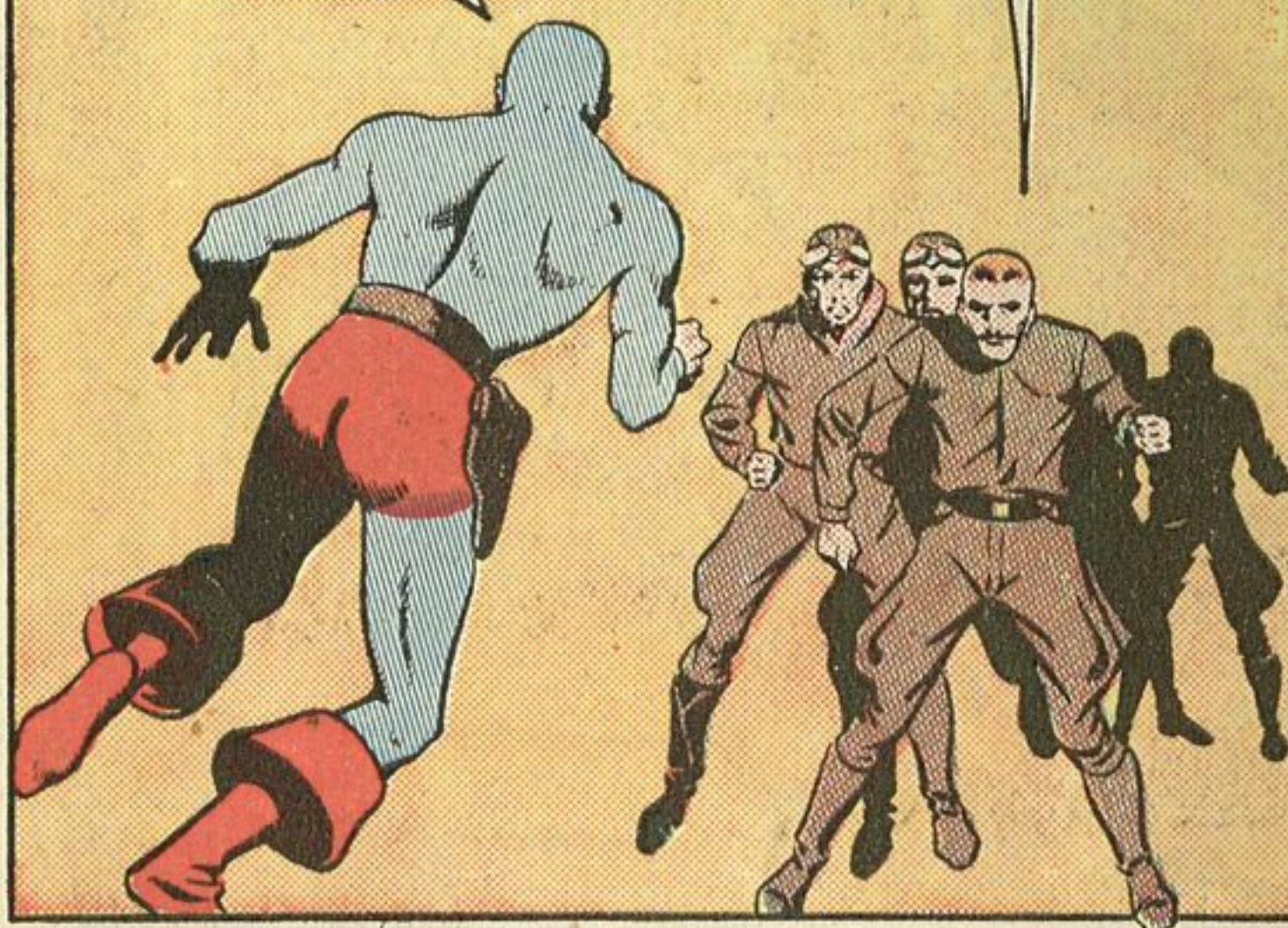


A DECK WATCH SEES THE SLINKING FIGURE...



NO USE TAKING IT EASY NOW! HERE GOES, DOUBLE OR NOTHING!

WHAT! AN AMERICAN ON BOARD!??



WHAM!

OUCH



SLAM!



DR. AGONY, FROM HIDING SHOWS NO MERCY, EVEN FOR HIS OWN MEN, IN A MAD ATTEMPT TO SHOOT DOWN THE VALIANT, G-2

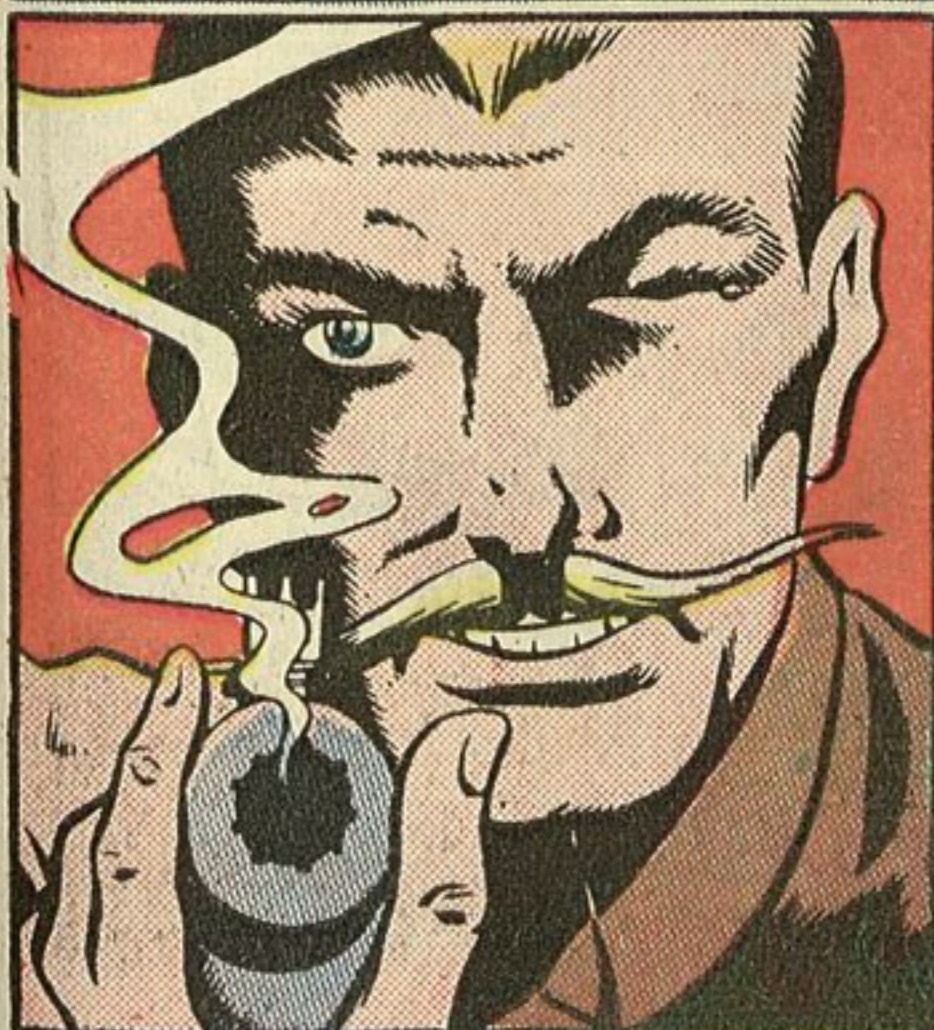
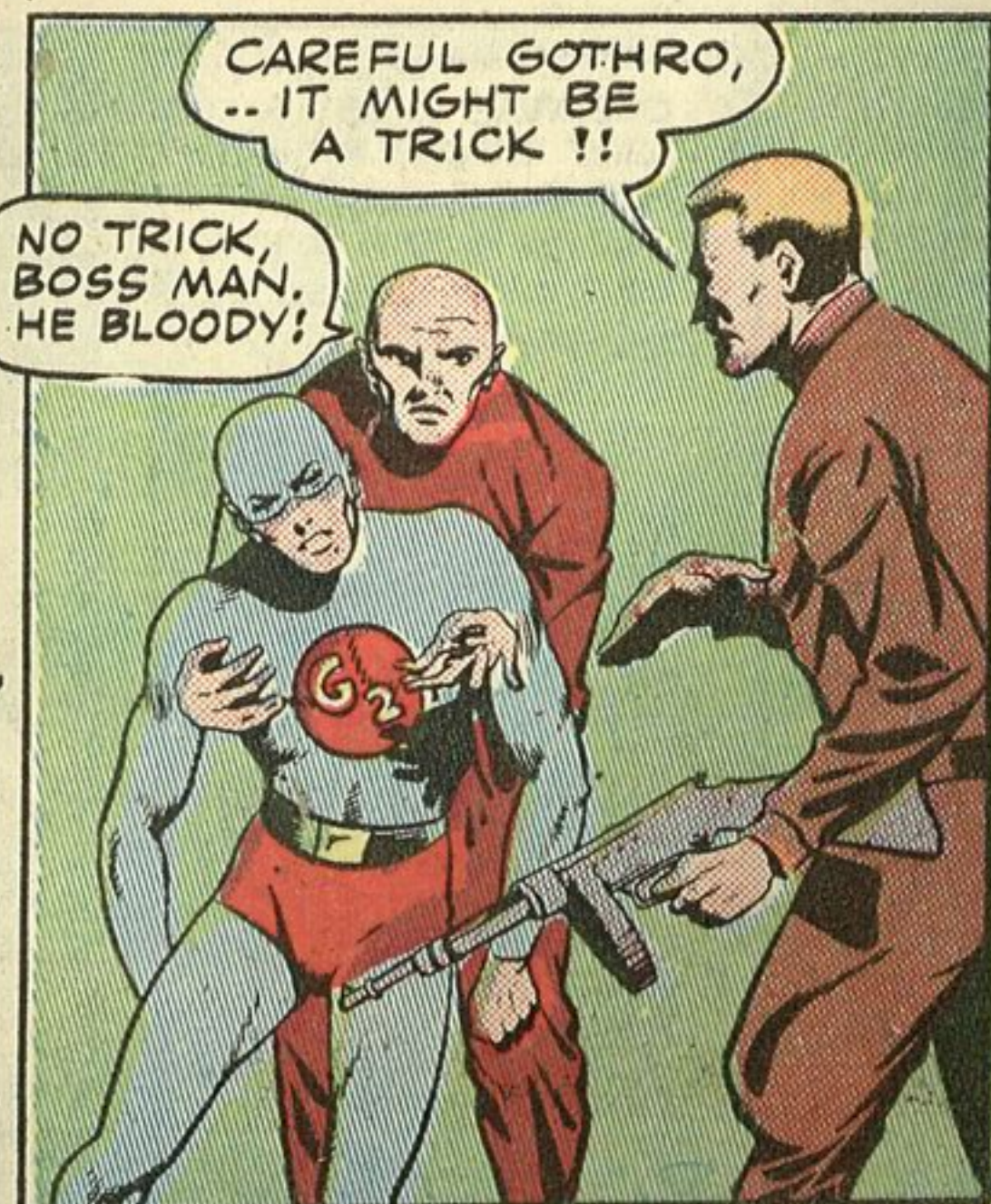
A HAIL OF HOT LEAD RAINS ROUND G-2... HE STAGGERS!

LUCKY BREAK FOR DR. AGONY!! GUESS ONE GOT ME!



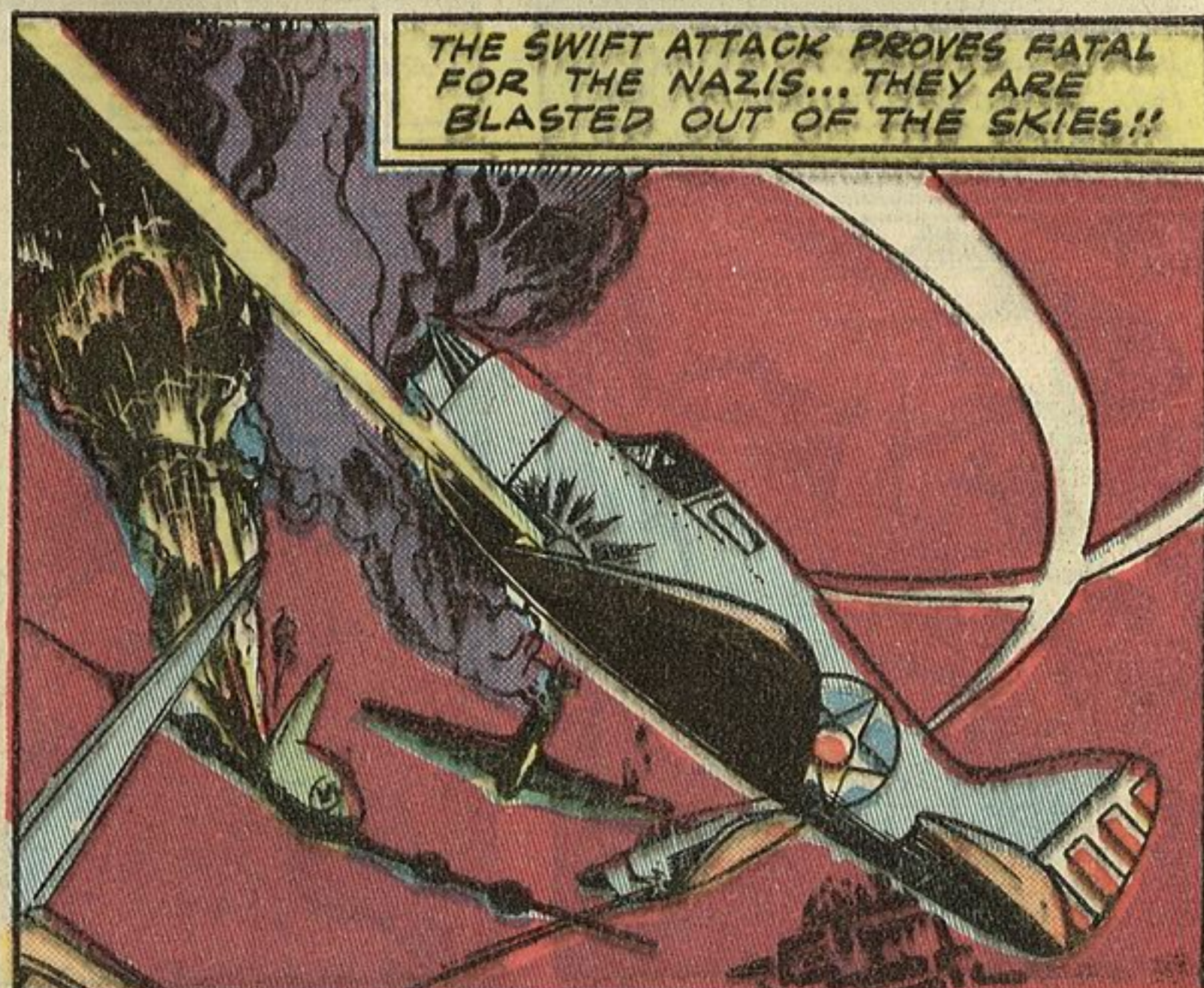
CAREFUL GOTHRO, -- IT MIGHT BE A TRICK !!

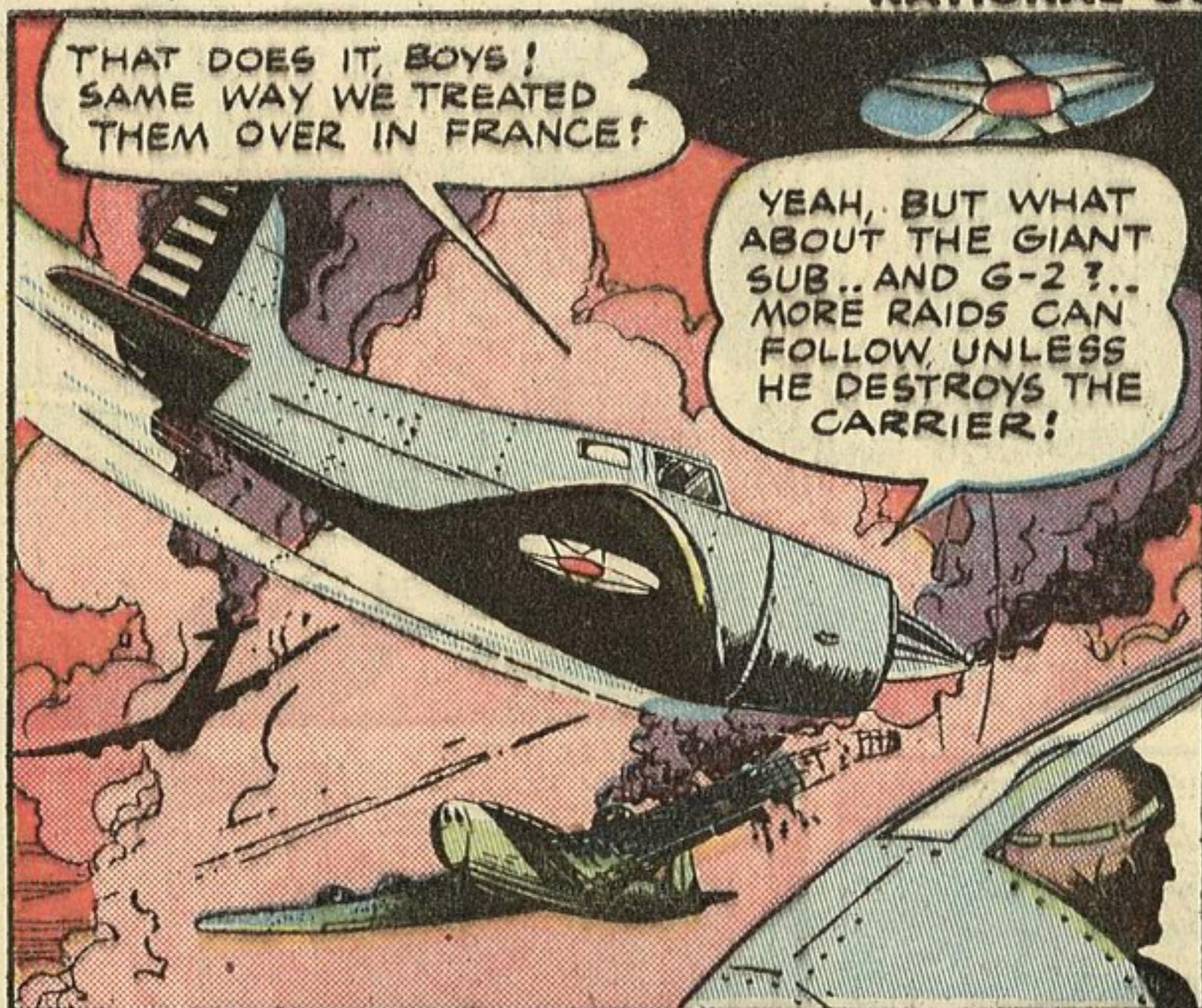
NO TRICK, BOSS MAN. HE BLOODY!





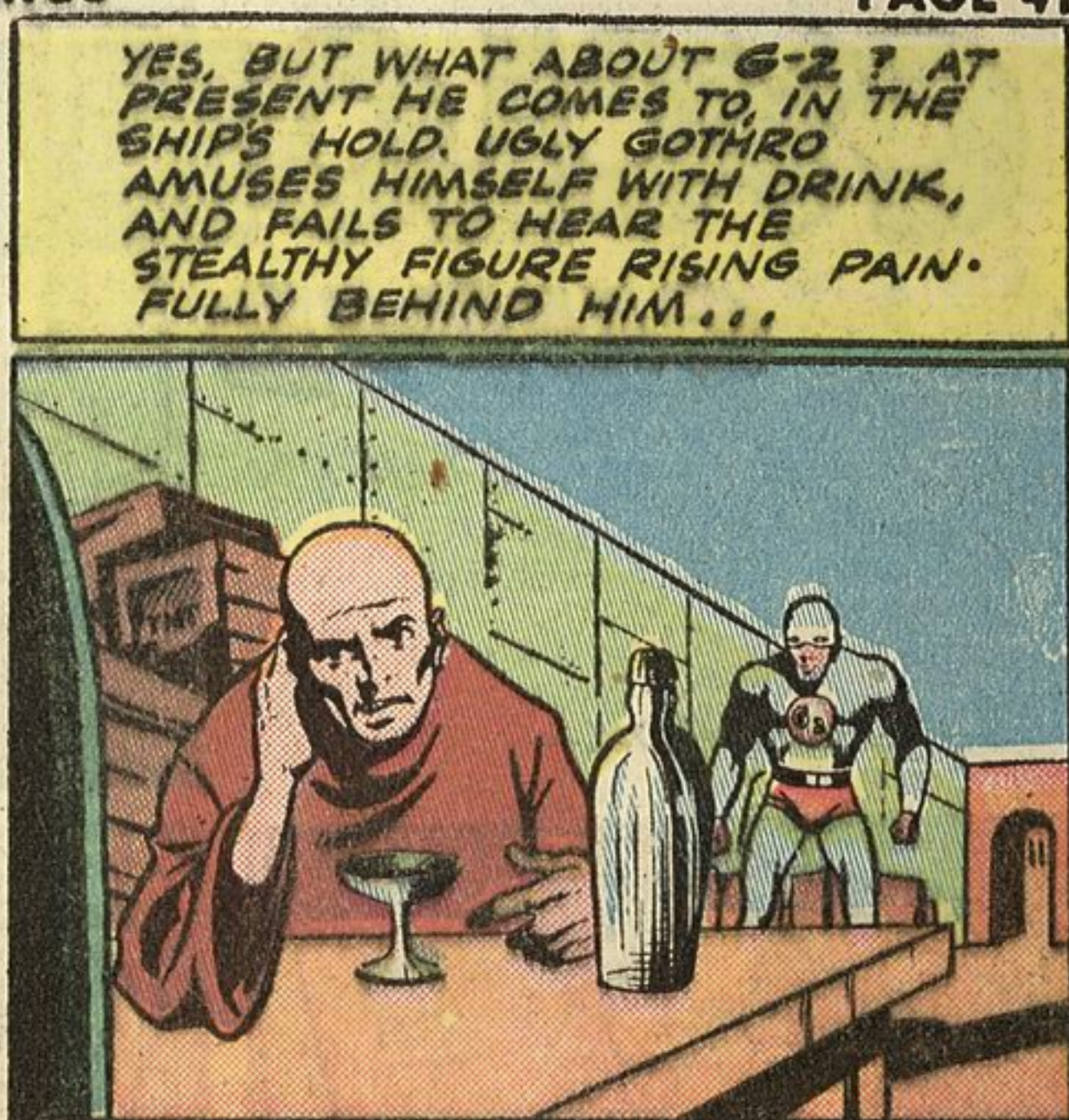
BUT WAIT.. NEW YORK HARBOR IS IN SIGHT. THE BOMB-ADIERS LICK THEIR LIPS IN GLEE NOT NOTICING THE SPEEDY PURSUIT PLANES DIVING AT THEM FROM OVERHEAD!





THAT DOES IT, BOYS!
SAME WAY WE TREATED
THEM OVER IN FRANCE!

YEAH, BUT WHAT
ABOUT THE GIANT
SUB.. AND G-2?...
MORE RAIDS CAN
FOLLOW, UNLESS
HE DESTROYS THE
CARRIER!



YES, BUT WHAT ABOUT G-2? AT
PRESENT HE COMES TO, IN THE
SHIP'S HOLD. UGLY GOTHRO
AMUSES HIMSELF WITH DRINK,
AND FAILS TO HEAR THE
STEALTHY FIGURE RISING PAIN-
FULLY BEHIND HIM...

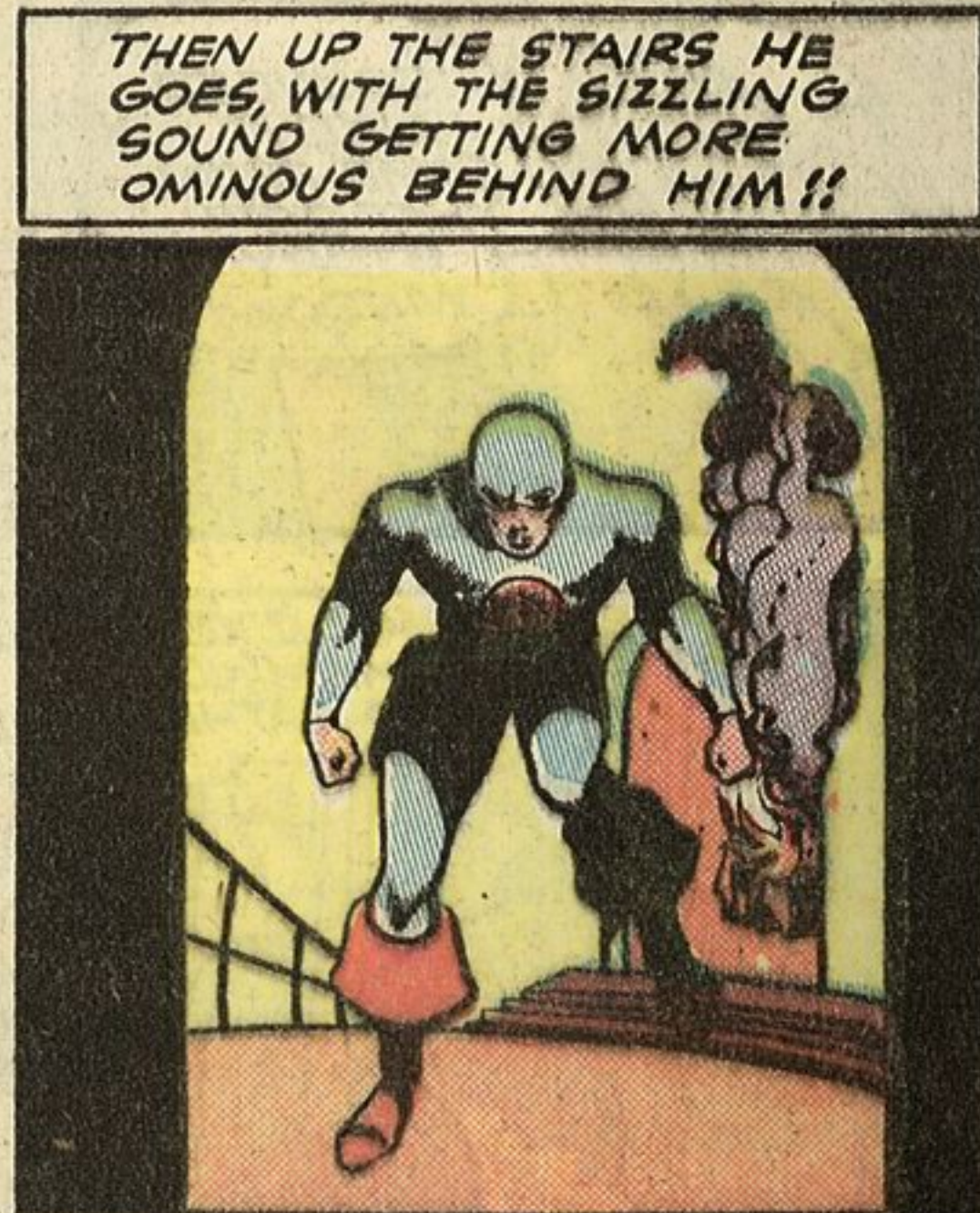


THE LIGHTS GO OUT
... FOR GOTHRO!

KA-PLUNK!



GOTTA BLOW
UP THIS MONSTER..
NO TIME TO
LOSE!



THEN UP THE STAIRS HE
GOES, WITH THE SIZZLING
SOUND GETTING MORE
OMINOUS BEHIND HIM!!



HE'S ESCAPING!
SHOOT HIM!

BLAM!
BLAM!



ON AN EXPLOSION
HEARD FOR MILES, THE
WEIRD NAZI INVENTION
GOES UP IN BITS...
TAKING THE HUMAN
ELEMENT WITH IT!!



WHAT DID I
TELL YOU
ABOUT STREET
BRAWLS,
CAPT. LEASH!!
HMM.. BAD
ARM YOU
HAVE THERE?

NOTHING AT
ALL, SIR.
JUST SOME-
THING I
PICKED UP ON
A DATE,
LAST NIGHT!

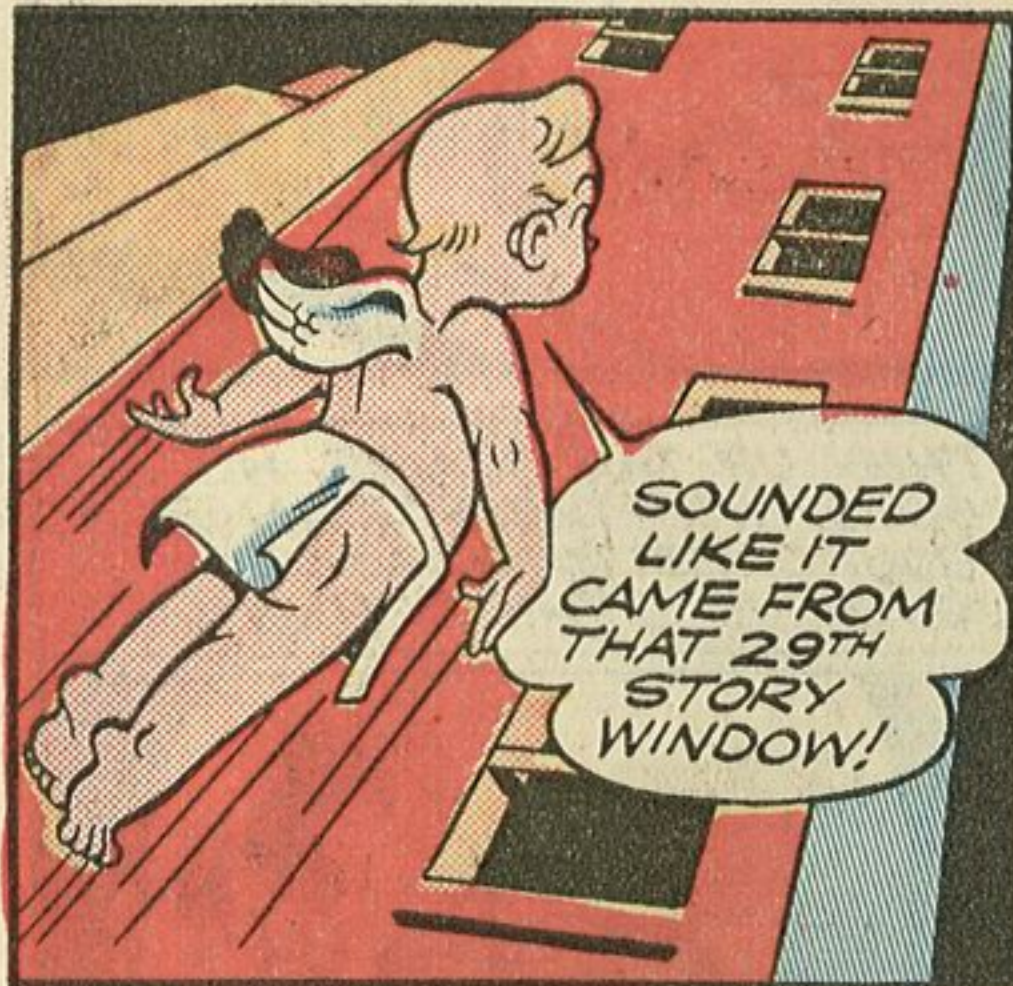
THERE'S MORE TO COME...
WATCH THE THRILLING
ADVENTURES OF G-2 NEXT
MONTH... IN A DARING SAGA
ENTITLED:- FATE'S GRIM
HAND!

CYCLONE

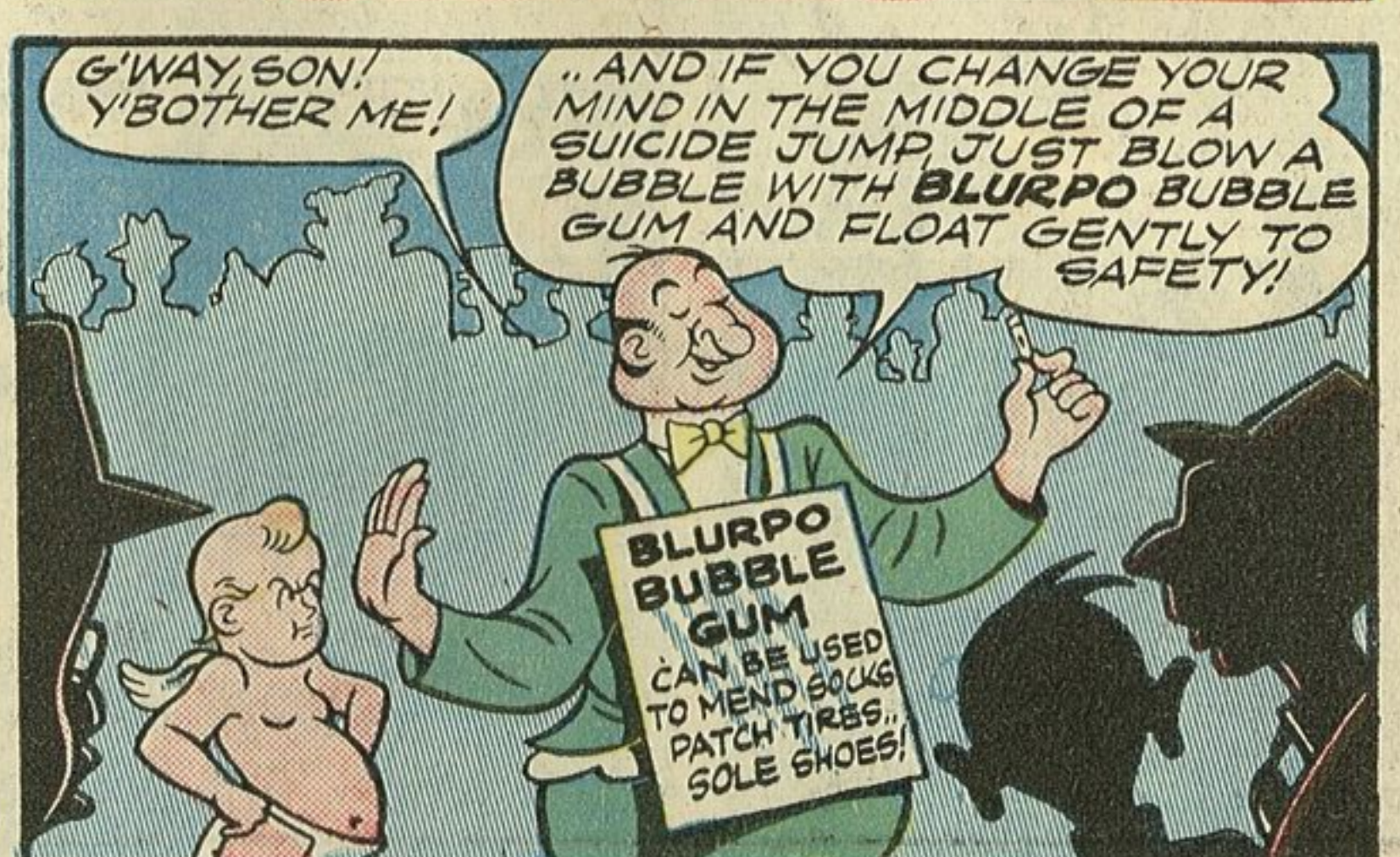
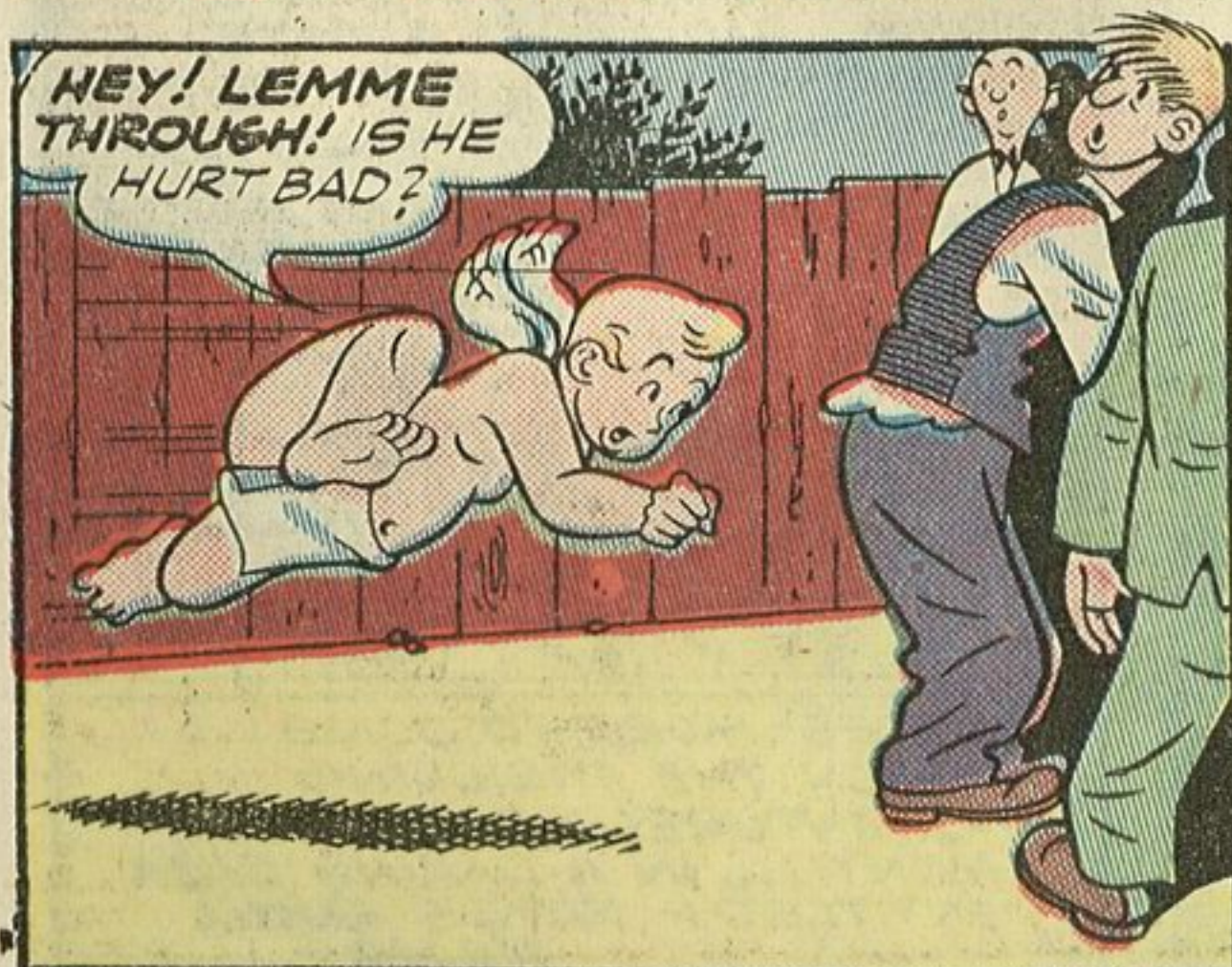
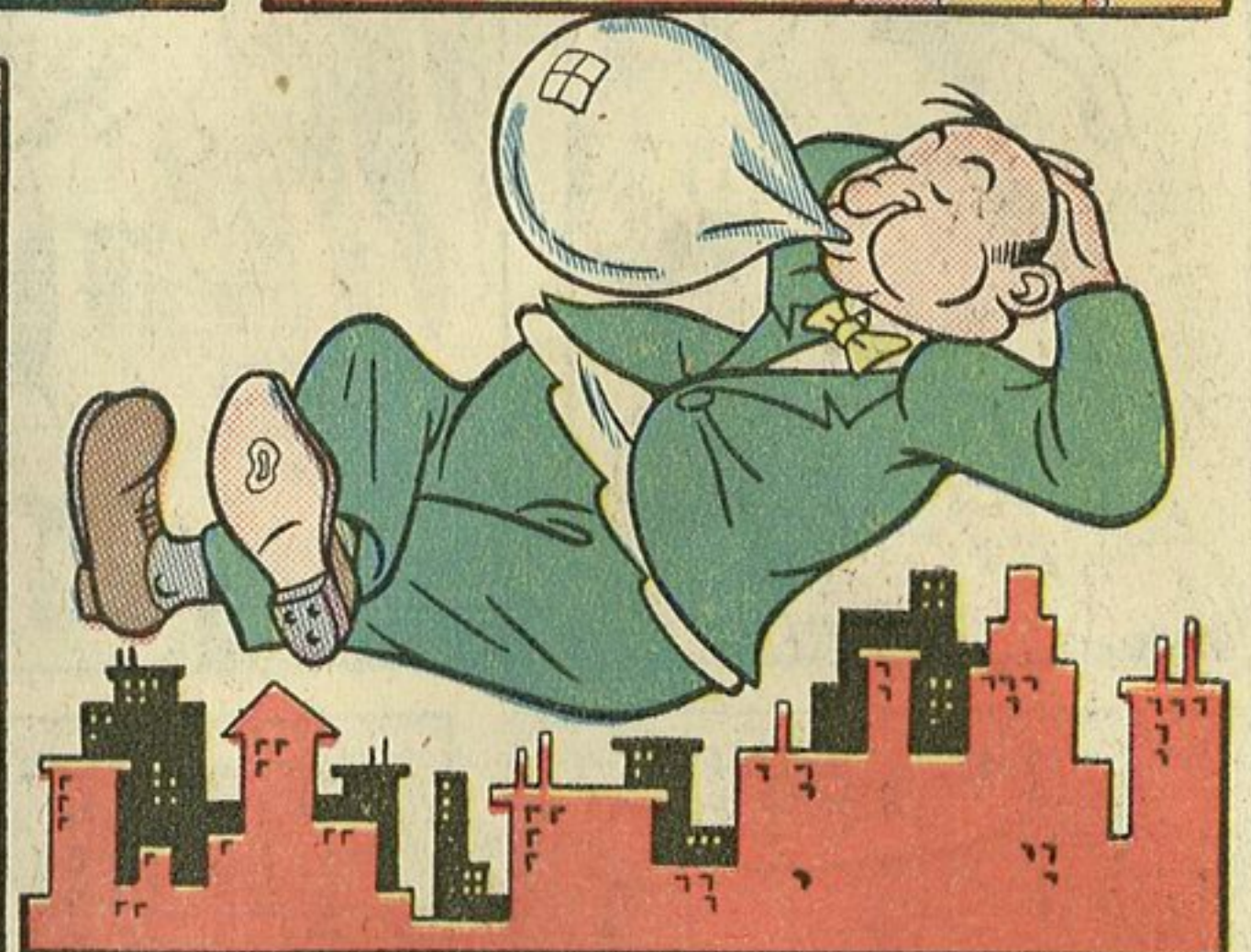
CUPID

HE AIN'T STUPID!

by GILL FOX--



HEY, WHAT'S THIS? WITH THE GAS THAT HE'S HELD IN HIS MOUTH, THE SCREW-BALL BLOWS A WAD OF GUM INTO A BUBBLE AND THEN DESCENDS SLOWLY..



QUICKSILVER

BY FRED

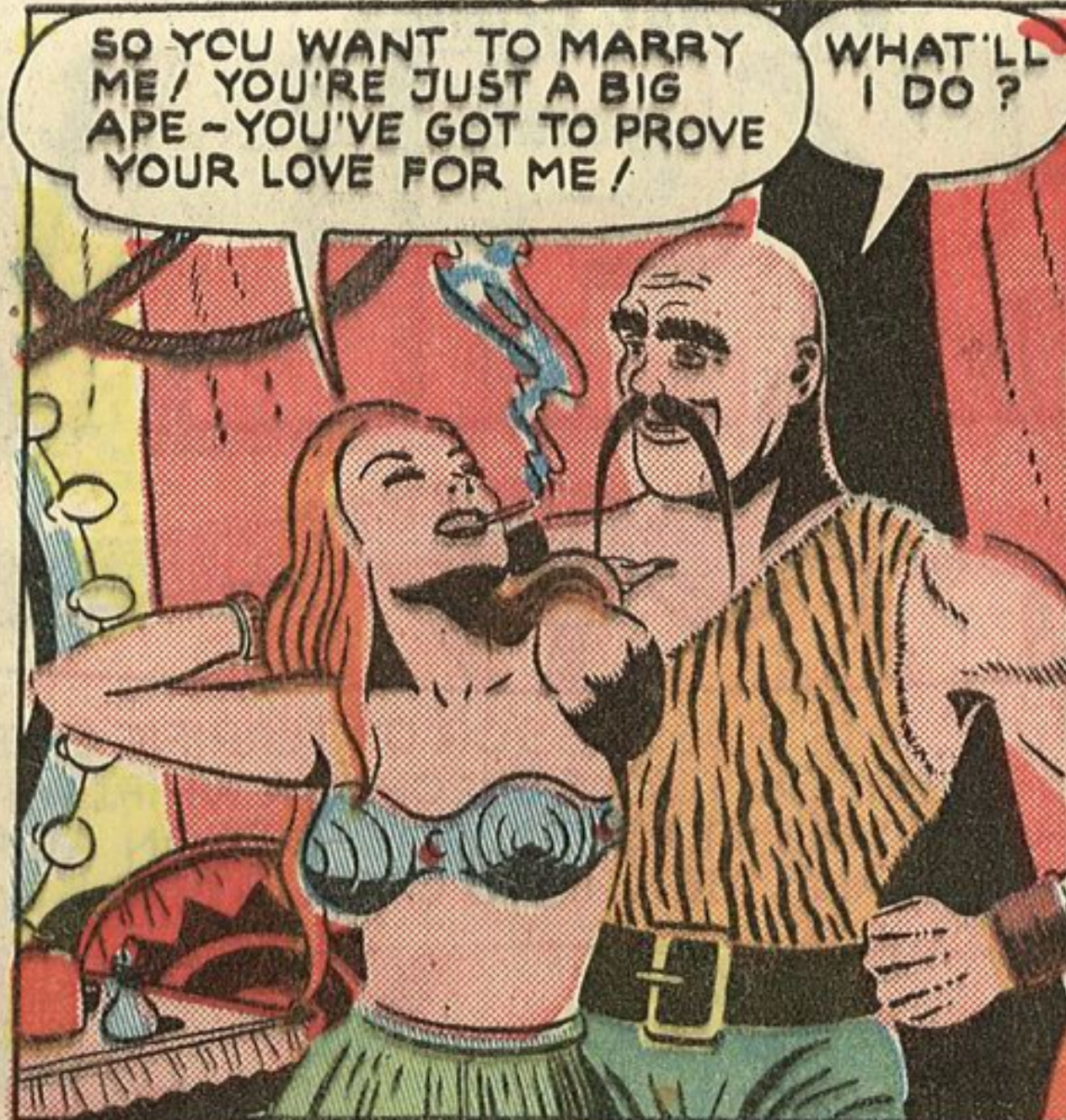
QUICKSILVER, THE POSSESSOR OF TERRIFIC SPEED AND AS ELUSIVE AS THE METAL ITSELF BECOMES A WHIRLWIND OF HUMAN ENERGY AS HE FLASHES INTO ACTION AGAINST THE EVIL THAT TURNS MEN INTO CROOKS AND KILLERS.

QUICKSILVER!
I'LL BREAK YOU
IN HALF!

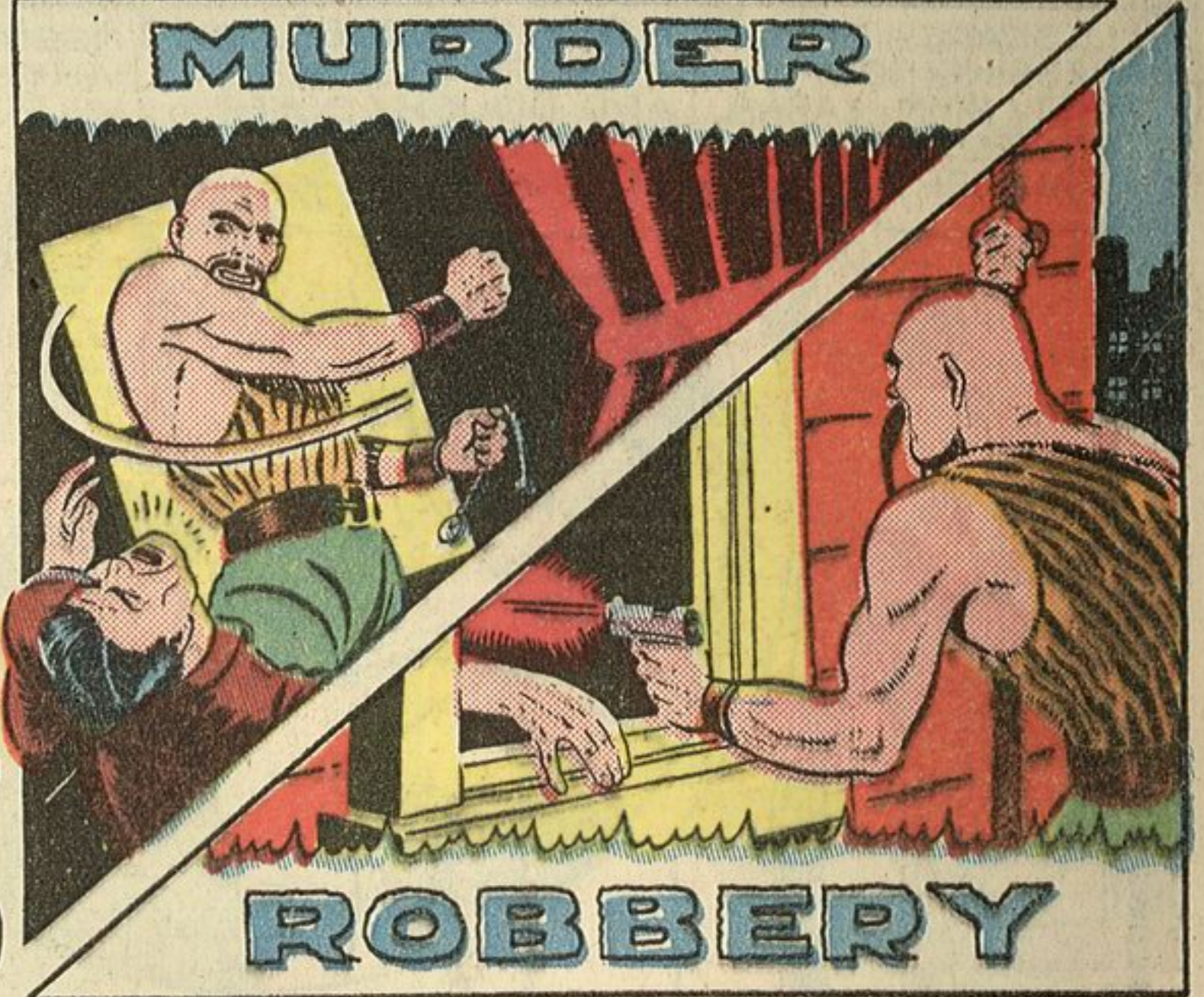
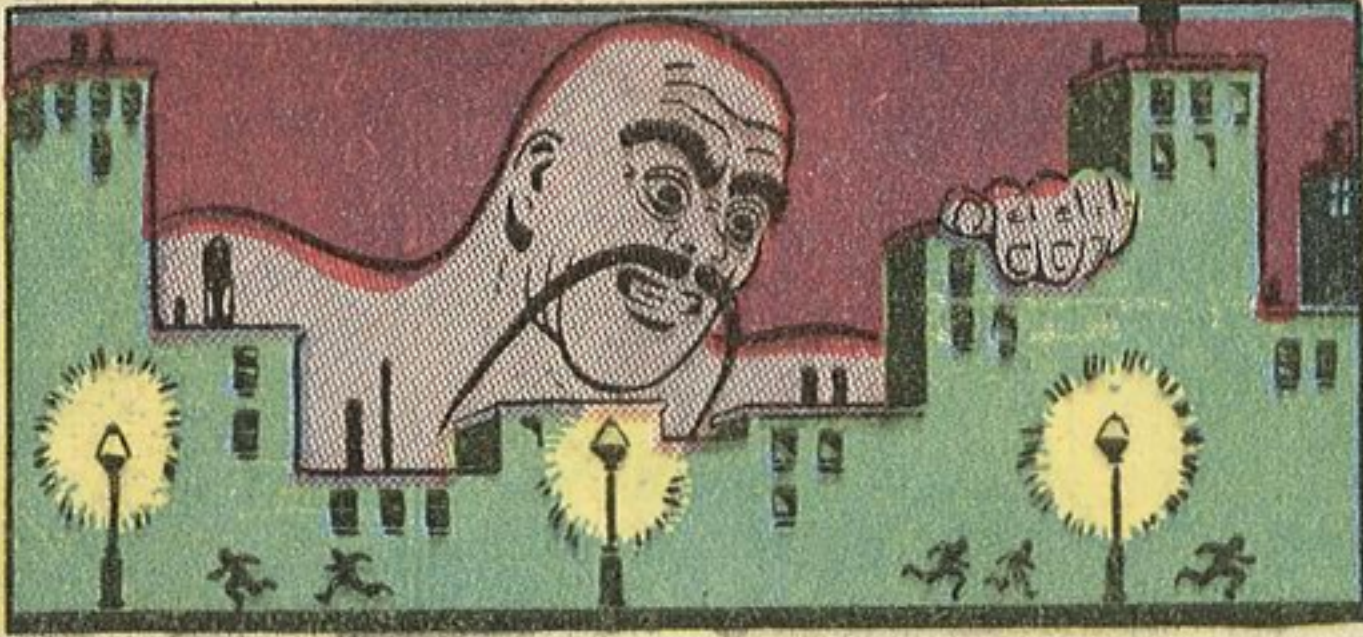
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY A TRAVELLING CIRCUS CLOSES DOWN FOR THE NIGHT AS THE LAST EVENING SHOW IS ENDED.



SANDOR THE STRONG MAN HEADS FOR A DRESSING TENT MARKED WITH A STAR.



THE DESIRE TO KILL IS NOW STRONG. WITHIN SANDOR-AND THE NEXT NIGHT A MURDEROUS STRONG MAN STALKS THE STREETS



MEANWHILE HEADLINES DESCRIBE THE CRIME WAVE.



THE NEWS IS DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT THE CITY AND REACHES THE HANDS OF...



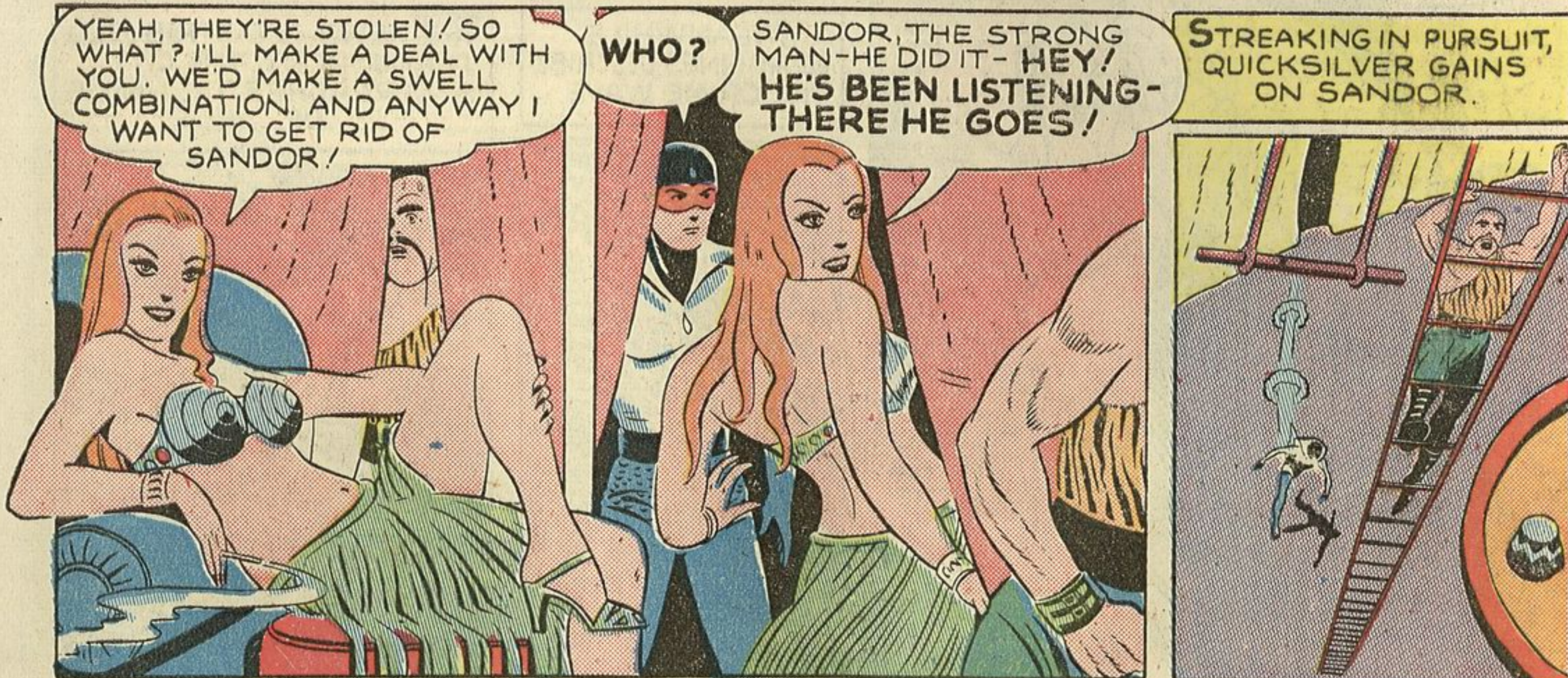
QUICKSILVER!!

SO THE ONLY CLUE IS RESIN DUST! THAT NARROWS IT DOWN TO SHOW PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY CIRCUS PERFORMERS WHO USE IT TO GRASP ROPES AND TRAPEZES MORE TIGHTLY. I'LL FIRST LOOK AROUND THAT NEW CIRCUS!



THE CIRCUS IS CLOSED AND DARK WHEN QUICKSILVER REACHES IT.

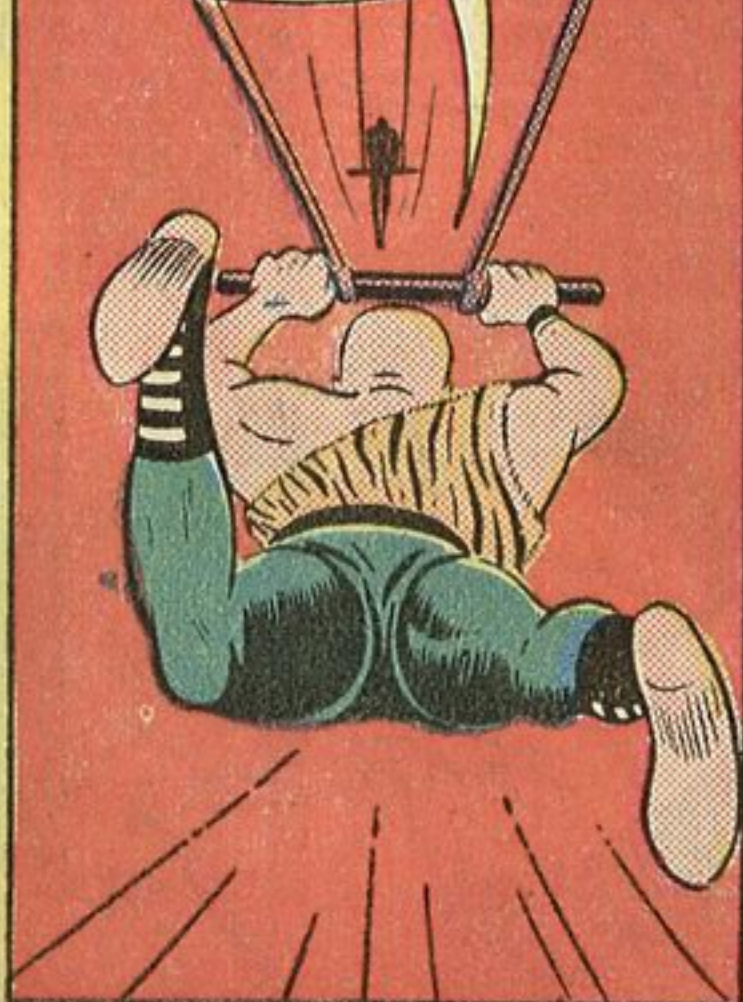




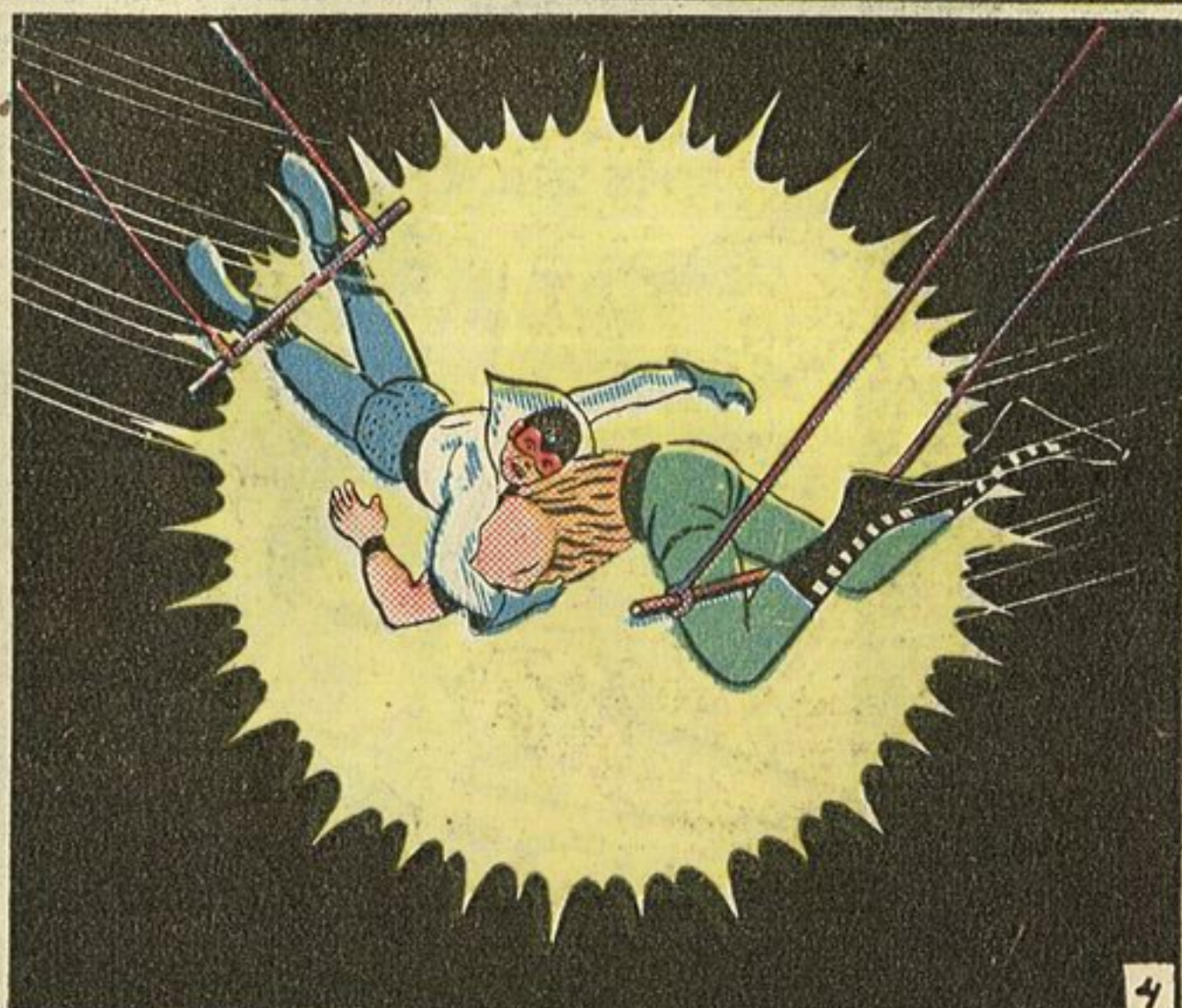
LIKE THE TRAINED ACROBAT OF OLD QUICKSILVER DEFTLY SWINGS OUT ON A TRAPEZE -



YOU'RE ON MY HUNTING GROUNDS, QUICKSILVER, I'M GOING TO PLOW YOU UNDER!



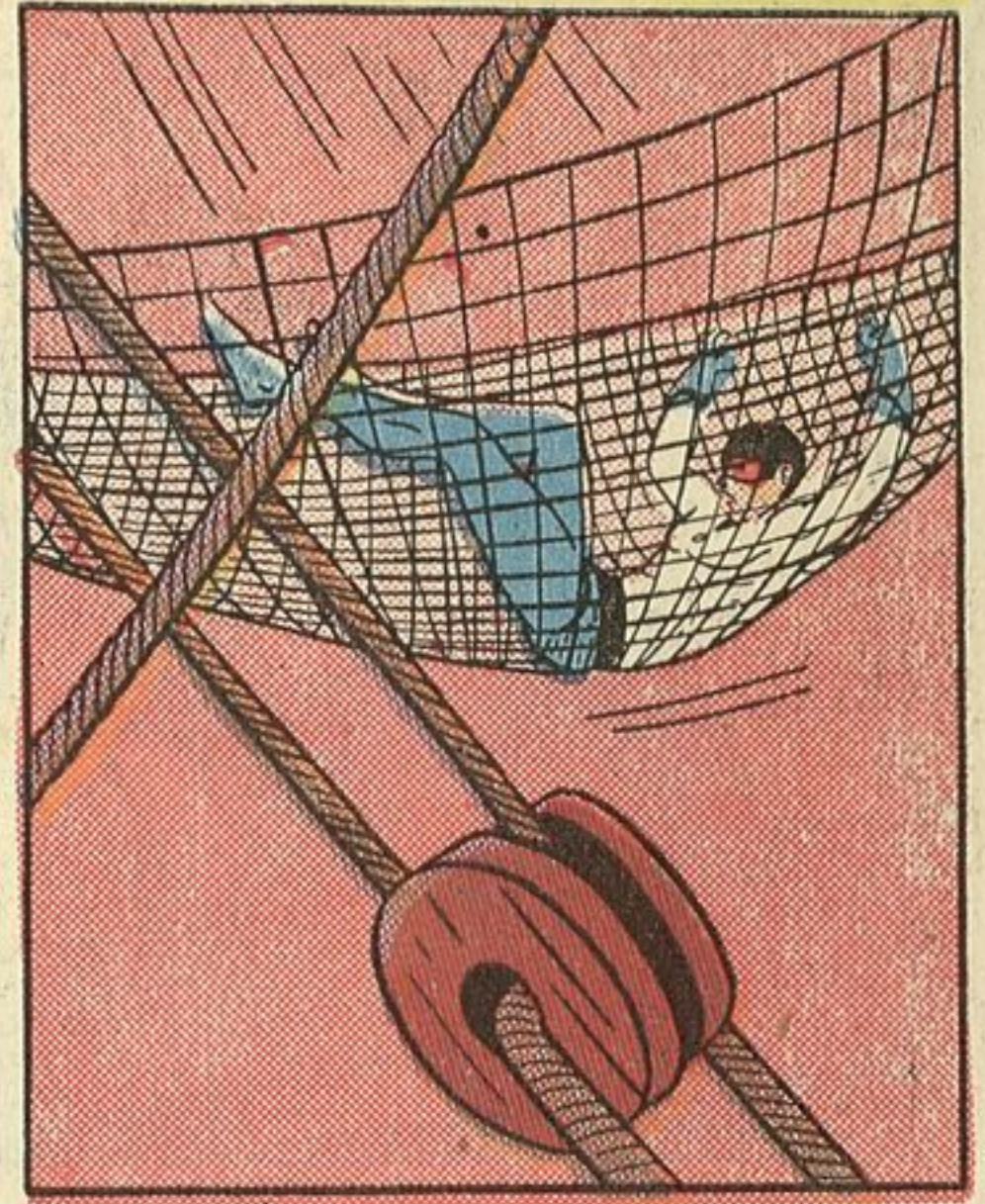
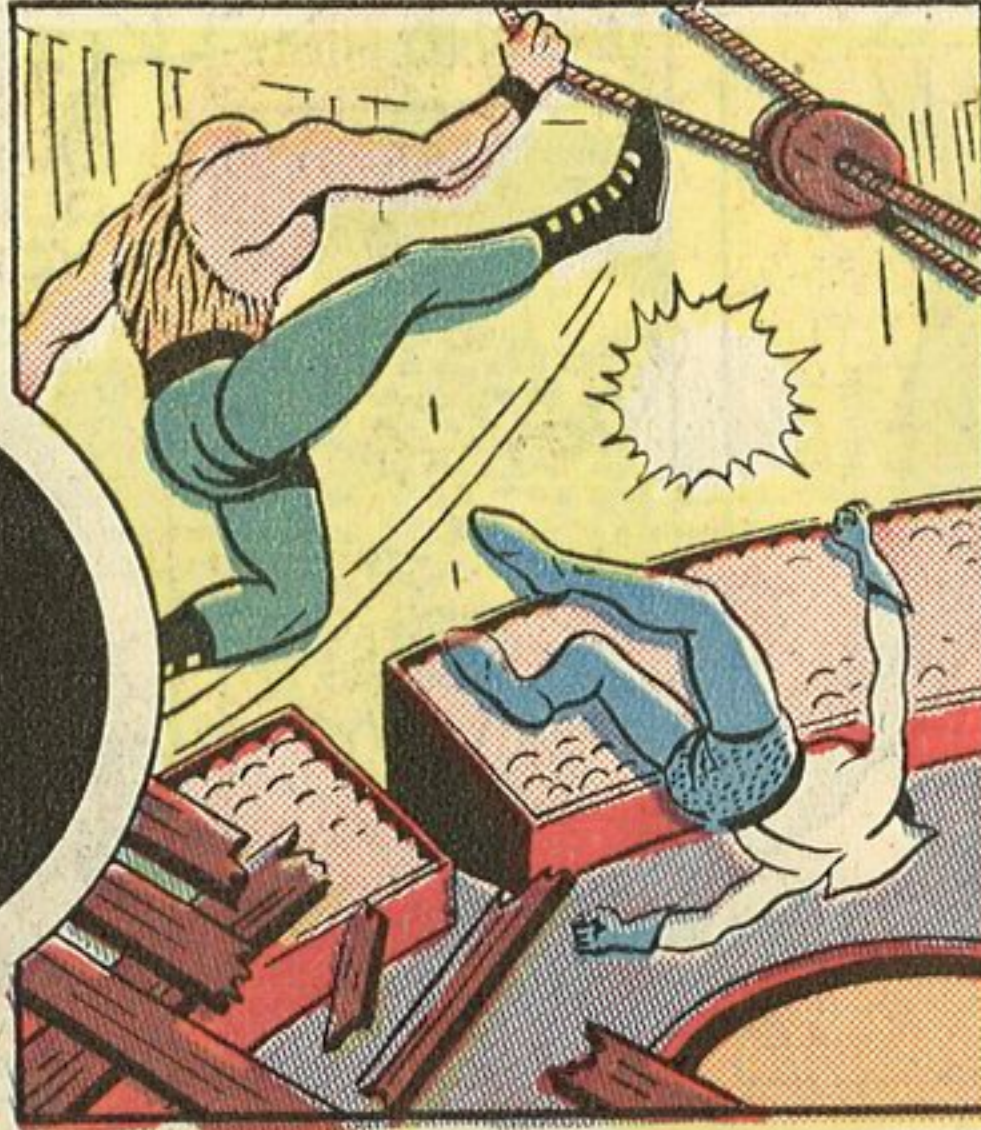
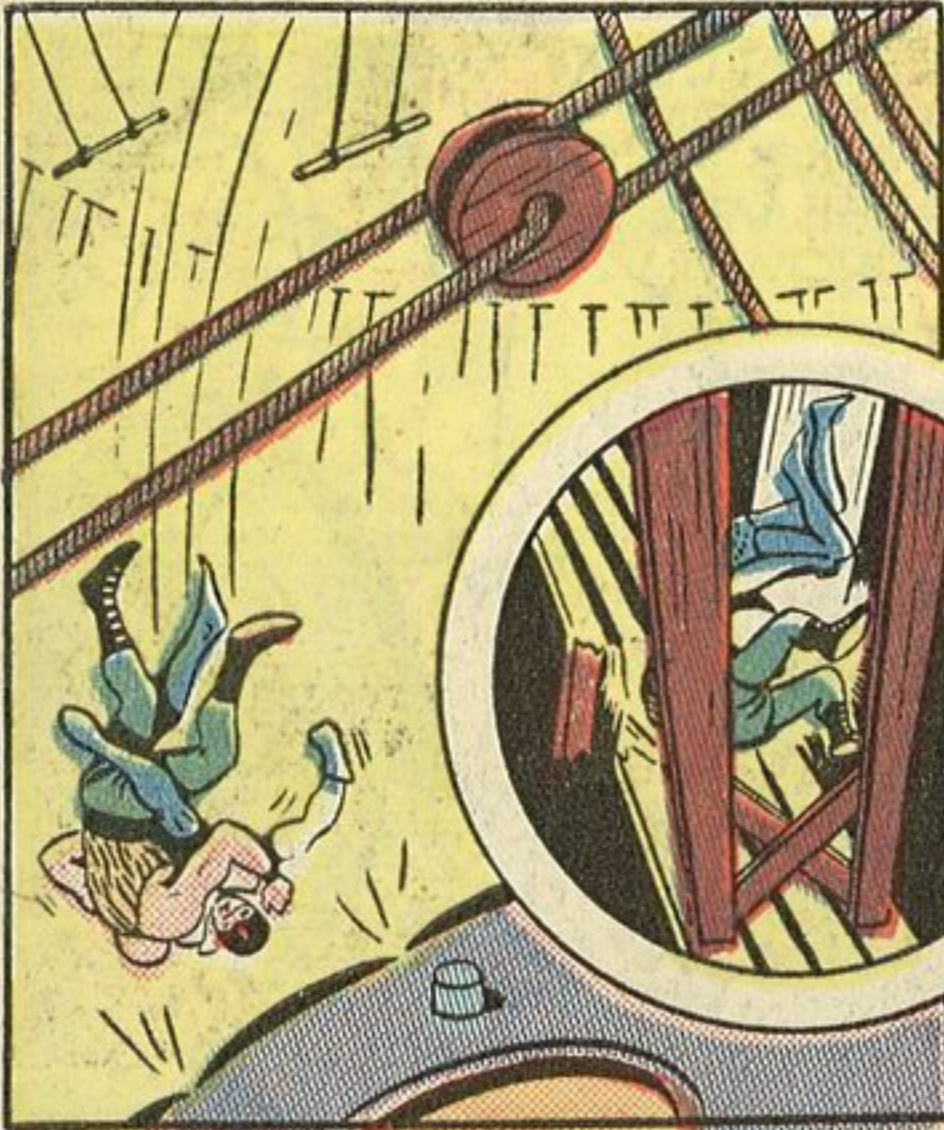
AN INSTANT LATER THE TWO CLASH IN MID-AIR!



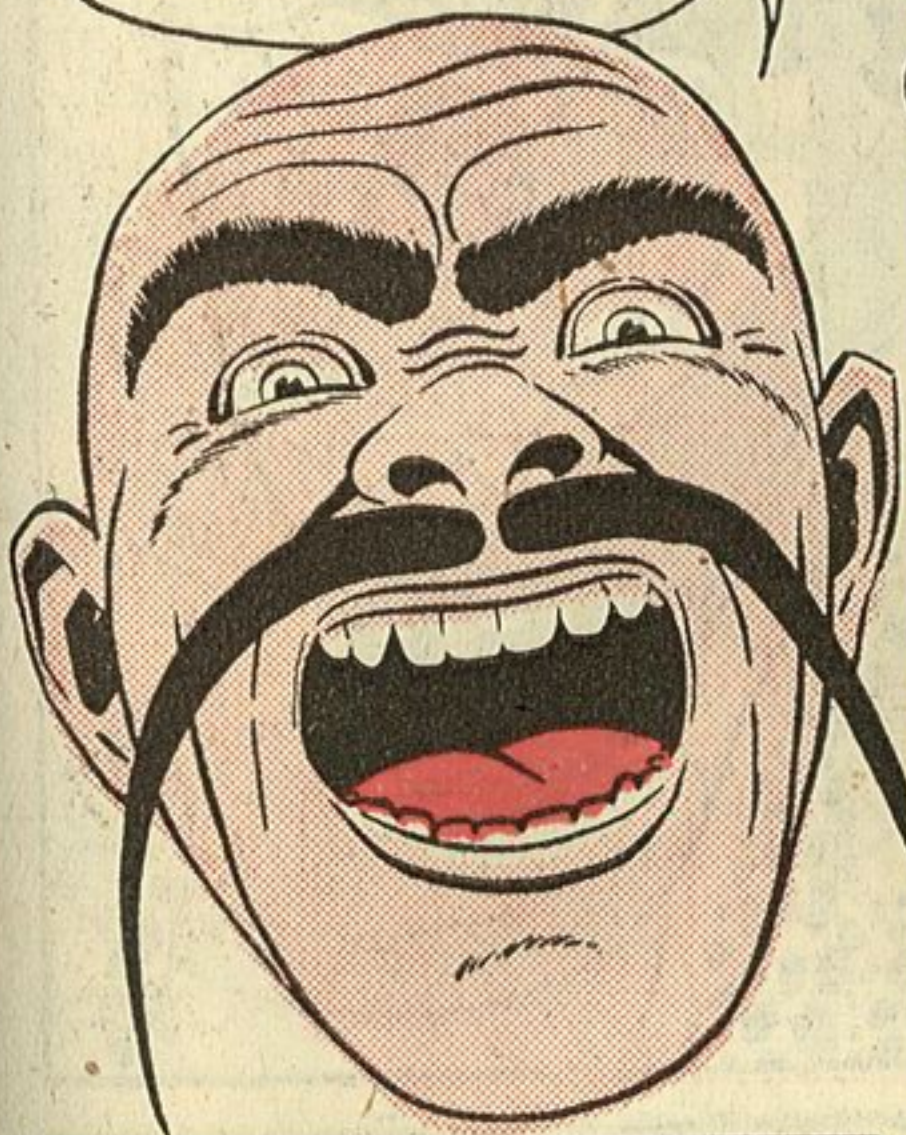
LOCKED IN COMBAT THEY PLUMMET DOWNWARD, LAND-
ING ON A SCAFFOLD.

THE BOARDS COLLAPSE AND
AIDED BY A KICK FROM
SANDOR - QUICKSILVER FALLS.

..AND LANDS IN A NET /



HA! HA! NOW
I'VE GOT YOU!
BWAHAHAHA!



THE STRONG MAN CLIMBS
TO A CAGE HIGH IN THE
RAFTERS!

THEY PUT YOU UP HERE
BECAUSE YOU'RE A KILLER!
NOW I'LL FREE YOU!



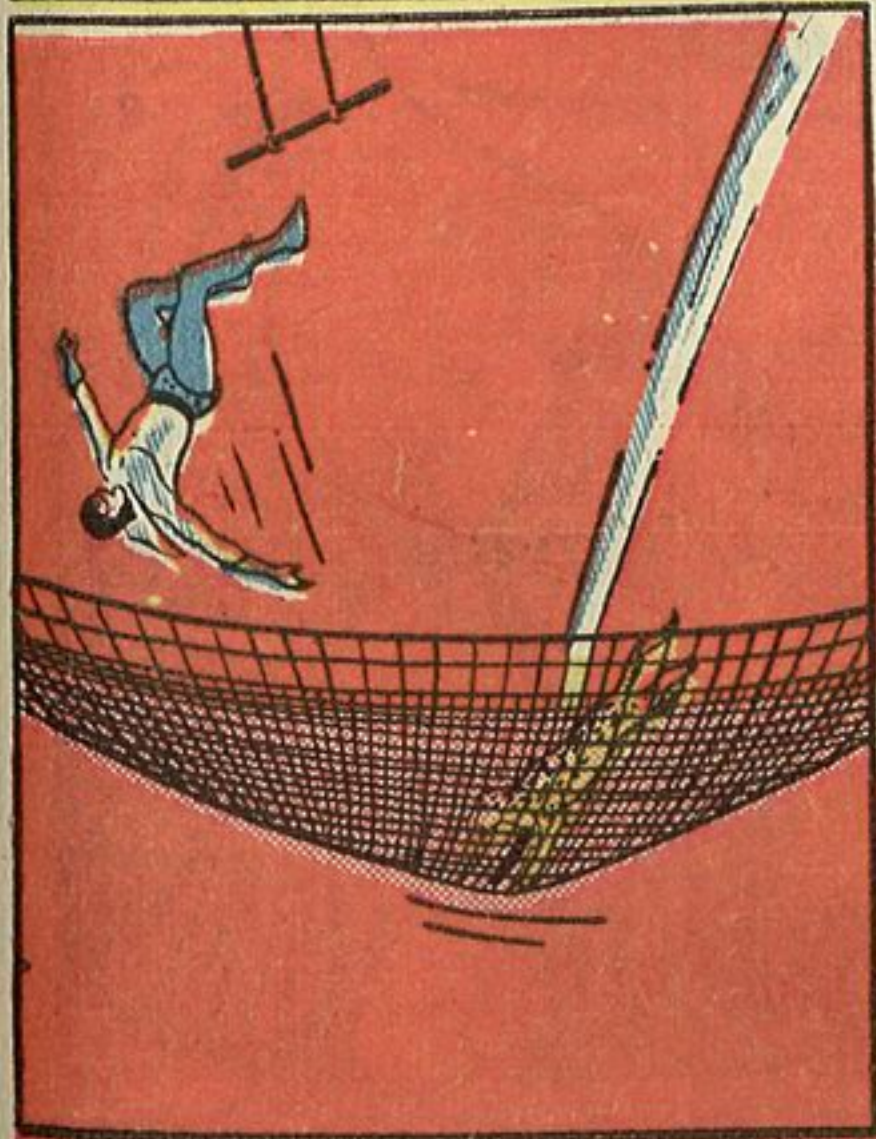
A SNARLING LEOPARD EMERGES
AND DIVES DOWN!

GET
QUICKSILVER!

GROWW!



BUT AS THE BIG CAT HITS
THE NET QUICKSILVER
BOUNCES UP...

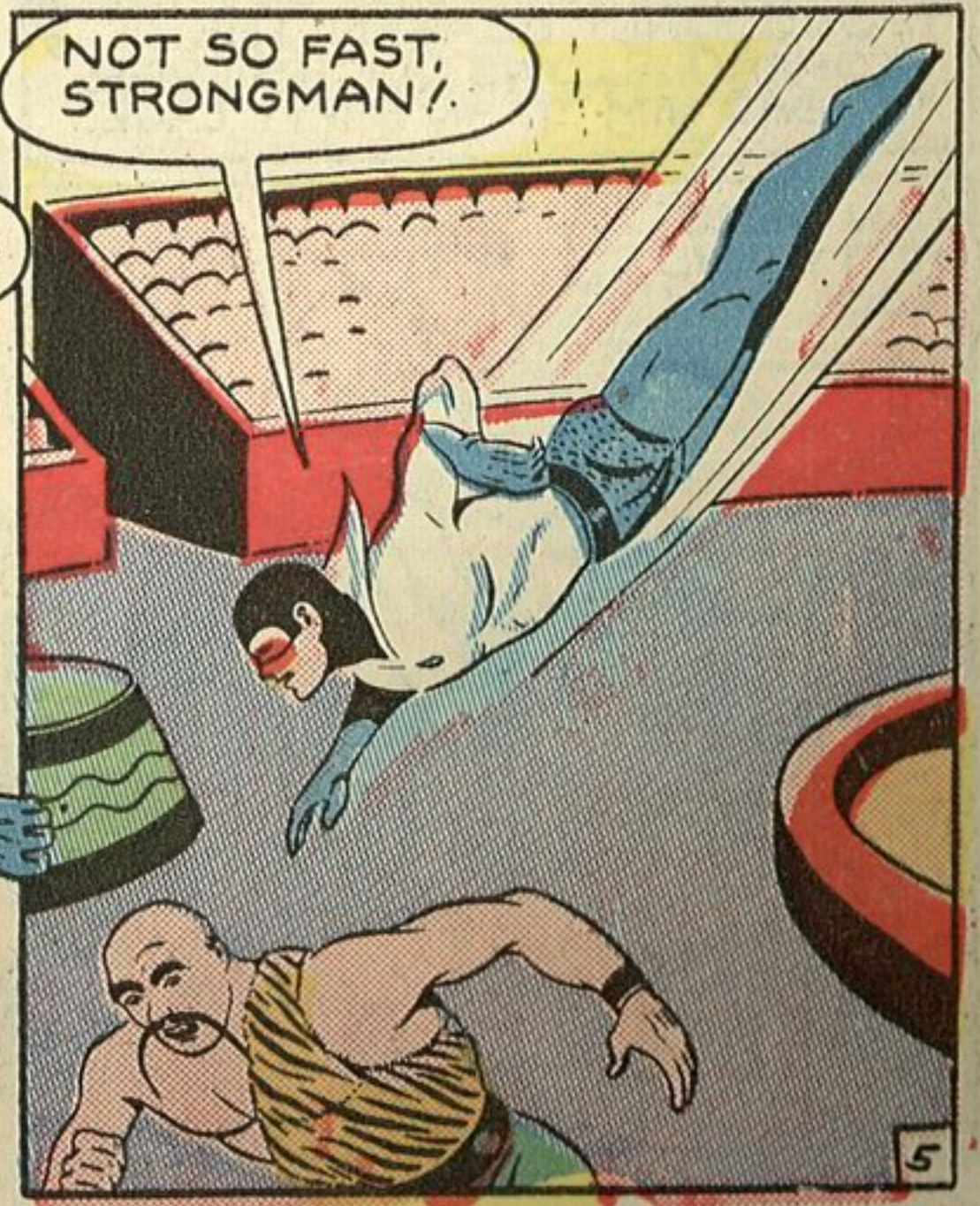


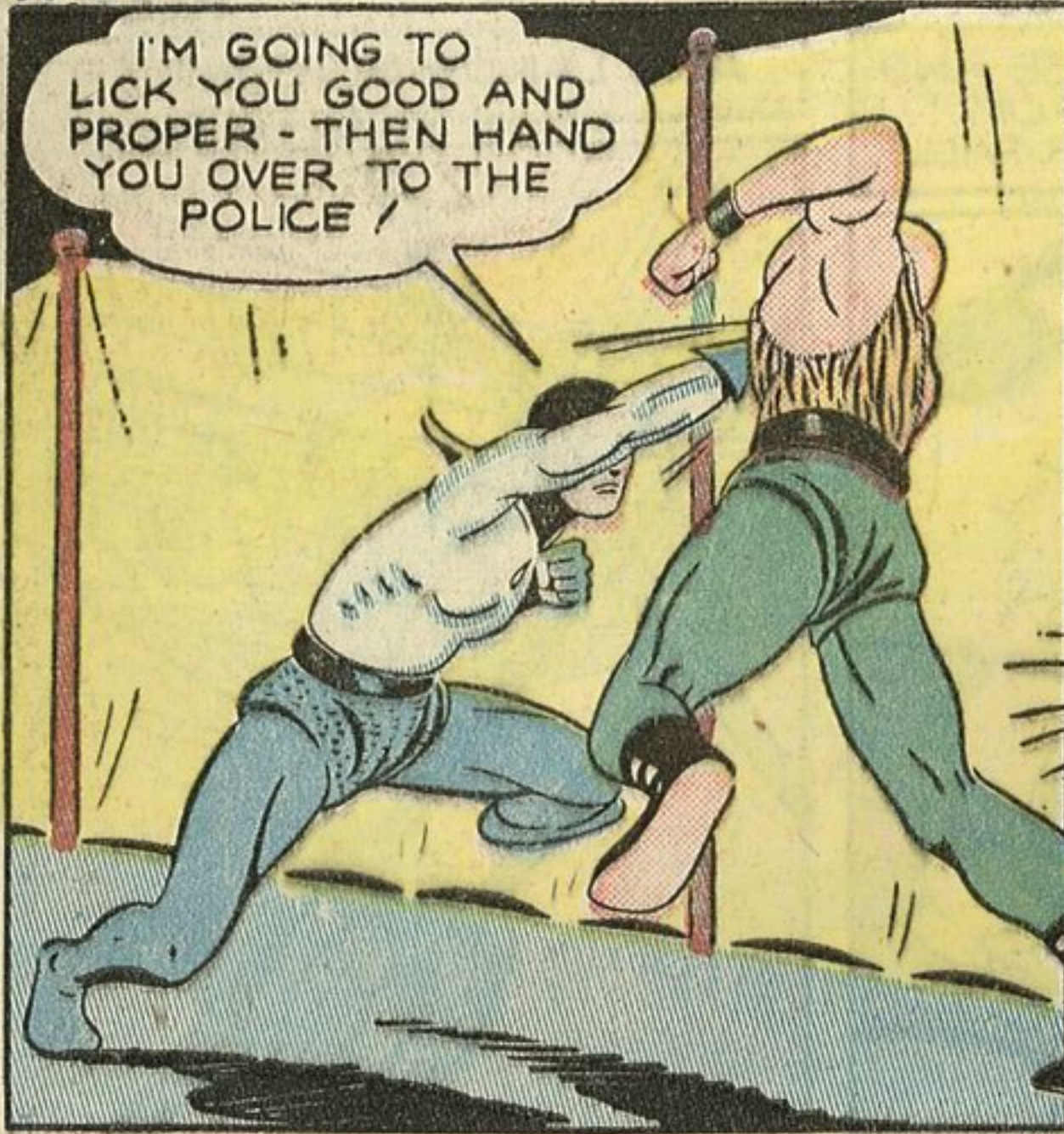
..AND NIMBLY CATCHES A
TRAPEZE BAR.

THERE GOES
SANDOR - GETTING
AWAY!



NOT SO FAST,
STRONGMAN!





SUDDENLY QUICKSILVER HEARS A VICIOUS GROWL BEHIND HIM-



AS THE LEOPARD AND QUICKSILVER FACE EACH OTHER, SANDOR DARTS FOR FREEDOM.



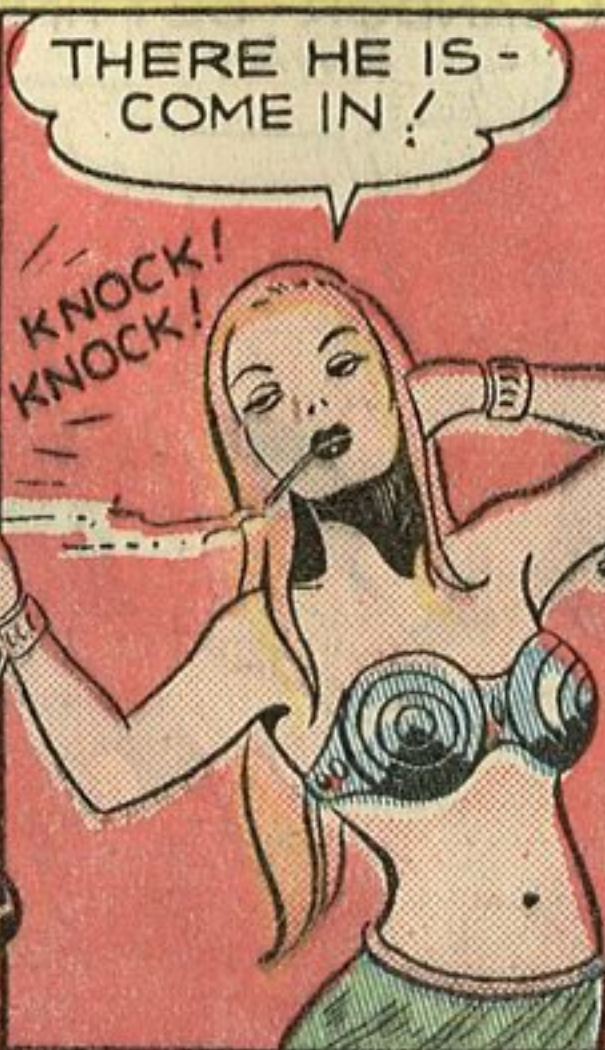
IN A FLASH QUICKSILVER DODGES THE BIG CAT'S CHARGE!



THOROUGHLY BEATEN, THE LEOPARD ALLOWS QUICKSILVER TO LEAD HIM TO AN EMPTY CAGE.



IN HER DRESSING ROOM, ZARNA AWAITS THE RETURN OF QUICKSILVER.





NO, NO! LISTEN TO ME!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO SQUEAL-
HEH! HEH! I LOVE YOU-
DON'T, DON'T-



BUT HER
PLEADING IS CUT
SHORT..AN AWFUL
SILENCE IS
PUNCTUATED BY A
HORRIBLE GASP!



I'VE KILLED HER!
I'VE KILLED HER!
MY BEAUTIFUL
ZARNA!

QUICKSILVER LEAPS TO
THE NEAREST TELEPHONE.

HELLO, CAPTAIN MURRAY?
COME DOWN TO THE CIRCUS
AND YOU'LL FIND THE
KILLER YOU'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR!

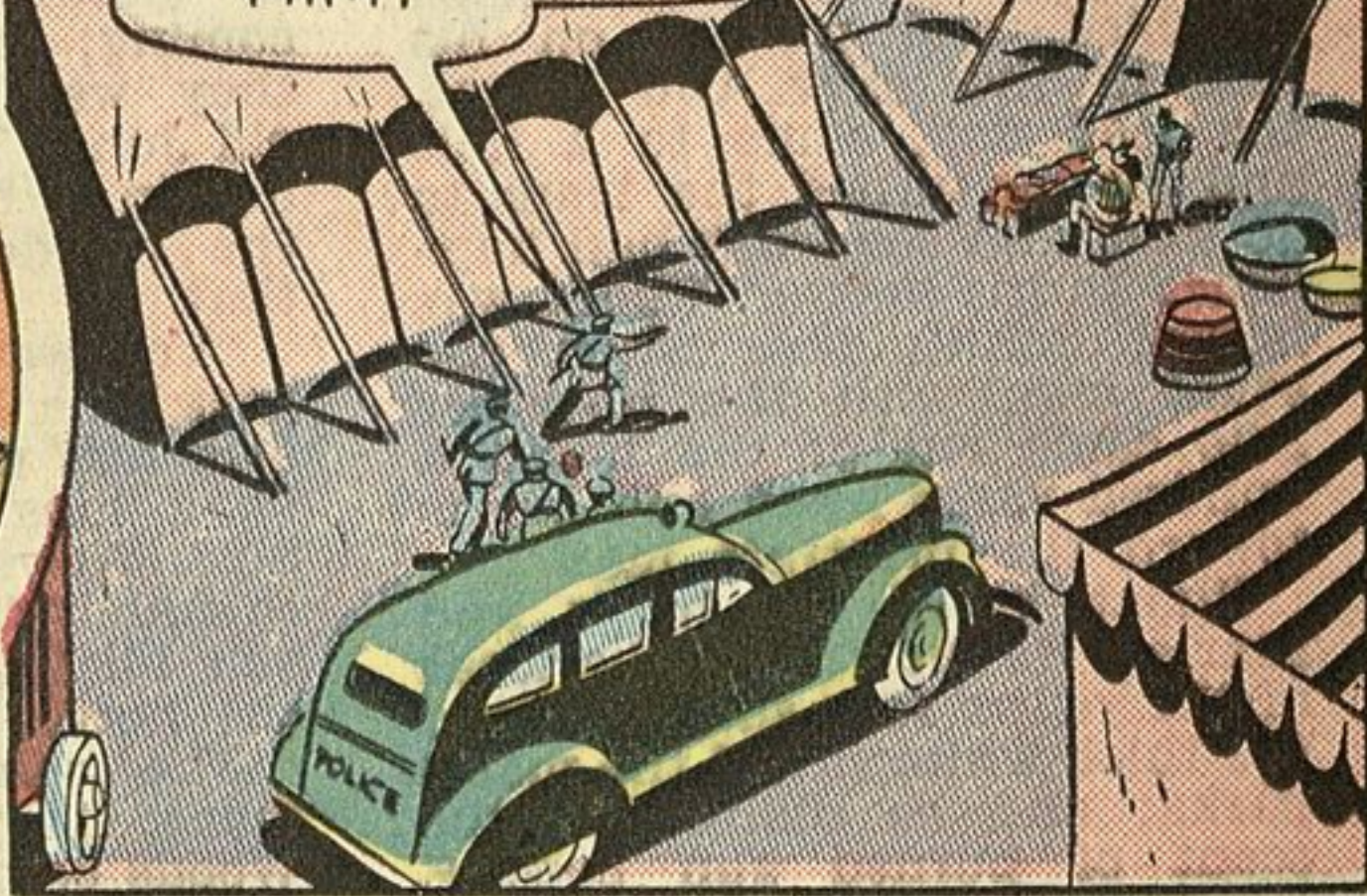


-AND NOW
YOU'D BETTER
TELL ME THE
WHOLE
STORY.



CHIEF OF POLICE MURRAY
ARRIVES WITH A SQUAD OF
MEN

THERE'S QUICKSILVER!
NAB THAT GUY WITH
HIM!



HERE SHE IS!
I KILLED HER-
I'LL CONFESS
EVERYTHING!

SO YOU'RE THE
KILLER! YOU'LL
GET THE CHAIR
FOR THIS!

WAIT,
CHIEF!

SHE IS THE REAL KILLER!
SHE WAS THE RINGMASTER-
SANDOR WAS SIMPLY
A PAWN. SHE WAS THE ROOT
OF EVIL IN SANDOR,
THE STRONGMAN!



THE PHANTOM

THE silence of the polar vastness was absolute, except for the hissing and crackling of the Aurora.

John Attuck, mail carrier for this remote region, spoke to his dogs in a gentle voice. The seven great Huskies, panting steam from slaving jaws, took up the long, hard trek again. In a moment the sledge was traveling over the hard snow at a fine clip. John Attuck sang a tribal song. John was happy. Uncle Sam was his friend, and John had served as mail carrier for sixteen years, with never a piece of mail lost or stolen.

But John was particularly cautious this trip; he had forty thousand dollars in gold aboard the sled—the payroll for the Great Aurora Mines at Nome.

John covered ten more miles, swinging along hanging to the gee pole, sometimes snatching a ride on the downgrades. Then suddenly he clutched his chest, stumbled, and pitched on his face in the snow. Old Umat, the lead dog, came to a halt and slowly turned the team to go back and see what had happened to his master. Umat was licking John's face when the squat man with the hi-power rifle came out of the brush a hundred yards away and strode toward the prostrate man.

Umat bared his fangs and snarled. He didn't like the looks of the yellow face showing amid the thick white fur of the man's parka; and he didn't like the scent of burned gun powder. Umat knew that smell always presaged death. He howled.

The man spoke sharply in Japanese. Umat growled. The man pointed his rifle and fired. Umat reared up on his hind legs and dropped over dead. Quickly the Jap rifled the sled, took the bags of gold and hurried away across the snow. The other dogs milled around, got tangled in their harness, and lay down to await developments.

It was this sight that caught the gaze of the two flyers two hours later.

"What's that down there?" asked Bill Woods, the famous detective from the States. He pointed below.

Jim Sellers, young Alaskan Airways flyer and guide on this trip, said, "Sled dogs. Wonder what they are stopped there for? Don't see anybody around."

They came down and landed gently on long skis. The sled dogs put up a terrific howling, getting more tangled in their traces. Bill spotted the body of old John Attuck, now half covered in thick frost.

"Good grief!" exclaimed Sellers. "It's John Attuck, the mail carrier! He's been shot."

A careful examination of the sled showed what had happened.

"Somebody made off with the Aurora payroll," Sellers stated. "And not a track to be seen now."

"We'd better get on to Nome, Jim," Bill said. "I'm going to take this case and run that devil down if it's the last thing I ever do. Let's go!"

The officials of the mine were horrified to learn of John's death. As for the gold, that was a trifling matter; it was insured. The men were put out, of course, to discover they had no pay coming; but more than that they were heart broken about old John. They were for setting out in a body on a search for the murderer. But Bill vetoed that.

"You wouldn't have a chance, boys," he told them. "This guy evidently used a plane, and he'd be a long ways from here by now. We've got to use strategy to nab this rat. And I promise you I'll find him before I leave the north."

The men cheered Bill's statement; they had heard of Bill Woods before: one of the greatest detectives of the age, for all his youth.

Alaska is dotted with mines of various descriptions, and many such Eskimo mail carriers perform their duties throughout the year. In a few instances planes carry the payrolls, where landing facilities warrant. Mostly dog sleds are the mode of travel.

In one month, seven mail carriers were shot and large payrolls stolen. There had been no witnesses to any of the murders. Who was committing these robberies?

In the capital city of Juneau the authorities were baffled. They could think of no one who might be the perpetrator of the crimes.

"Juneau Jake" Bales, a noted rascal who had served several years in prison for robbery, was mentioned.

"Naw," said police Captain Rafferty. "Jake's too yellow. This guy is a newcomer. He always picks a time when there's sure to be a thick frost, to cover his tracks."

"Yeah," another interposed, "but how does he pick the right day and the right mail carrier at the same time?"

"Easy," replied Rafferty. "He knows all the routes; and there's enough of 'em so's he has no trouble pickin' the right time. Didn't he kill old Malla up on the Slave last Thursday, then knock off Peter Big Ear two days later four hundred miles from there?"

That night a small, fast pursuit plane swept out over the Pacific on a flight of investigation. At the controls was the daring Bill Woods. There was a grim set to his mouth and his gray eyes bored through the night. He carried a secret army chart showing the locations of all Jap settlements on the Aleutians, especially fields where Jap planes were lined up.

Near midnight, flying at fifteen thousand feet, Bill dropped a half dozen flares, then slowly banked and circled the small island his instruments told him was directly below. The flares were set to light at two thousand feet from the ground. In a moment they burst into a brilliant glow. Almost at the same time a dozen antiaircraft guns began spewing shellfire at the skies. But Bill had seen what he wanted, and now he was racing eastward, while the Japs wasted their ack-ack ammunition.

The next thing Bill did was to get in touch, by short-wave radio, with the weather bureau at Sitka. In a few terse words the operator gave him the frost warnings for the next three nights.

"Just how accurate are these prognostications?" Bill asked the operator.

"Accurate within an hour or two mostly," answered the operator at Sitka. "These are official, you know."

Bill thanked the youth at the other end and cut off his set. He didn't want a prowling Jap zero to locate him and start shooting. Not that he wouldn't relish a crack at the slant-eyed rascals, but he had other work

to do first. And, as he saw it right then, it was work such as he loved: trapping a murderer! This time a phantom murderer!

Six hours later, Bill was closeted with the local blacksmith of Juneau. He stood by helping whenever he could. When the thing was complete, Bill paid his man and left.

"Now for the big moment!" he said to himself as he headed for his plane on the outskirts of town. He had checked the frost warnings, carefully checked the next gold shipment to northern mines, and he knew exactly where he was going. He might have made a mistake, but it was worth trying. Those Japs weren't exactly crazy!

For two days the dog sled wound rapidly over the solidly frozen snow. Now it came up over a ridge and slowed down. The driver panted; he was rather unaccustomed to such hard going. Suddenly a shot echoed from a clump of bushes on his right. The driver, clutched his chest and fell forward. The dogs milled. And from the bushes came a squat figure in white fur parka. He had just begun rifling the sled when the driver leaped up with a drawn automatic.

"All right, Nippy, raise 'em!" barked Bill Woods.

The Jap lifted his hands, cursing in Nipponese. From the high-piled heap of furs on the sled emerged the obese figure of Police Captain Rafferty.

"Good work, Bill!" exclaimed the captain. "I never thought you'd hit on the right idea. But by cracky, you have! But how in heck did he get here? Ain't no sign of dogs."

"By plane, Cap," Bill told him. "Like I said. Remember, I didn't

say what kind of plane. But if you'll walk back a few hundred yards from here you'll see it."

Making the Jap precede them, they walked two hundred yards to a ravine. There stood a new autogiro plane!

"You see, Cap," said Bill, "he used the only type of plane that could land in this terrain. I saw it back on Fish Island when I flew over the Aleutians."

"Yeah, but how the dickens did you happen to pick this route, and how did you keep from gettin' killed when that

lug shot you? They's a hole in your coat just over your heart."

"I got the frost warnings for each locality," Bill explained. "The one for here fell on the day when Hazen was to have brought his mail sled north. Oh, about why I didn't get bumped off—" Bill opened his parka. He tapped a finger on solid steel. "Your blacksmith made me a nice suit of armor, Captain—bullet-proof. That's all there is to it."

Captain Rafferty sighed. Youth was funny!

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF NATIONAL COMICS, published monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1942.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the NATIONAL COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Favorites, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Editor, Gilbert Fox, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Favorites, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Frank J. Markey, 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Henry P. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa; Frank J. Murphy, 27 Willow Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1942.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)

KID PATROL

FOR VICTORY



BUY

UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS

BOY, I WISH I HAD THE STRENGTH OF **UNCLE SAM!** THEN I COULD HELP WIN THIS WAR!

YEAH, AND IF I WAS THE **BLACKHAWK**, I'D TAKE ALL THOSE NAZIS IN MY BARE HANDS AND---

HEY.. **KID PATROL**, YOU CAN DO SOMETHING!!

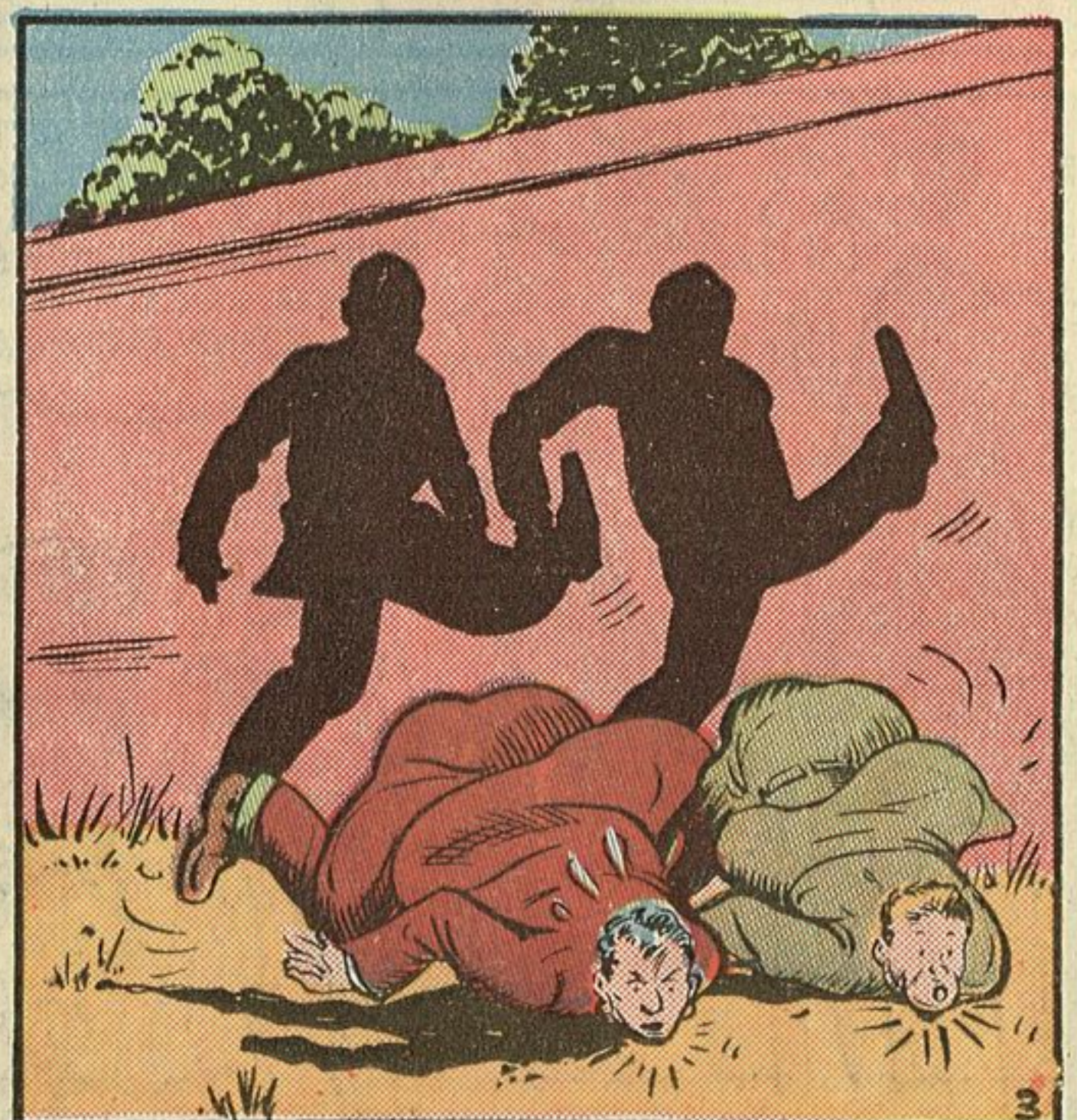
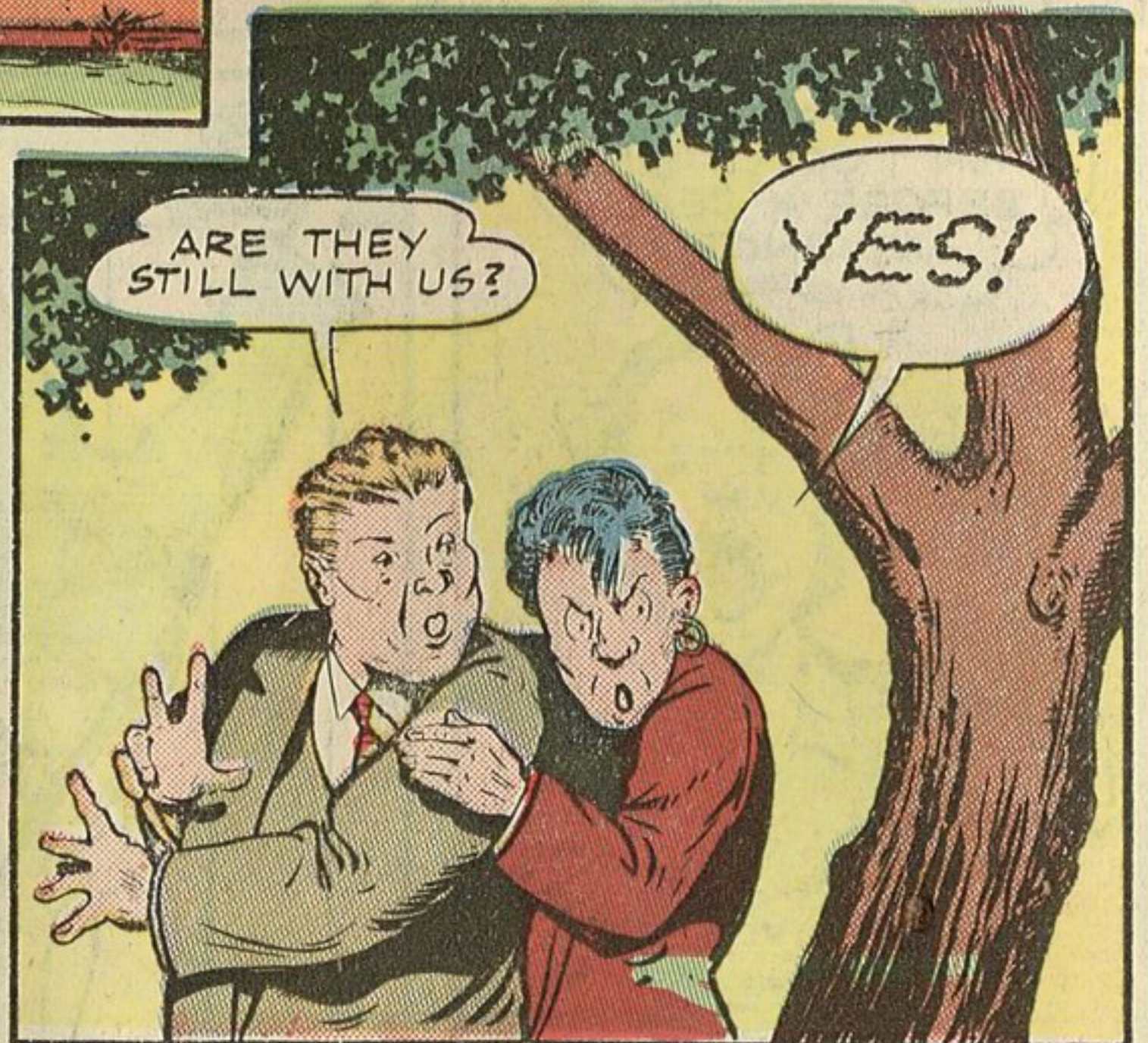
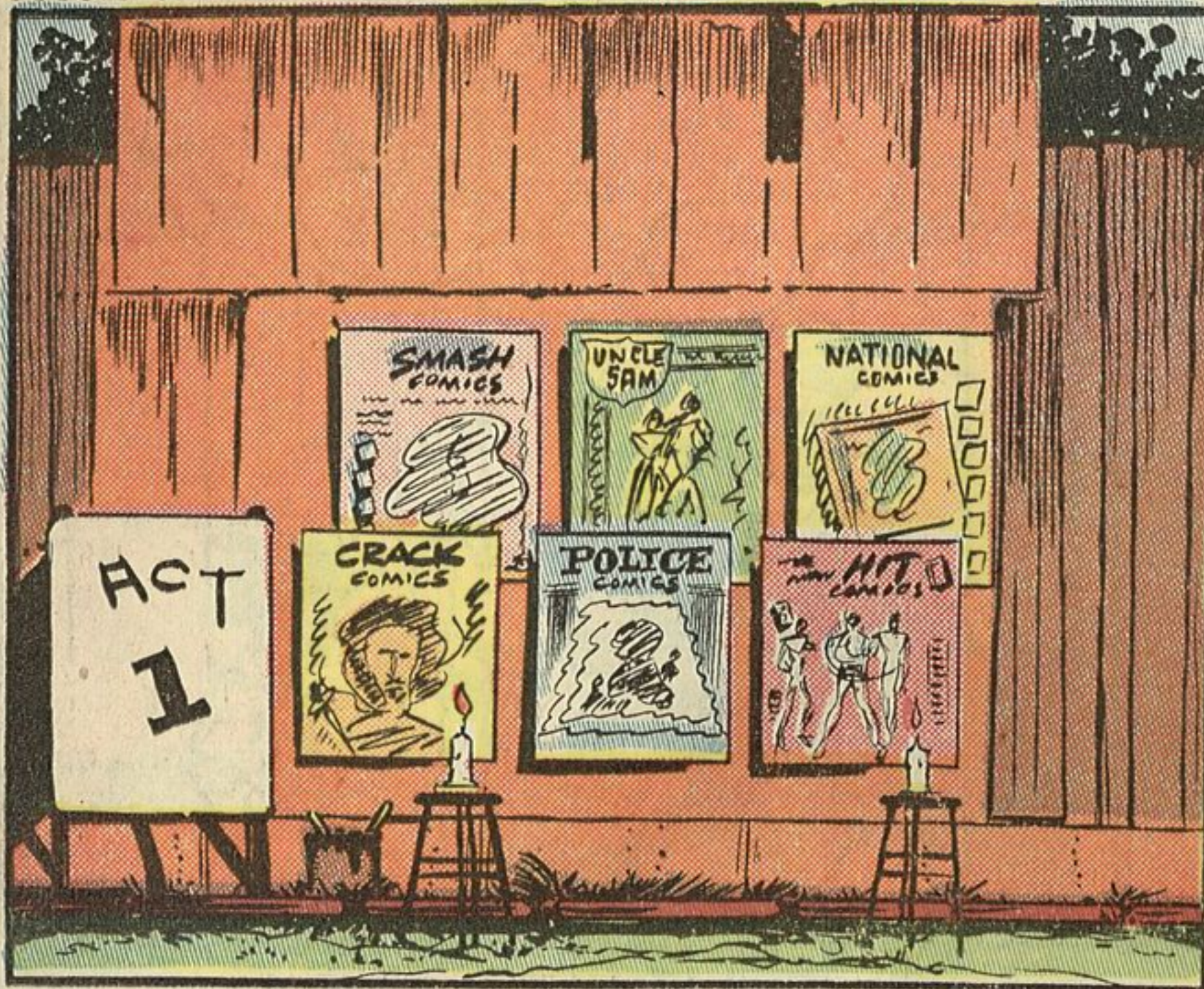
IS MAH EYES DECEIVING ME?

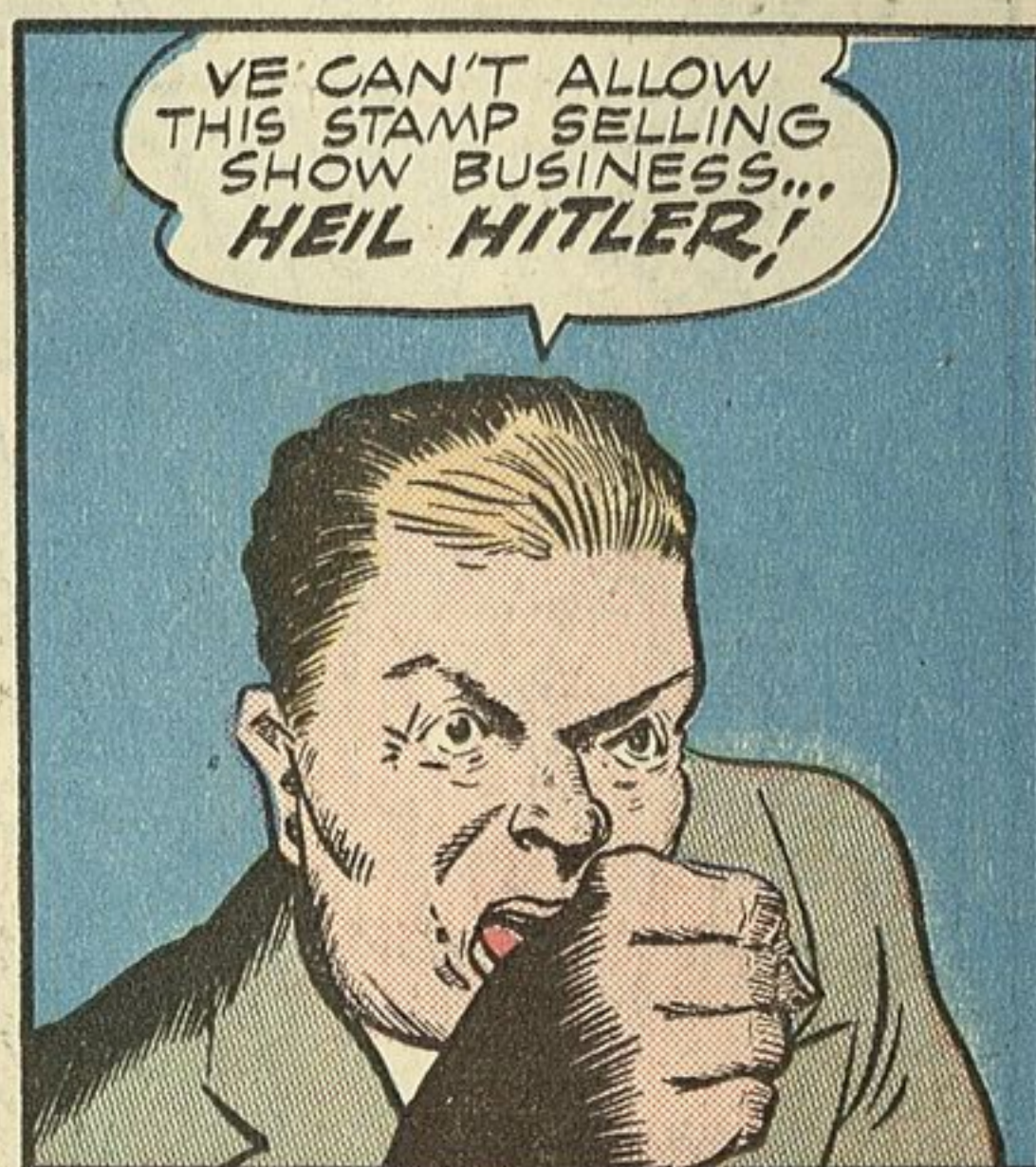
GEEEE! **UNCLE SAM!**

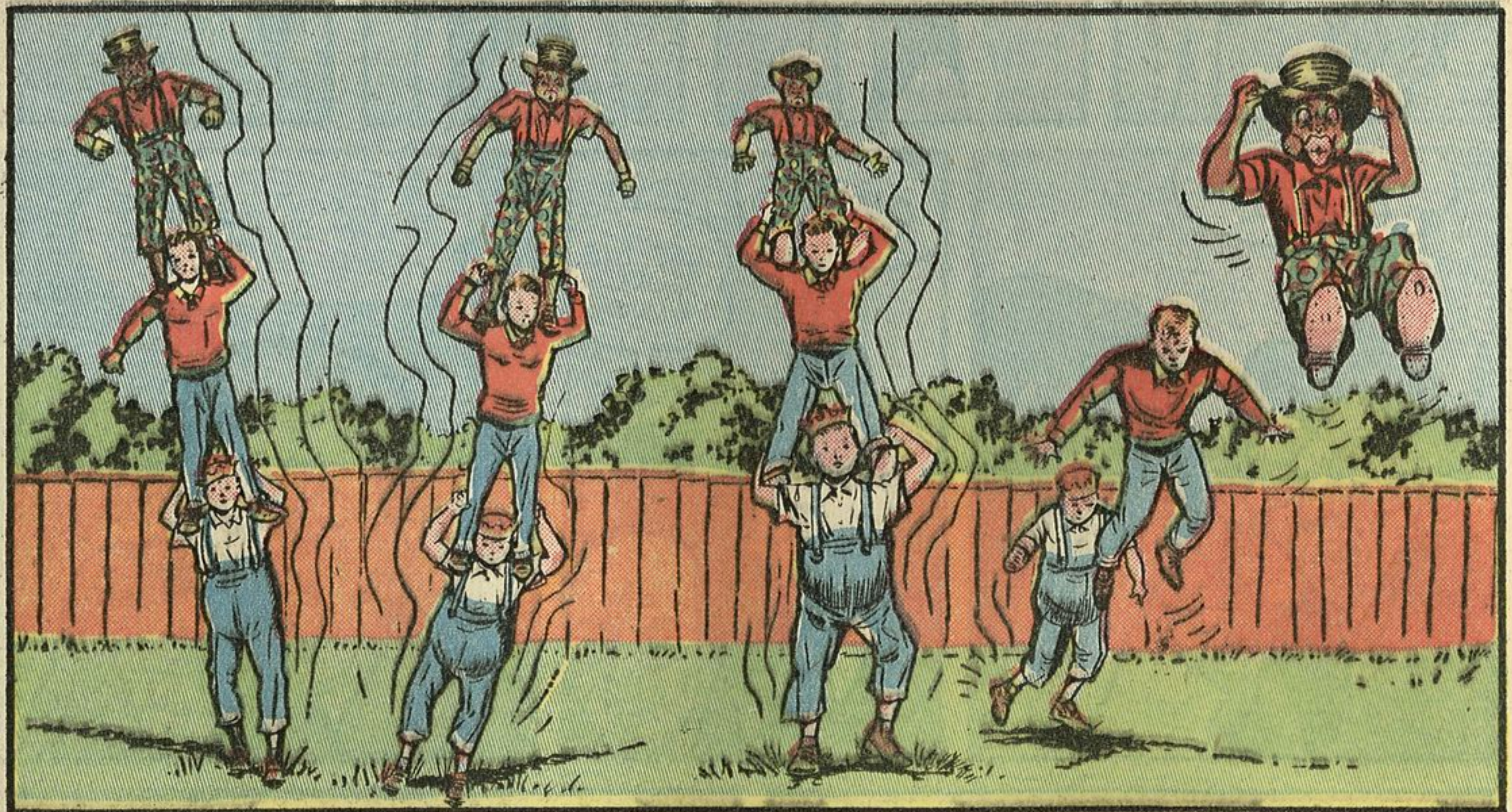
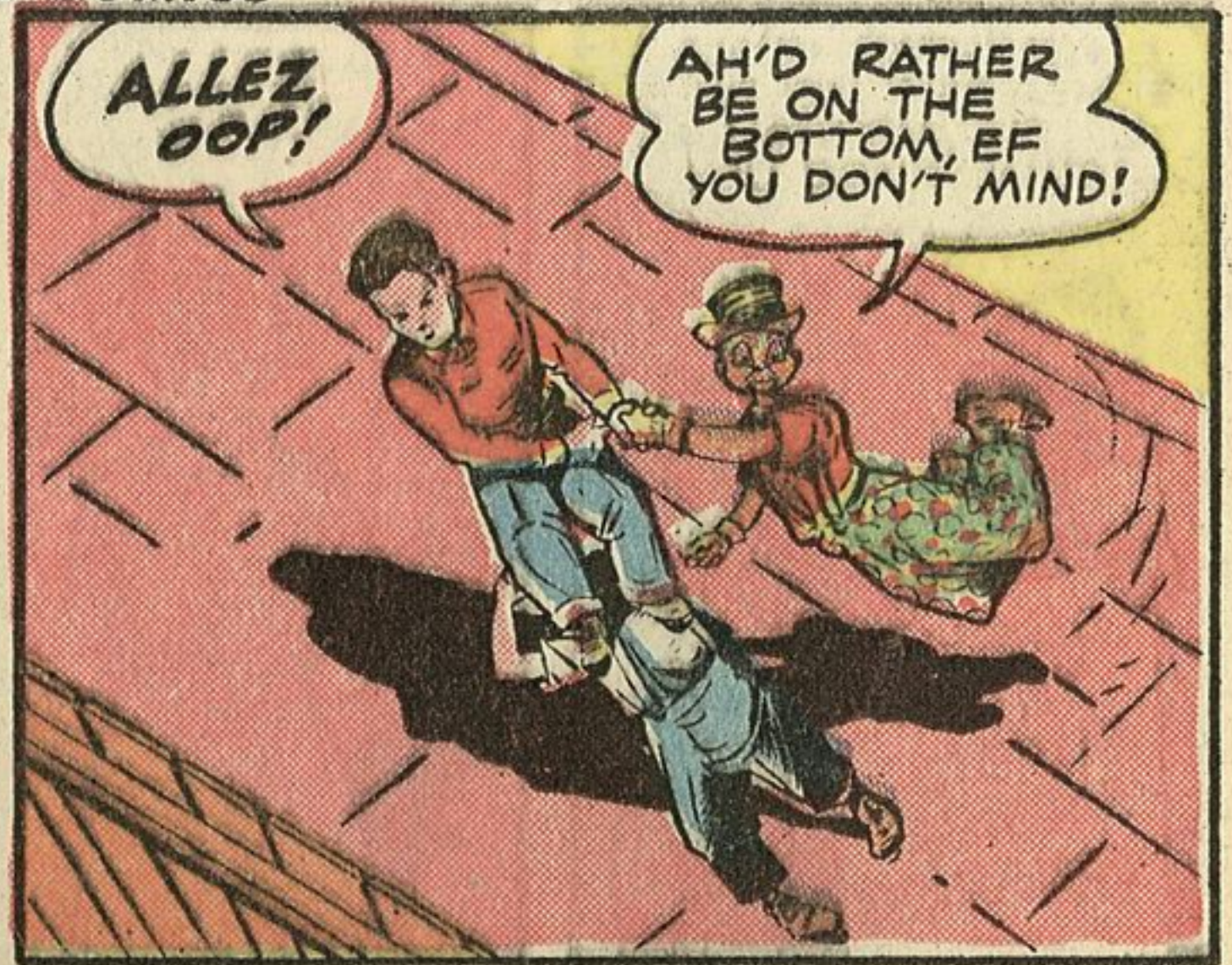
WHAT CAN WE DO, **UNCLE SAM?**

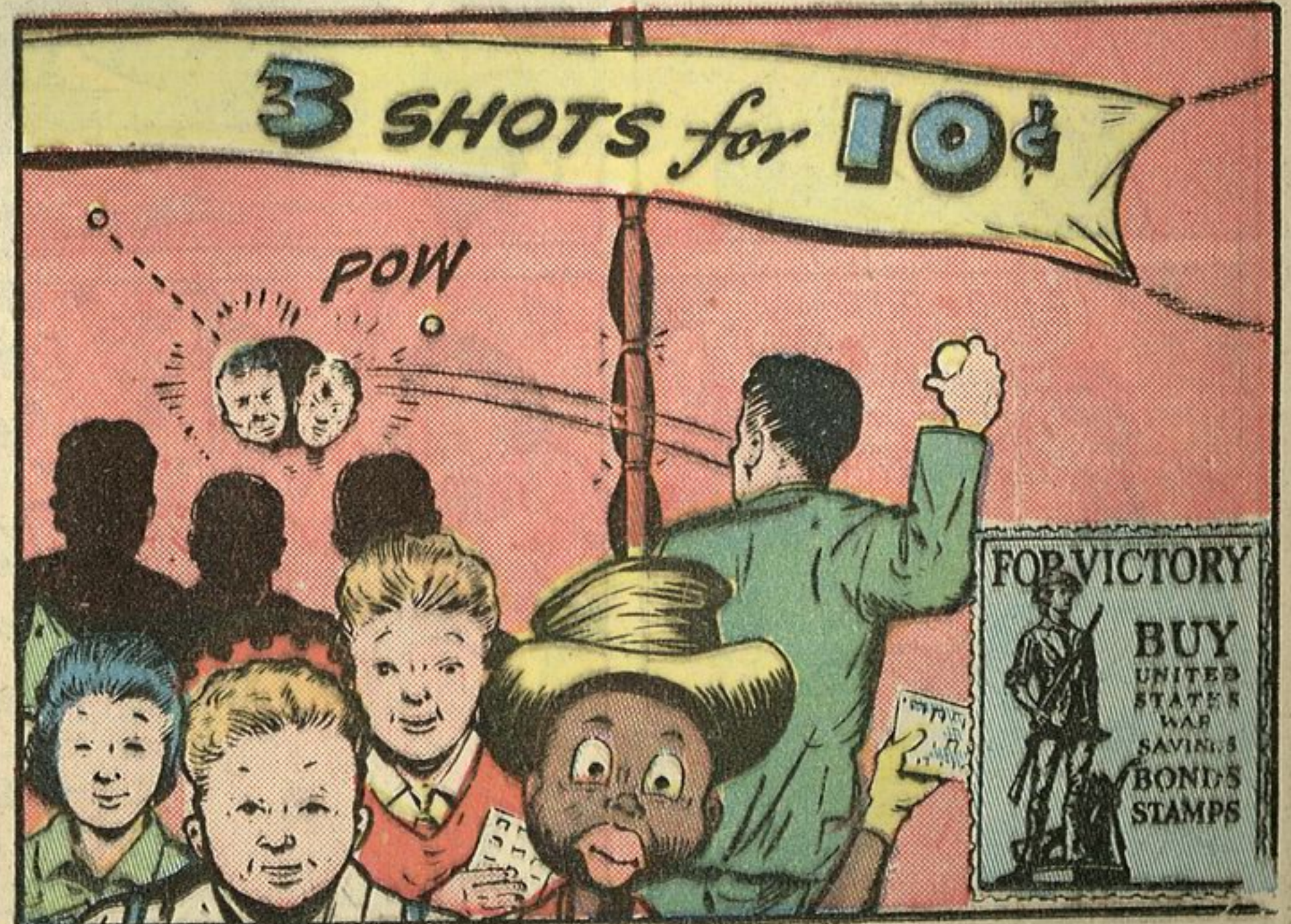
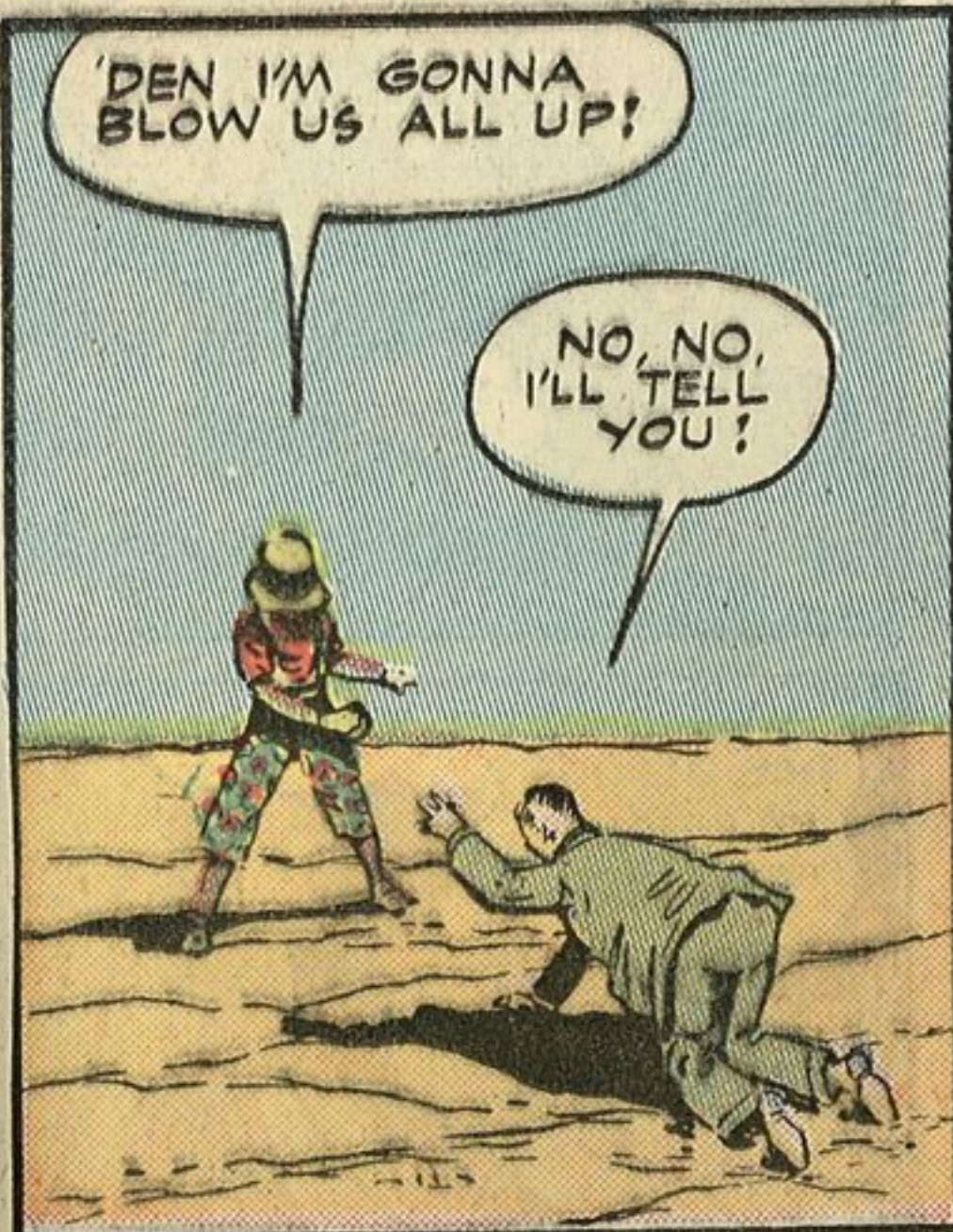












Miss Winky

The All-American Girl

By ARTHUR SEEMAN

I'D SURE LIKE TO GO OUT SHOPPING TODAY -- BUT THE YARD IS A DISGRACE!



WITH DOZENS OF LEAVES DROPPING EVERY HOUR, A COUPLE OF TREES CAN CERTAINLY LITTER UP A PLACE



ALTHO' THE SHADE THEY GAVE DURING THE SUMMER IS WORTH ANY WORK THEY MIGHT CAUSE



GEE WHIZ!! LOOK AT THOSE LEAVES SCATTER IN THE WIND!



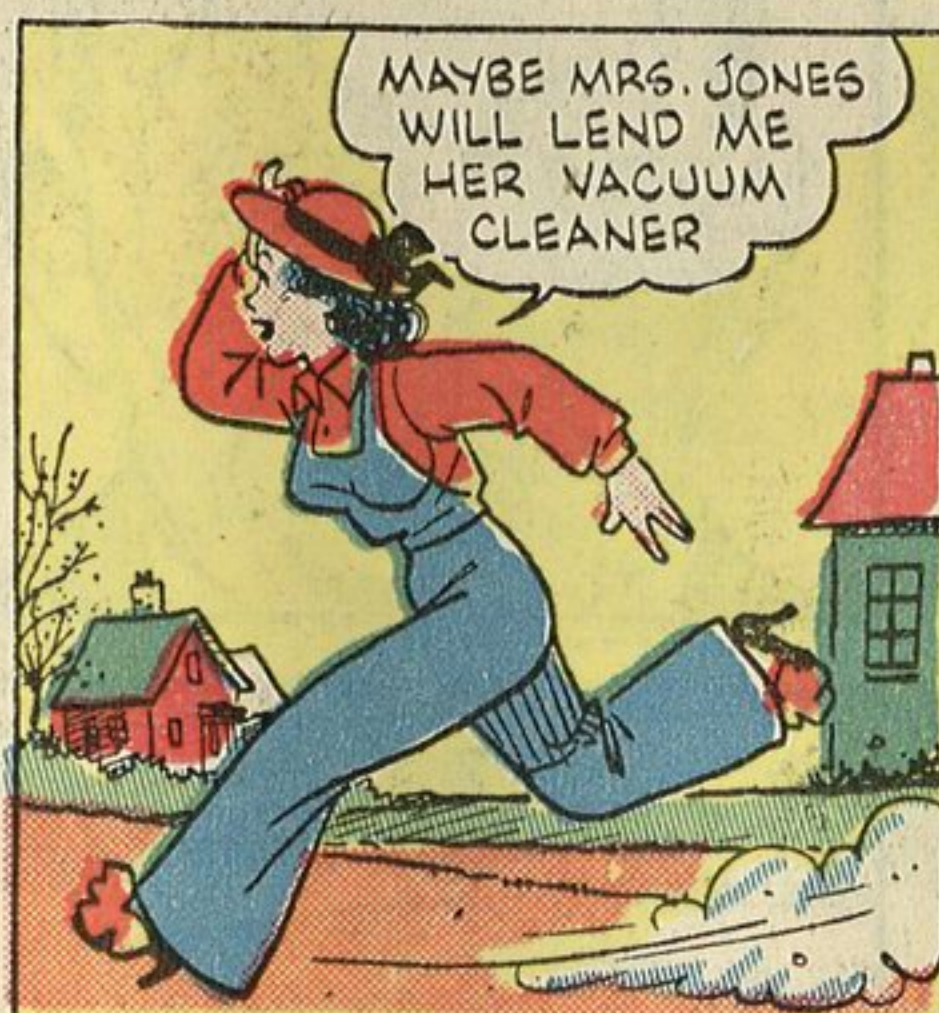
DOGGONIT -- NOW I HAVE TO RAKE 'EM ALL UP AGAIN!



THERE MUST BE SOME SCIENTIFIC WAY TO TACKLE THIS PROBLEM -- SAY -- I WONDER?



MAYBE MRS. JONES WILL LEND ME HER VACUUM CLEANER



WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? IT WORKS SWELL!!



I SHOULD BE ALL FINISHED IN ABOUT 10 MINUTES AND THEN--



BAM!



SHUCKS! NOT ONLY DO I HAVE NO SHOPPING BUT I HAVE MORE TO EARN TO PAY FOR THAT OL' CLEANER



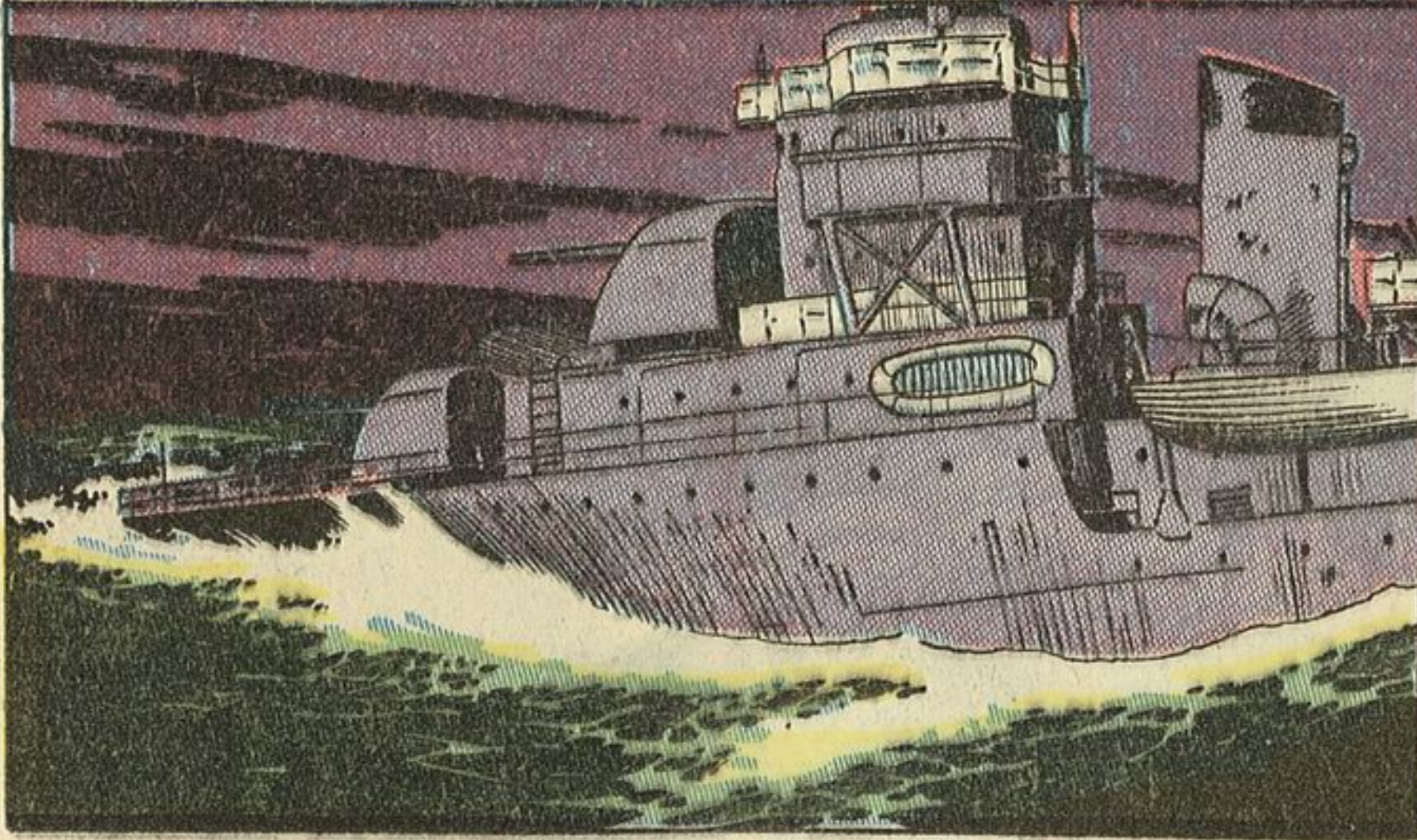
A ROARING SALVO OF 8 INCH
SHELLS HITS THE PLUNGING,
REELING AMERICAN DESTROYER!!



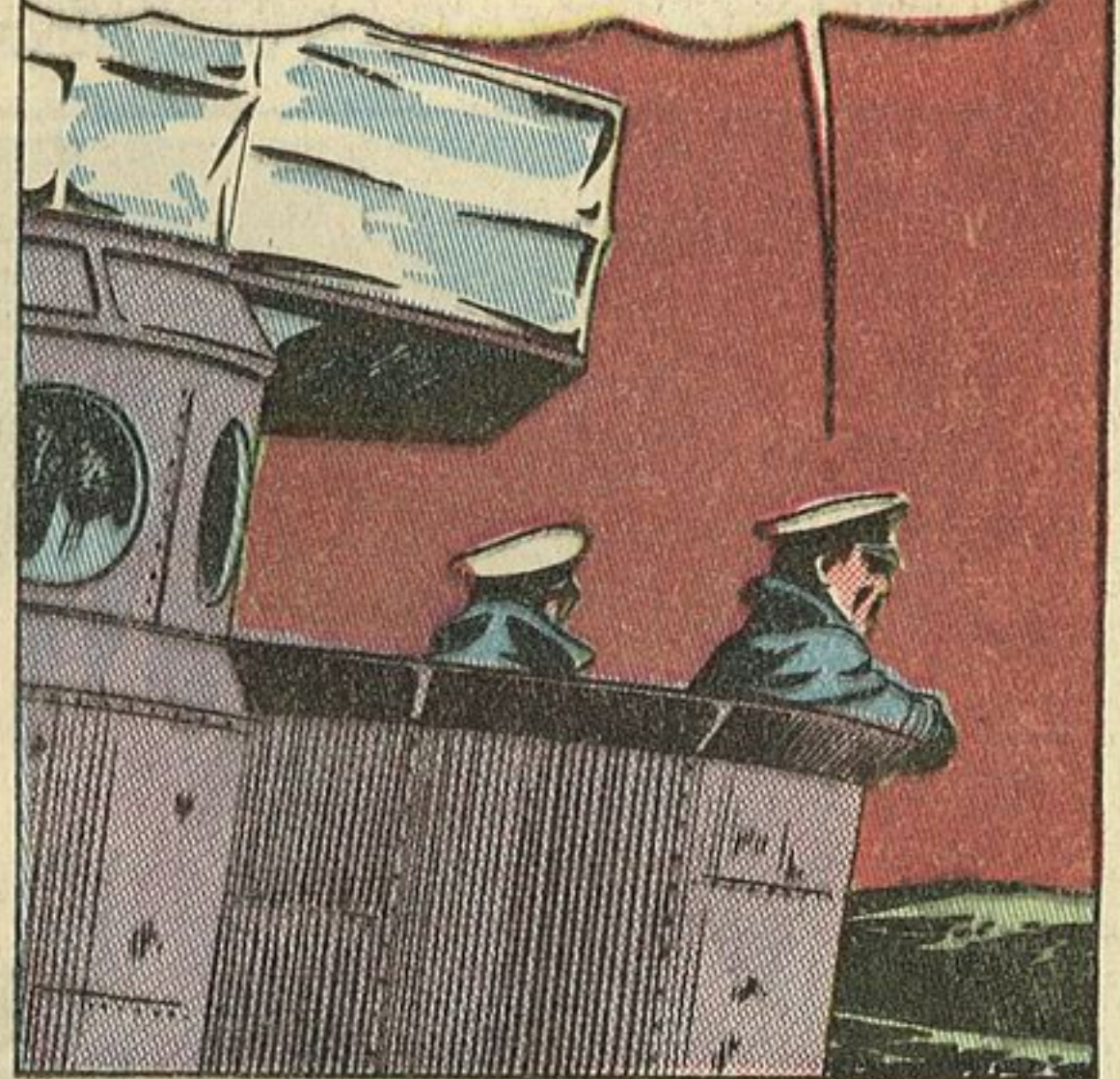
Destroyer 171

A. M. Williams

WHILE HELPING TO CONVOY MORE THAN TWO SHIPS TO AUSTRALIA, THE U.S. DESTROYER, PAWNEE, POUNDS THROUGH STORMY SEAS AT HER POSITION ON THE RIGHT REAR SECTION OF THE CONVOY--



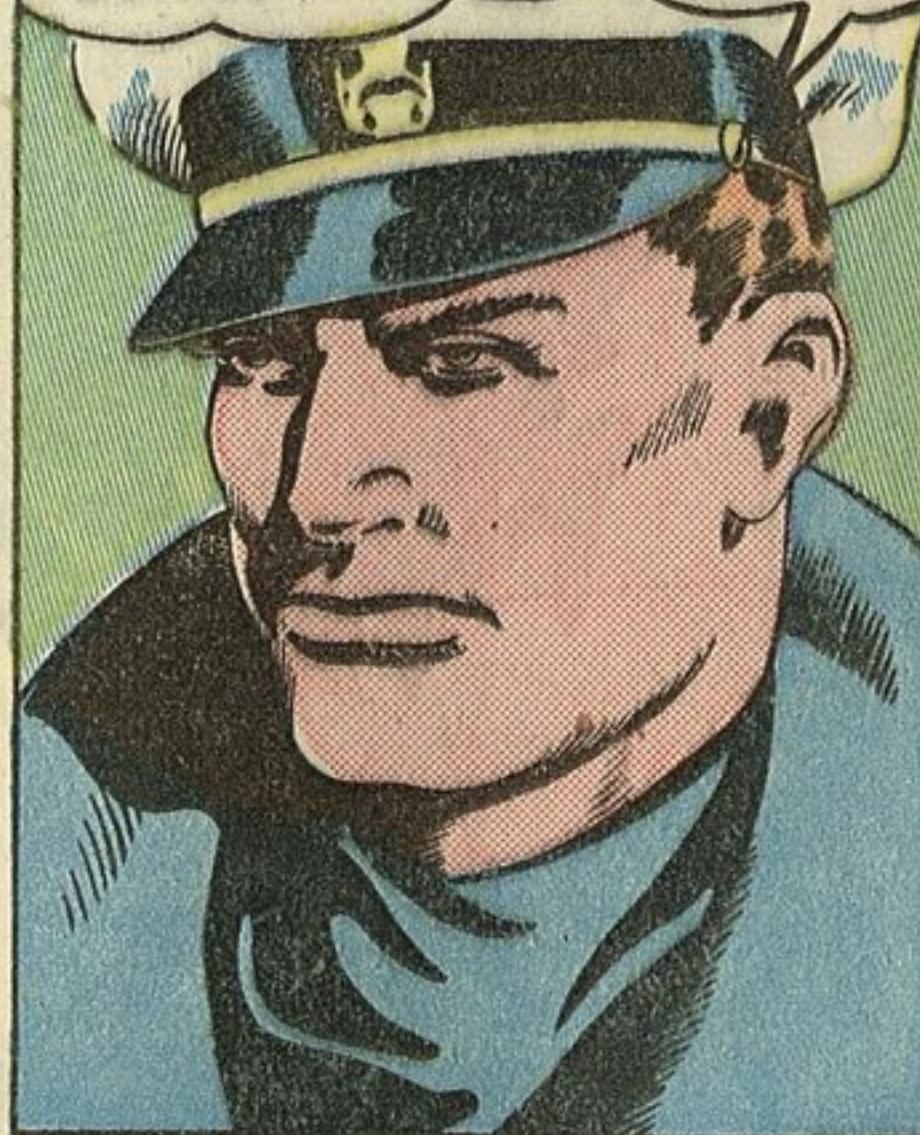
WE'RE PATROLLING COMPLETELY OUT OF SIGHT OF THE CONVOY-- GUESS WE WERE ORDERED TO FAN OUT BECAUSE OF THE STORM.



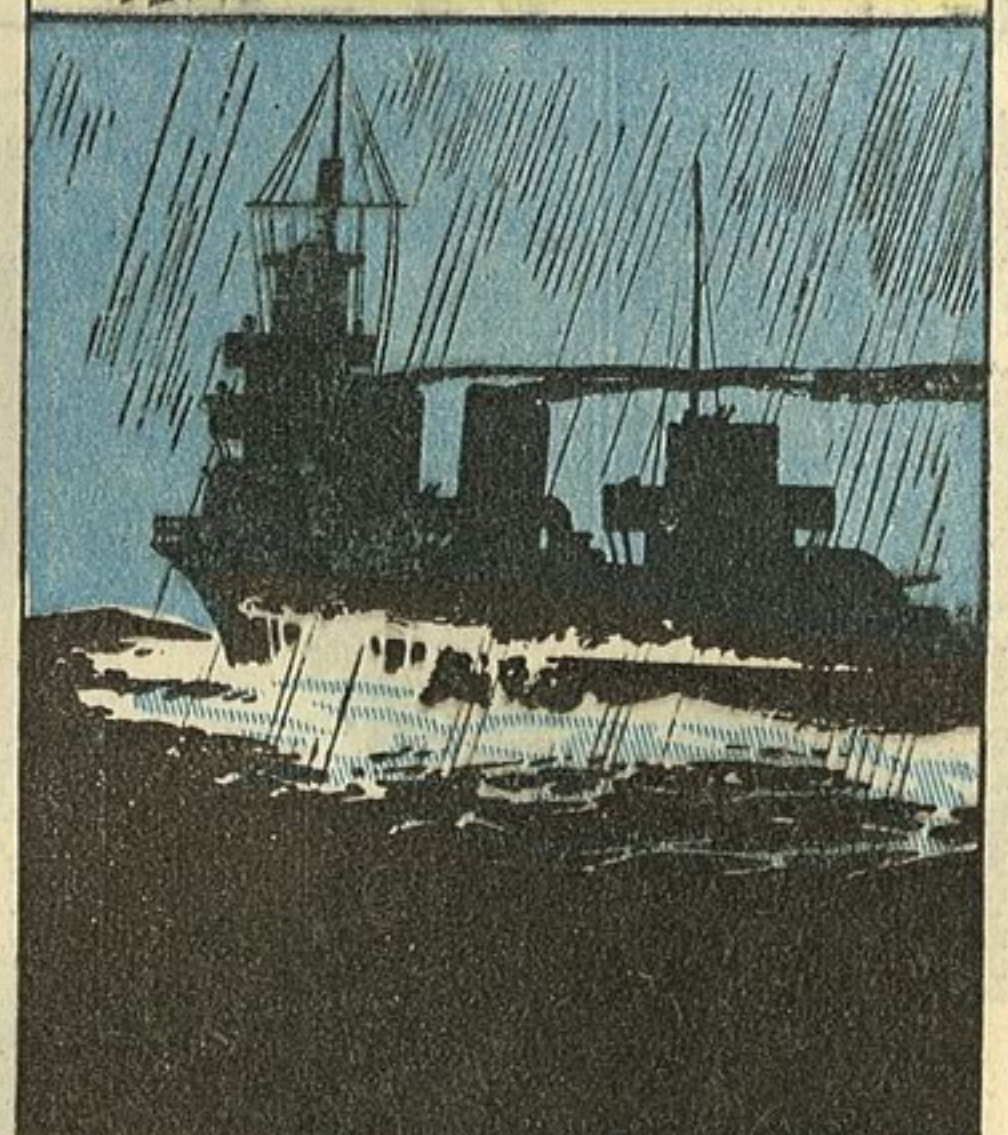
IF WE HAD A CARRIER IN THE CONVOY, SKIPPER, WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO PATROL THIS FAR OUT FROM THE CONVOY-- THE PLANES COULD DO IT!



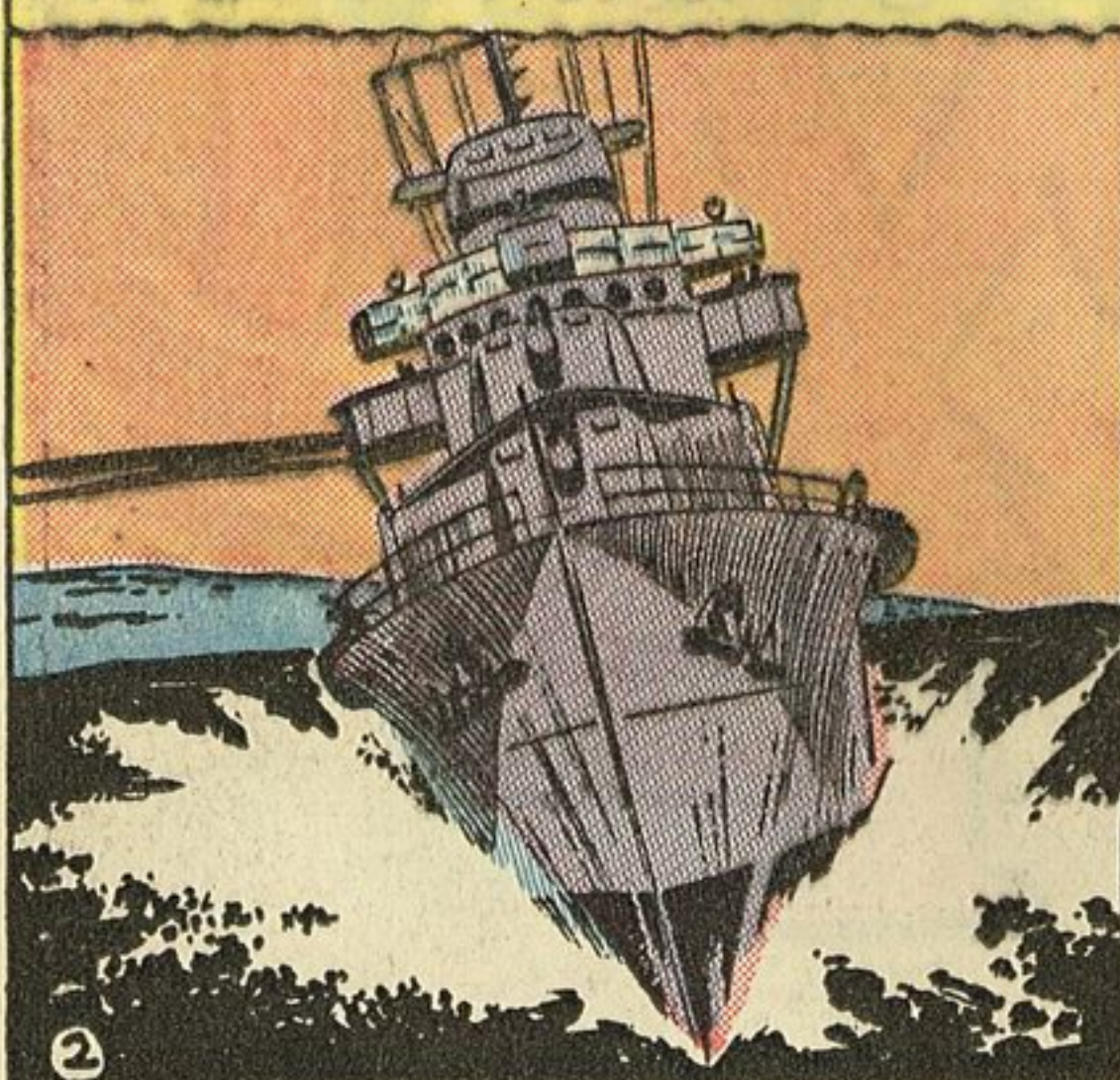
EVEN PLANES COULDN'T PATROL IN THIS SOUP --- CONVOY--



THE PAWNEE DRIVES ON THROUGH THE RAIN SWEEP SEAS.



A COLD, GRAY, DAWN FINDS THE SHIP STILL SLOGGING ALONG UNDER LEADEN SKIES, BUT THE RAIN HAS CEASED.



ALONE ON THE BRIDGE, THE SKIPPER, LIEUT. COMMANDER BLAKE, SUDDENLY HEARS SOMETHING.

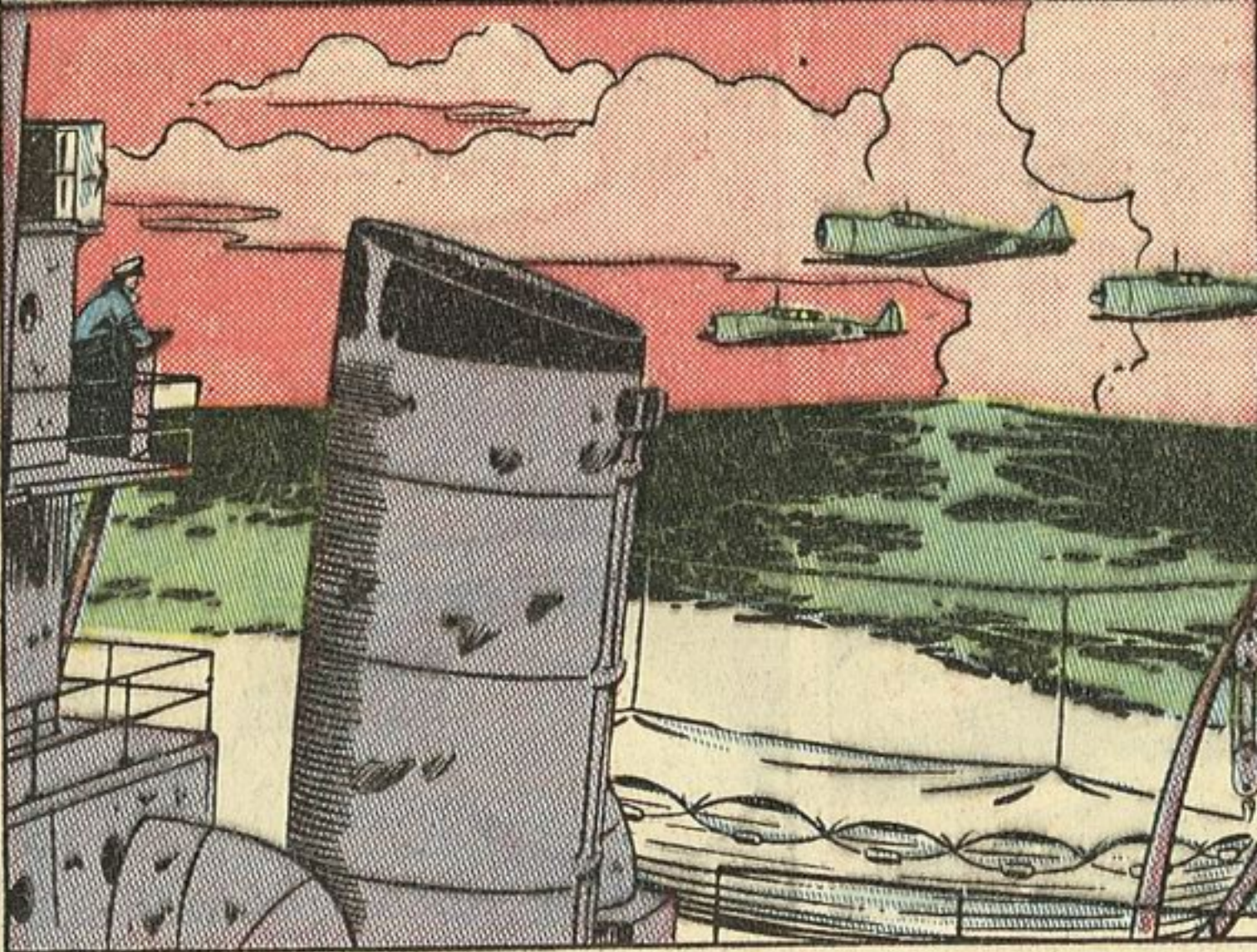


PLANE MOTORS --- COMING DOWN FROM THE NORTH!!

BUT THEY CAN'T BE OURS! WE'RE TOO FAR OUT AT SEA FOR OUR SHORE-BASED PLANES --- OR FOR ANY SHORE-BASED JAP PLANES EITHER!



SUDDENLY, A FLIGHT OF PLANES ROAR OUT OF THE MURK ON THE STARBOARD SIDE... FLYING LOW AND FAST---



...AND VANISH AGAIN IN THE MIST JUST AS QUICKLY.



JAPS-JAP PLANES!

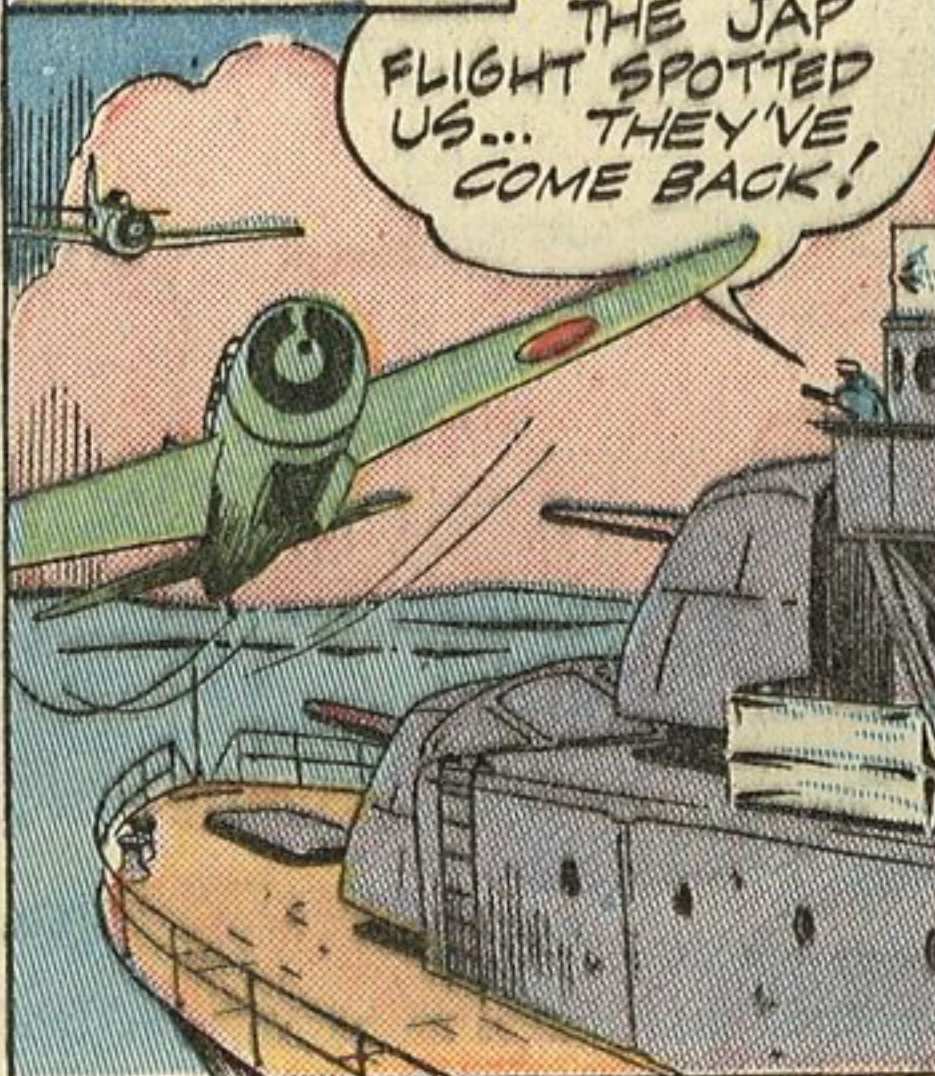
THEY WERE CARRIER PLANES-- THERE MUST BE A JAP FORCE TO THE NORTH-- ALL HANDS TO GENERAL STATIONS!



BREAK RADIO SILENCE, CONVOY-- INFORM THE CONVOY I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THERE ARE JAP SHIPS COMING IN BEHIND-- WHAT TH--



THE SUDDEN HOWL OF AIR-PLANE ENGINES IN A POWER DIVE DROWNS OUT ALL OTHER SOUND.



THE JAP FLIGHT SPOTTED US... THEY'VE COME BACK!

THAT STOP 'MERICAN DESTROYER FROM WARNING CONVOY---

WE FINISH IT LATER, EH, TOGO?



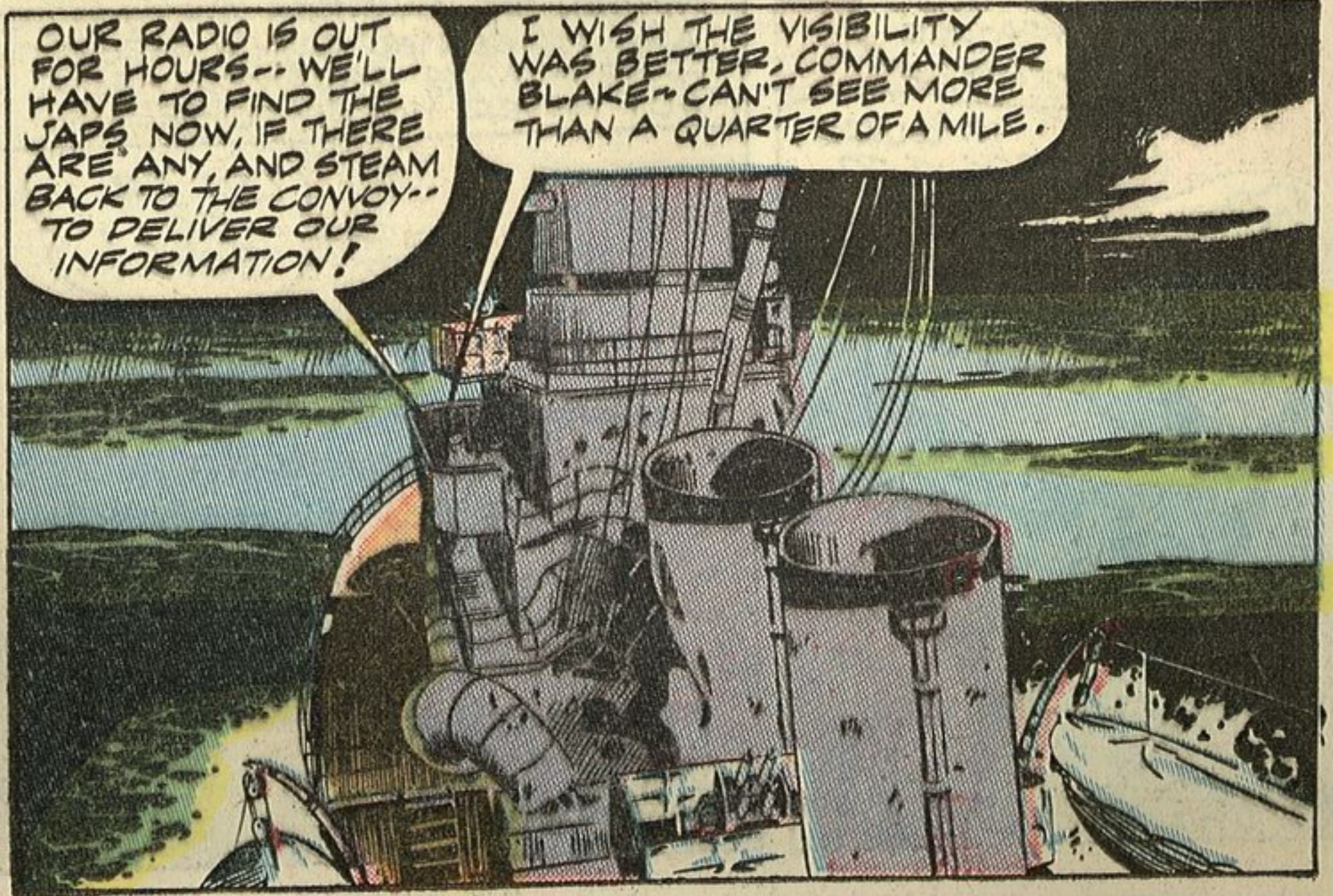
WOW! THAT WAS SUDDEN!

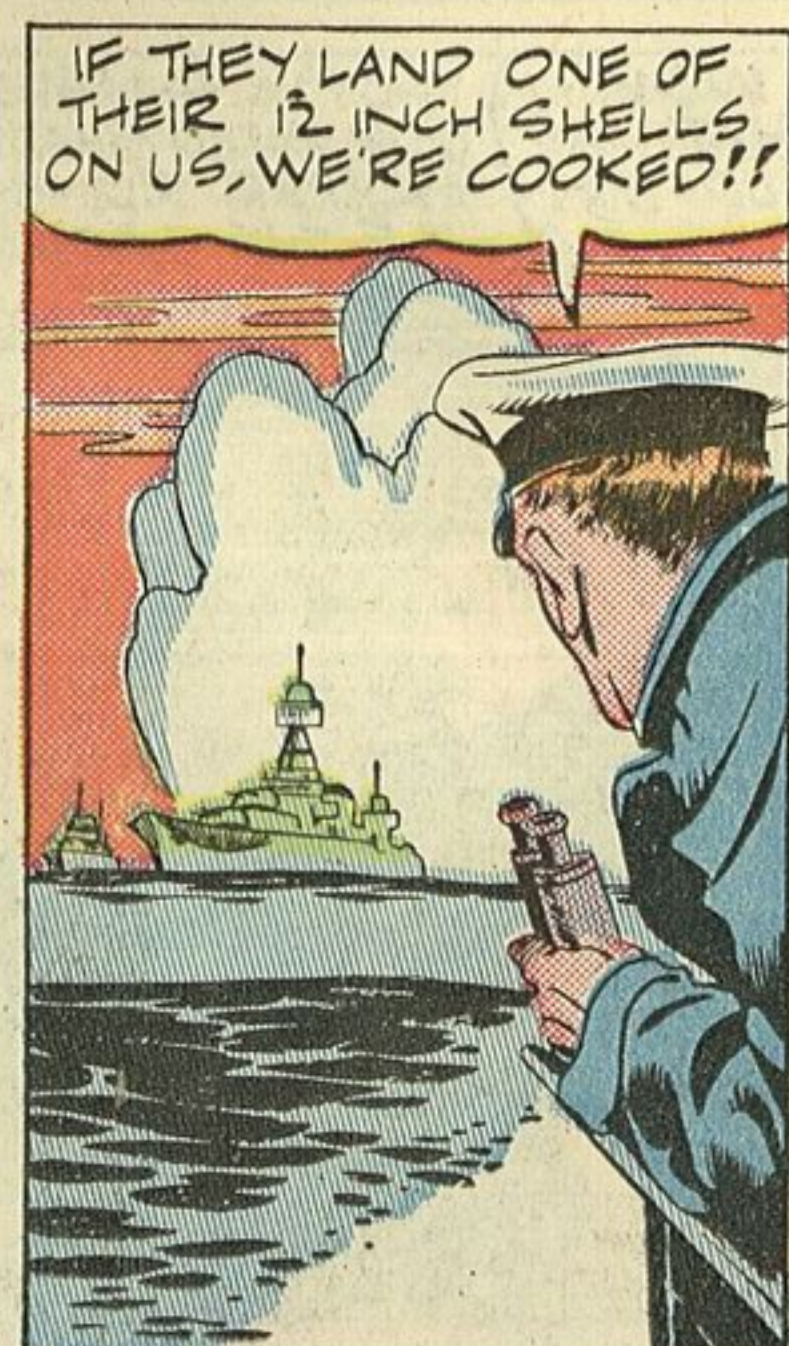
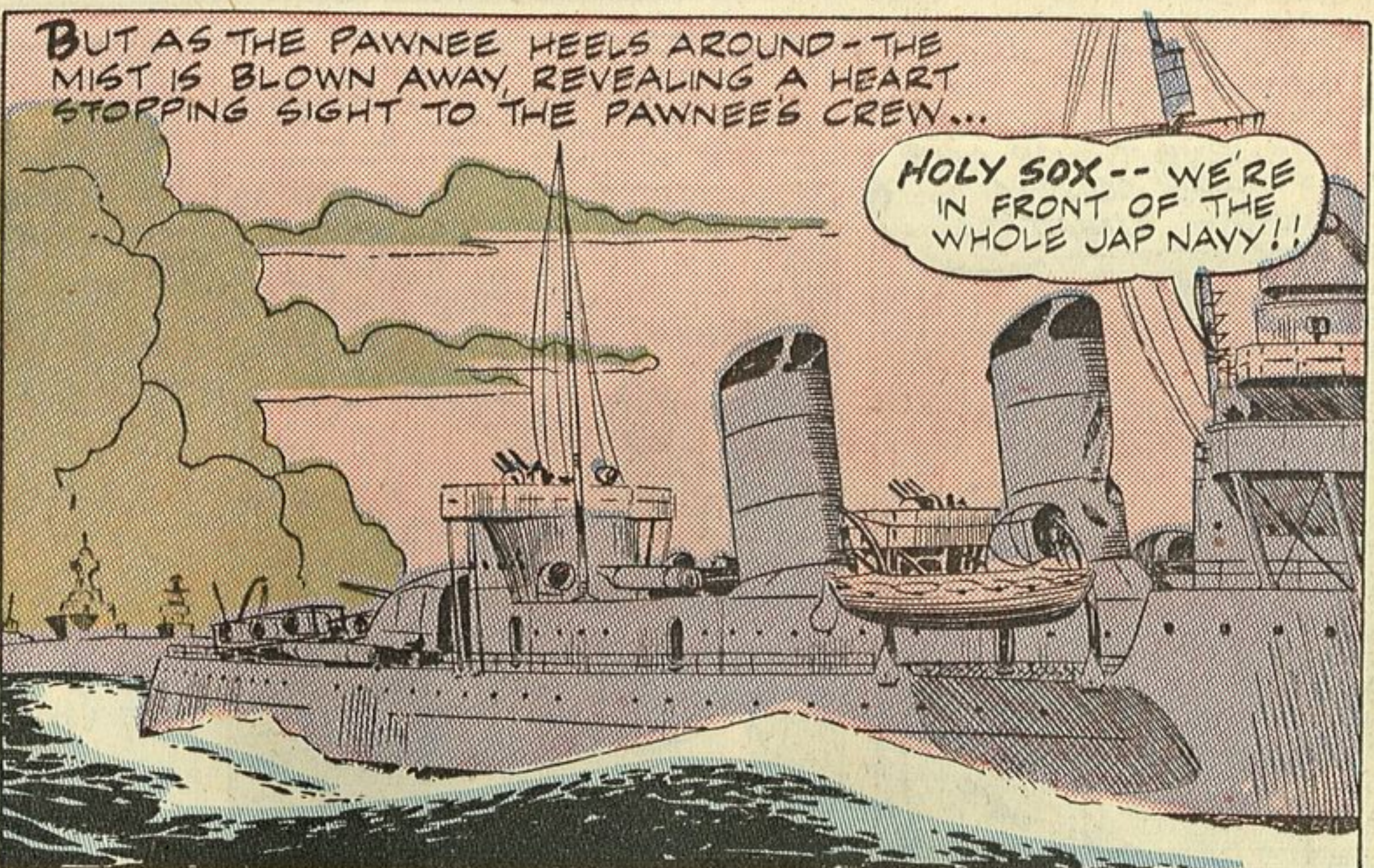
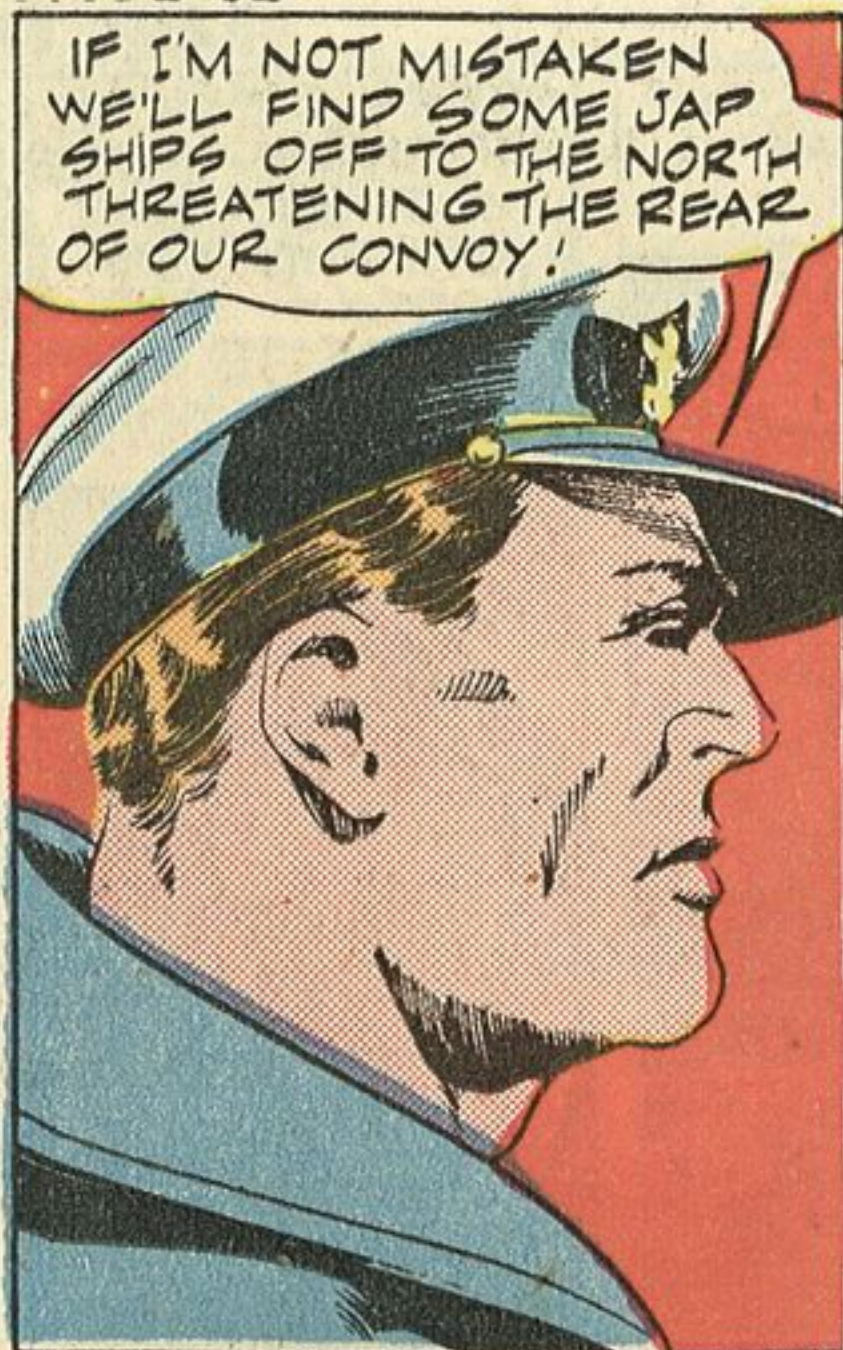
THEY'VE SMASHED OUR RADIO SHACK, SKIPPER! RUINED HALF THE BRIDGE!



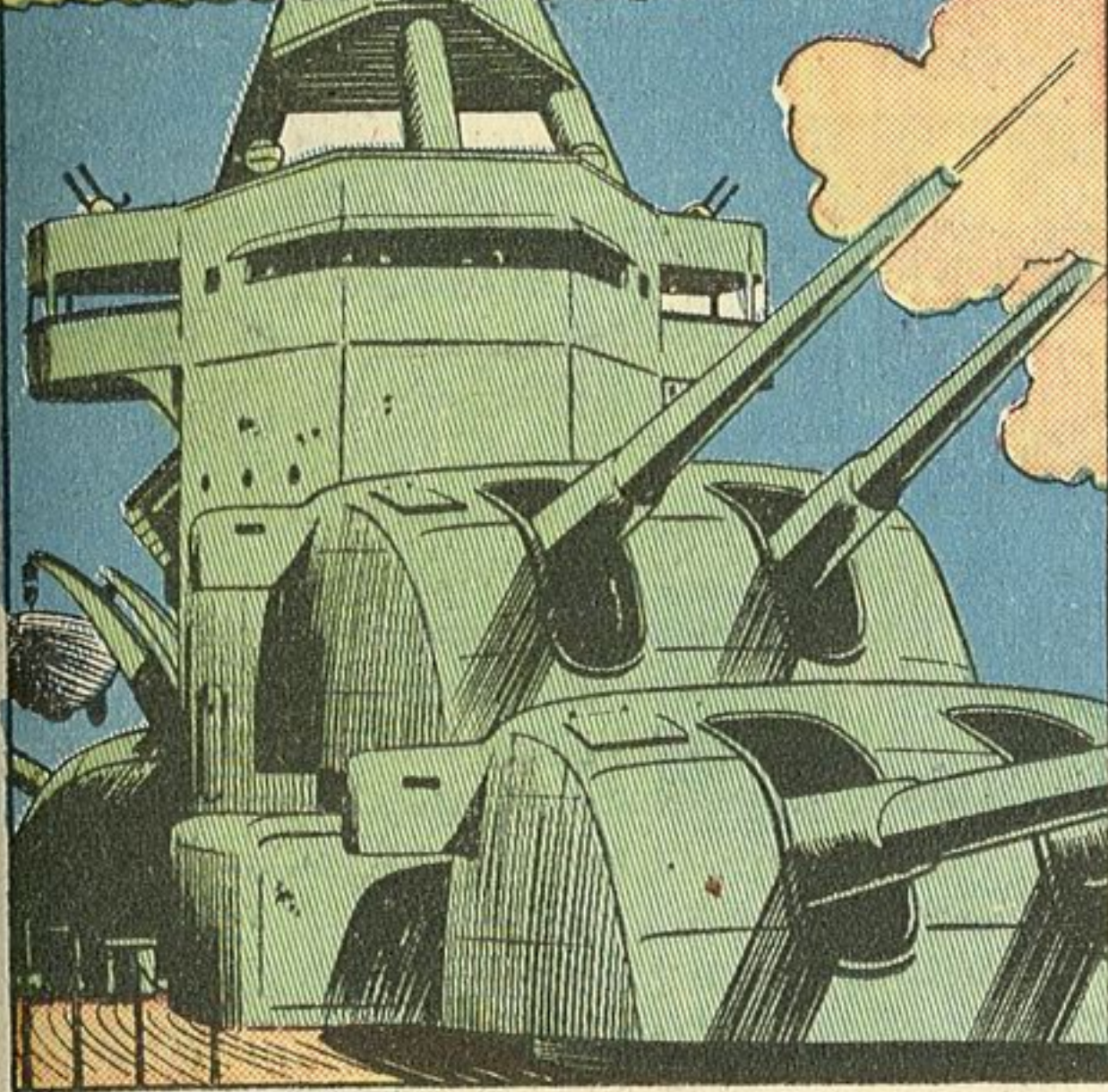
OUR RADIO IS OUT FOR HOURS-- WE'LL HAVE TO FIND THE JAPS NOW, IF THERE ARE ANY, AND STEAM BACK TO THE CONVOY-- TO DELIVER OUR INFORMATION!

I WISH THE VISIBILITY WAS BETTER, COMMANDER BLAKE-- CAN'T SEE MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A MILE.





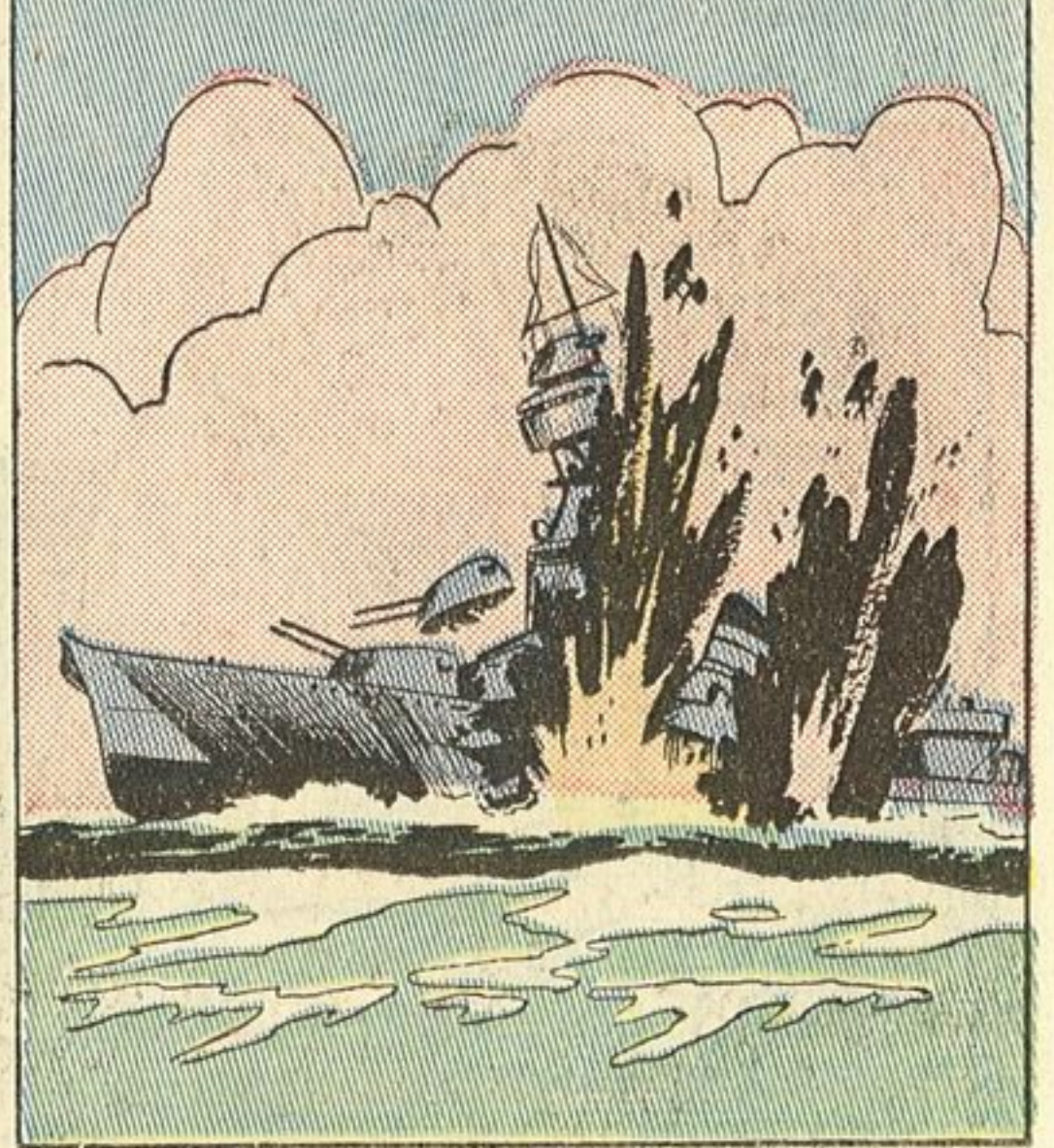
THE NEAREST JAP SHIP, A BIG CRUISER, OPENS FIRE ON THE FLEEING PAWNEE.



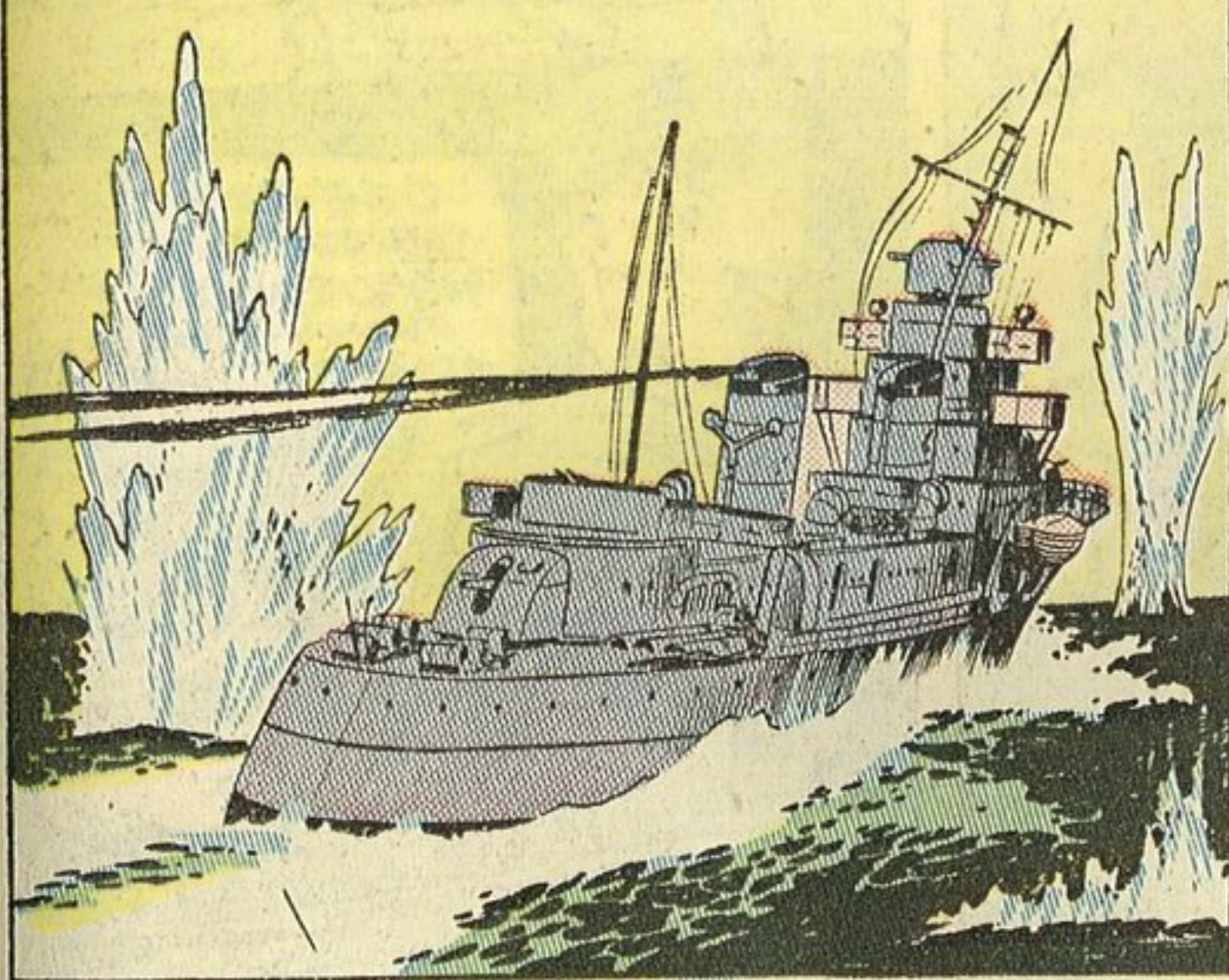
AH-- OUR FIRST SHELLS HAVE BRACKETED FOOLISH 'MERICAN DESTROYER! OUR NEXT SALVO WILL---



THE SECOND SALVO IS NEVER FIRED! TWO TORPEDOES RIPS THE JAP CRUISER APART---



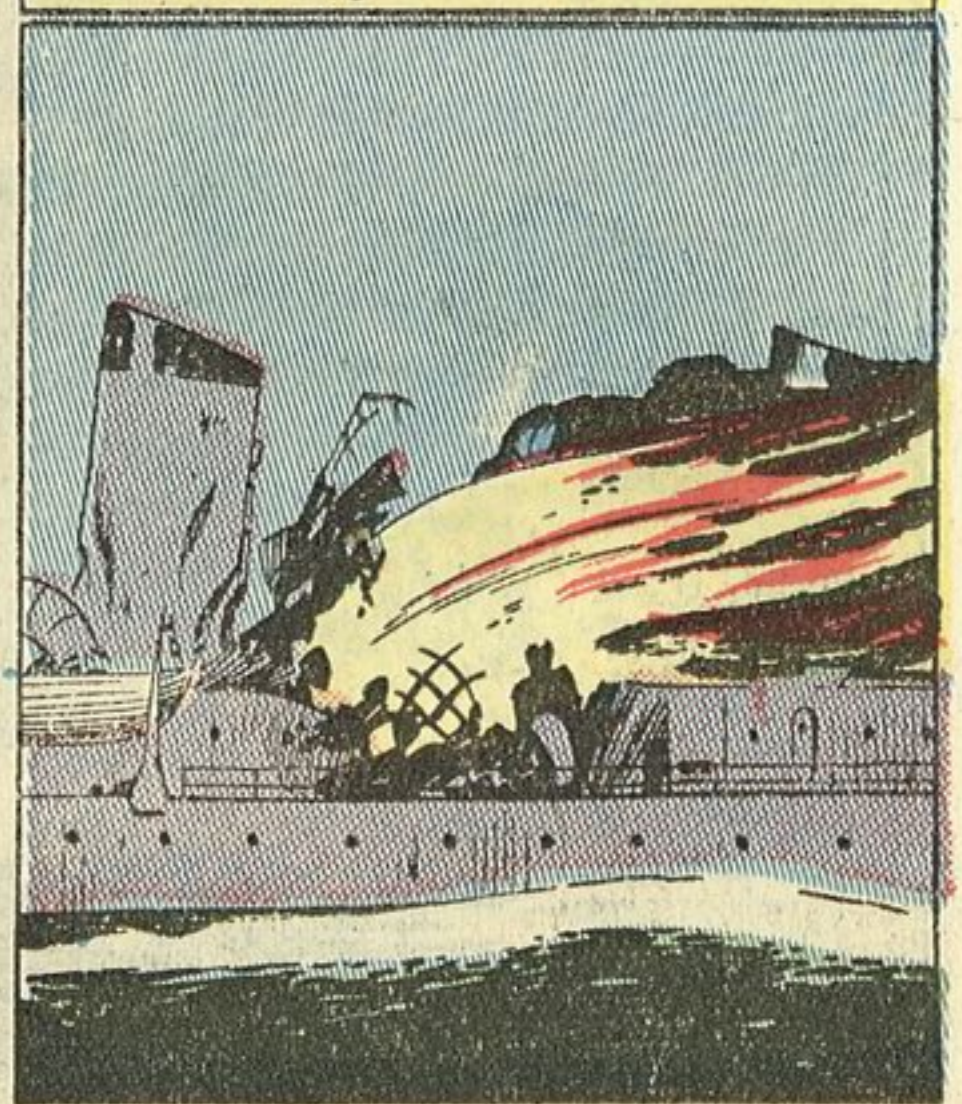
THE DESTROYER RACES SOUTHWARD WITH THE ENRAGED JAP FLEET IN HOT PURSUIT AND BLAZING AWAY WITH EVERY GUN!



SMOKE SCREEN! IT'S OUR ONLY...

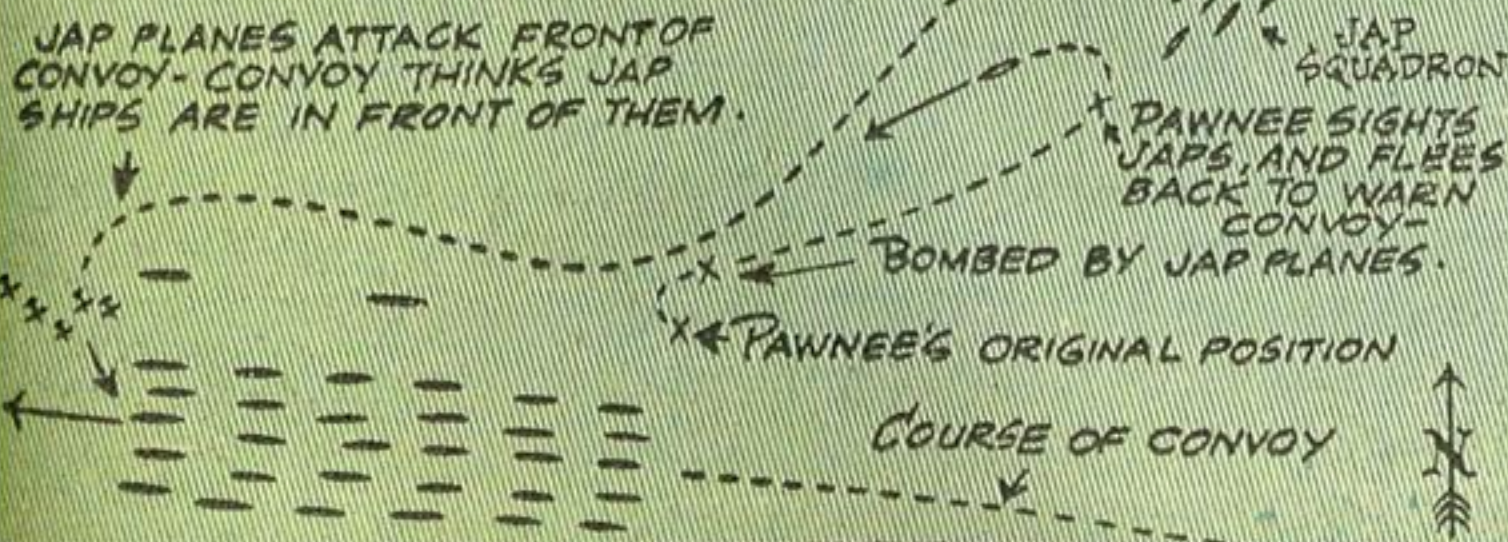


A 6 INCH SHELL CRASHES HOME AMIDSHIPS, WRECKING THE WARDROOM AND SETTING IT AFIRE!

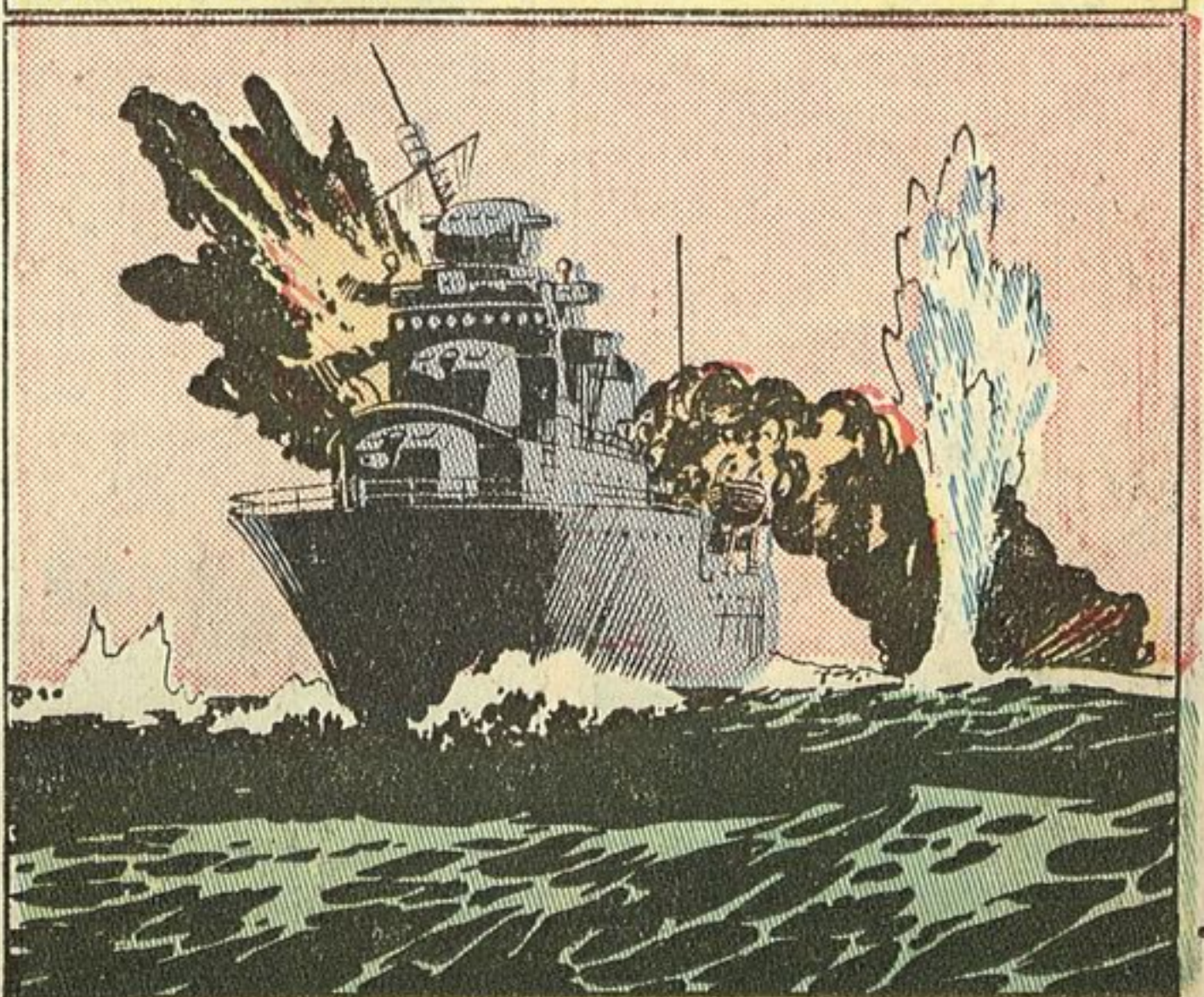


MAP OF ACTION

JAP PLANES ATTACK FRONT OF CONVOY- CONVOY THINKS JAP SHIPS ARE IN FRONT OF THEM.



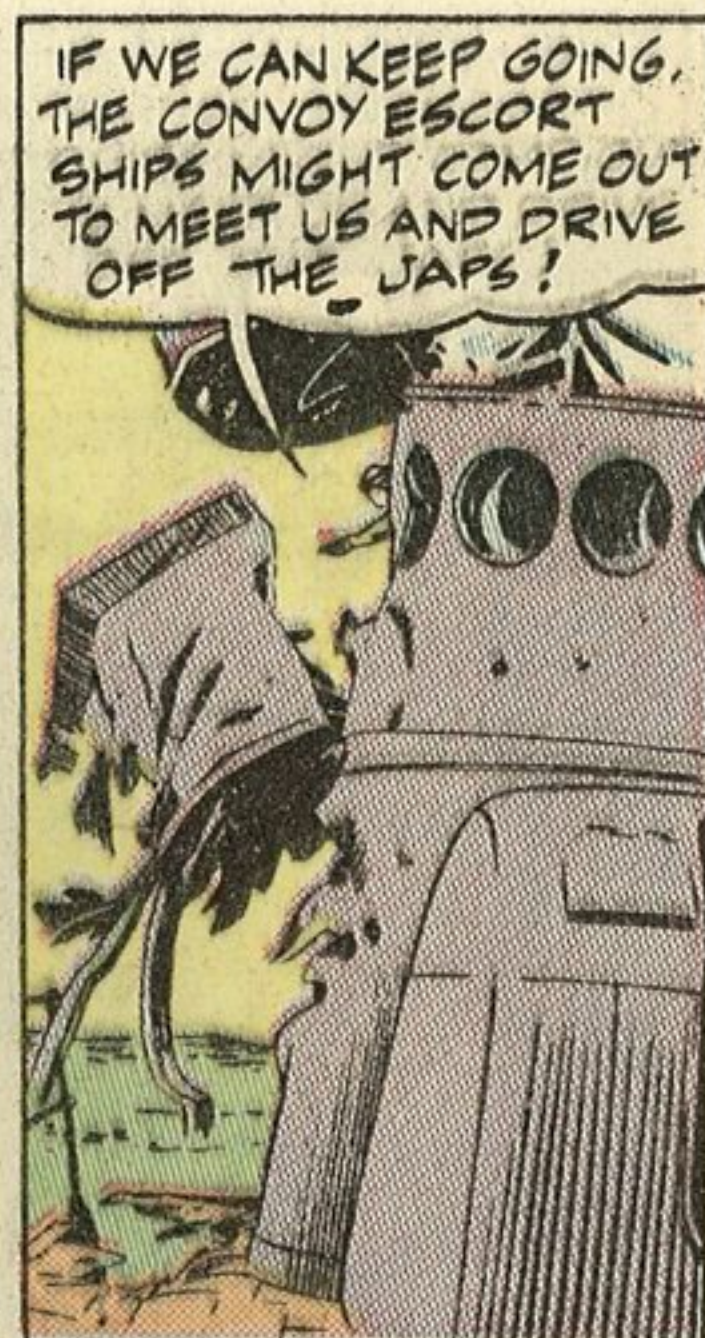
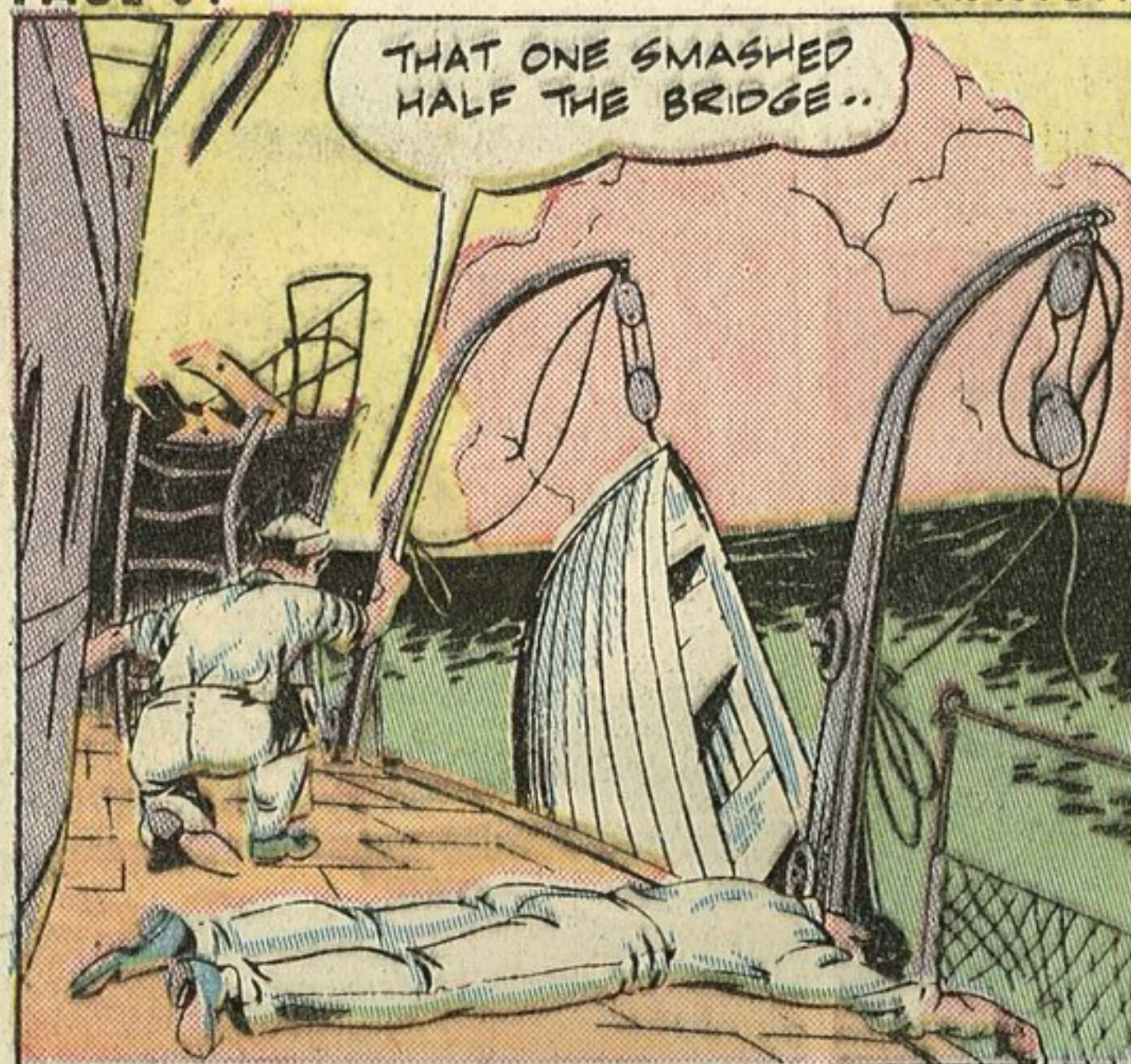
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, A ROARING SALVO OF 8-INCH SHELLS HITS THE PLUNGING, REELING AMERICAN DESTROYER.



IF WE CAN OUTRUN THEM, THE CONVOY WILL BE WARNED BY HEARING THE GUN FIRE, CONVOY!

THE JAPS WERE GOING TO SNEAK UP ON THE REAR OF THE SLOWER CONVOY, EH, SKIPPER?





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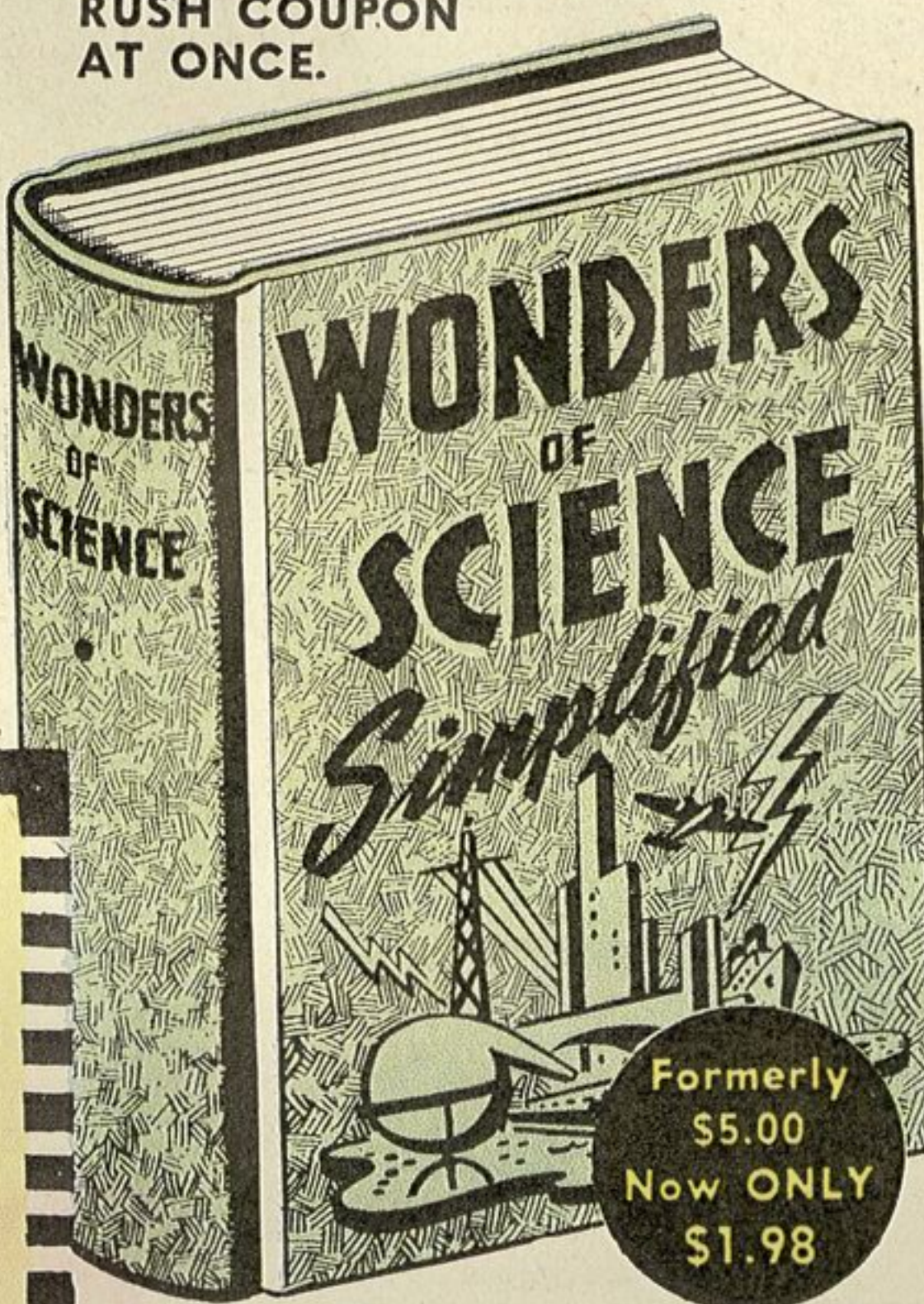
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